THE ADVENTURES OF NUMA POMPILIUS,

SECOND KING OF ROME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

M. FLORIAN.

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NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

BOOK I.

Tullus, the high prieſt of Ceres, educates Numa, who paſſes for his ſon. The feaſt of Ceres. Tullus informs Numa, that he is the ſon of Pompilius, a prince deſcended from the Sabine kings. He relates to him the hiſtory of his mother Pompilia; the rape of the Sabines; the death of his parents; the war between the Romans and Sabines; the alliance of the two people; the education of Numa in the temple of Ceres, and the command of that goddeſs for his being ſent to Rome. Numa viſits the tomb of his mother. Prepares for his departure. The advice of the Pontiff. The parting of Tullus and Numa.

IN the center of an ancient foreſt, contiguous to the city of Cures, in the country of the Sabines, was a temple conſecrated to Ceres. The elms and poplars of

equal antiquity with the ſoil, overſpread it with their umbrage; and the river Cureſa, after having waſhed its walls, purſued its meandering courſe through the gardens of ſeveral ſolitary dwellings, built around the temple. In theſe ſacred retreats, the prieſts of the goddeſs paſſed their time, between the duties of their office, and the tender cares of their families. Protected by the divinity whom they adored, ſupported by the earth which they cultivated, beloved by their wives whom they made happy, bleſſed by their children, and at peace with themſelves, they enjoyed the ſweets of life, without dreading or deſiring diſſolution.

Of theſe the venerable Tullus poſſeſſed the command. At the age of eighty, he ſupported the office of the ſovereign prieſthood, with all the zeal of a young man, and all the indulgence of an old one.—Adored by thoſe who enjoyed his ſociety, reſpected by the reſt of mankind, he was feared only by the wicked. A favourite of the gods, a friend to his fellow creatures, he ſeldom offered up prayers for himſelf; but was ever ready to ſupplicate for the widow and the orphan. Did a citizen

tizen of Cures, or an inhabitant of the neighbouring country, meet with any diſaſter; were his affairs deranged, or his family diſunited; was he a parent, a huſband, or a child, who was wretched? Tullus was ſure to be viſited for conſolation. He never failed to ſearch for thoſe, who delayed to communicate their diſtreſſes. He was never weary of liſtening to their longeſt complaints; he gave them encouragement and comfort, ſupport and counſel. The unfortunate always returned from him, either leſs unhappy, or with leſs cauſe to be ſo. Thinking his own efforts of little value, he petitioned Ceres with the moſt earneſt intreaties to ſuccour the diſtreſſed.

Having loſt the partner of his affections, Tullus beſtowed his tendereſt attention upon his ſon Numa. Heaven appeared deſirous of recompenſing the virtues of this old man, by the gifts which it had beſtowed with ſuch a laviſh hand upon his adopted ſon. Numa had ſcarcely reached his ſixteenth year; and poſſeſſed all the graces and ſoftneſs of that early age, without its weakneſs and follies. He ſubmitted to

Tullus with a degree of veneration little inferior to that with which he paid his devotions to the preſiding goddeſs. He was actuated by the moſt ardent deſire of reſembling him; and he ſtudied his conduct as a perfect code of morality. Meditating inceſſantly on the precepts of his religion, he was anxious to be inſtructed in all the ceremonies of worſhip. His leiſure was occupied by ſacrifices and prayer. His love for Tullus and for ſtudy were his only paſſions; and his mind, pure as the etherial expanſe, could not ſeparate pleaſure from duty.

The day of the feſtival of Ceres was arrived. Among the Sabines it was not celebrated in the ſame manner as at Eleuſis. Tullus had carefully aboliſhed that long catalogue of myſteries, concealed with ſo much care, and ſo little uſeful to the happineſs of mankind. Can that divinity, ſaid he, who is every where viſible, who is every moment made manifeſt in the ſtriking miracles of nature, require ſo much ſecrecy and parade to communicate her will to her creatures? Can it be more difficult

to

to be grateful, than to receive her favours? No; Ceres, who provides for us all, beholds us all with affection. The field, which ſhe crowns with plenty, becomes a temple of worſhip for the huſbandman; and to her whoſe bounty covers the earth, no one ought to be exempt from paying adoration,

Agreeable to this mode of reaſoning, Tullus, in concert with his king, inſtituted the feaſt of Ceres. Every year, previous to the commencement of the harveſt, all the huſbandmen, arrayed in their beſt habits, aſſembled together in the city of Cures. From hence they bent their courſe to the temple. A troop of muſicians, playing harmoniouſly on flutes, preceded: next a party of young virgins, carrying on their heads, in baſkets ornamented with flowers, pure offerings for the goddeſs. After theſe, the children of the huſbandmen clothed in white, and crowned with garlands, led that voracious animal, which is fed from the produce of the oak. This numerous body, proud of guarding the victim, tried to affect a gravity of features, which was per-

petually diſcompoſed by their immoderate joy. Their fathers followed with deliberate ſteps, enjoining ſilence, and pardoning the diſobedience of their commands. A ſheaf of corn, the firſt fruits of the harveſt, each carried in his hand. On this day, princes, warriors, and magiſtrates, forgot their rank, and reſpectfully gave place to thoſe, by whoſe labours they lived.

Tullus and his prieſts were waiting their arrival at the entrance of the ſacred wood; young Numa, crowned with odoriferous flowers, and clothed in a linen robe, ſtood by the ſide of Tullus. He obſerved him with frequent attention; he perceived tears ſtealing down his cheeks, which his venerable friend ſeemed anxious to conceal. Though more afflicted by the grief of his father, than if it had been his own, he yet dared not, before ſo many witneſſes, and during a ceremony ſo awful, to throw himſelf into his arms, and aſk the cauſe of his inquietude;—yet his ſilence, and the anxious tenderneſs of his features, betrayed his agitation. He, who had hitherto been ſo induſtriouſly attentive to the ceremonies

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of religion, at this moment ſaw nothing but Tullus, thought only of him, and forgot the duties of his ſituation; and his eyes, which ſought to penetrate the cauſe of his father's grief, were themſelves ſuffuſed with tears.

They arrived at the temple. Tullus was proſtrate before the goddeſs, preſenting her with the firſt fruits of the field. Mother of mankind, ſaid he, it is thou who giveſt fertility to nature, and it is thy father Jupiter, who inſpires us with piety and gratitude. Immortal deities, we offer to you both the produce of your bounty. Reject not our grateful tribute; and may your ſupreme goodneſs, beſtow on our fields, plenty; on our bodies, health; and on our minds, virtue.

This ſupplication ended, Tullus ſcattered over the victim, the ſacred corn; with its head elevated towards heaven, he ſacrificed it, and ſaw it entirely conſumed. After this ceremony, the huſbandmen laid aſide their ſheaves. My brethren, ſaid Tullus, addreſſing them, ye, as well as ourſelves, are the prieſts of Ceres; theſe gifts

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of yours belong to the goddeſs, and, of courſe, to the poor. The prieſts of the gods are only treaſurers for the diſtreſſed; it is you who are their benefactors. Appoint then ſome venerable man from amongſt yourſelves, who, aſſociated with me for the year to come, ſhall aſſiſt me in relieving the unhappy; it is juſt that I render to you an account of thoſe things which you commit, for their benefit, to my care. The huſbandmen, conſcious of Tullus's integrity, refuſed to give him a colleague! but he inſiſted upon this condition, and the choice of a proper perſon concluded the ceremony.

Numa burnt with impatience to be alone with his father. And Tullus had ſcarce left the temple, when his affectionate ſon flew into his arms. My father, ſaid he, you are afflicted, and I am ignorant of the cauſe! Alas! I am too ſenſible that at my tender age I am unable to remove your diſtreſſes; but I can at leaſt, ſhare them with you; and I muſt of neceſſity weep, when I ſee your eyes bedewed with tears. My dear ſon, anſwered Tullus, for I will never

never renounce that ſweet appellation, I have too much cauſe for anxiety; I am going to ſeparate myſelf from him, who is much dearer to me than my life. And will you then abandon me? cried Numa, trembling.—No, my deareſt child; it is you on the contrary—He could not finiſh; the throbbings of his heart ſtopped his voice. He took Numa by the hand, and leading him into the moſt retired part of the foreſt, when they were ſeated together on the graſs, he addreſſed him in the following words:

Numa, thou art not my ſon.—A deadly paleneſs, at theſe words, ſpread itſelf over the countenance of the young man, and his hand trembled in that of Tullus. Perceiving his emotion, and preſſing him to his boſom, he made haſte to add: Yes, I will always be thy father; that name is as dear to me as to thyſelf. But attend to the hiſtory of thy birth, and know to what an elevated deſtiny thou art called by heaven.

Numa embraced Tullus without reply; he liſtened in profound ſilence; he caſt his eyes upon the ground, and his features ſeemed

ſeemed to ſay to Tullus, nothing can be compared with the happineſs of my being your child.

My ſon, continues the ſage, thou art indebted for life to Pompilius, a prince of our blood-royal, whoſe uncommon virtues rendered him dear to the gods, and to mankind. The beautiful Pompilia, of the antient family of the Heraclides, had been his wife during ten years. Nothing was wanting to this happy couple but a pledge of their tender union. Pompilius deſired it with ardour; and the tender Pompilia, who never formed a wiſh of which her huſband was not the object, came every day to the temple to proſtrate herſelf before Ceres, to bedew with tears the ſteps of her altar, and to ſolicit, as the ſummit of all bounty, the happineſs of having a ſon.

I ſurpriſed her in the ſanctuary. The fervour with which ſhe prayed prevented her from obſerving that I was preſent. I heard her utter the following words: Benificent Ceres, if thy father Jupiter had deſtined me a long life, obtain rather from him, that I may periſh in the flower of my age,

age, provided I may leave to my huſband a pledge of our chaſte affection. Yes, powerful immortal divinity, take back all the bleſſings I have received; withhold all thoſe thou mayeſt deſign me; and beſtow on me, inſtead of them all, a child. Let me hear his tender accents; let me hold him in my arms; let me preſs him to my boſom; let me cover him with kiſſes; let me preſent him to my huſband bathed in the tears of happineſs; and then let me expire: I ſhall die a mother; my life will have been ſufficiently prolonged. O Ceres, if thou heareſt my deſires, if thou granteſt me a ſon, I ſwear to conſecrate him to thee on this very altar; to teach him to bleſs thy name as ſoon as his tongue ſhall be able to pronounce it; to have him educated in thy temple, where he ſhall ſerve thee all his days; if thou wilt deign to be his mother, when Pompilia ſhall be no more.

On hearing her petition, my tears burſt forth, I fell on my knees by the ſide of Pompilia; and joining my prayers to hers, I petitioned the goddeſs to hear us both.

Alas!

Alas! at what a price was her favour purchaſed!

A ſhort time after, Pompilia acquainted me that ſhe was pregnant. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the tranſports of her joy. They approached to madneſs. Though the happy moment ſhe expected was at eight months diſtance, ſhe had already provided every thing neceſſary to adorn her child. Emulous and proud of the name of mother, ſhe was anxious that every thing which her child might want, ſhould be prepared by herſelf. She forbade her ſlaves the pleaſure of contributing the leaſt aſſiſtance. The hope of giving it nouriſhment, doubled the joy of perceiving it encreaſe in growth; and the tender Pompilia, intoxicated with maternal affection, came more frequently to the temple to return thanks to the goddeſs, than ſhe had attended before to obtain the object of her deſires.

Her ninth month, ſo ardently wiſhed for, at length arrived; when Romulus, with whoſe name you are not unacquainted, publiſhed throughout Sabinia that, to conſecrate his city of Rome, which was ſcarce

finiſhed, he intended to celebrate games to the honour of the god of counſel. You know, my ſon, how highly that deity is held by us in veneration. Your pious mother would not allow an opportunity of honouring the gods to paſs over unnoticed; ſhe determined to attend at theſe games; and the too indulgent Pompilius conducted her thither.

He was accompanied by the greater part of the Sabines. Our wives and daughters haſtened to Rome, in habits ſuited to the occaſion. Alas! our brave citizens, little ſuſpecting the ſnare which was laid for them, went unarmed. They entered the circus, without apprehenſion, where Romulus preſided on a magnificent tribunal. By their ſides, their wives and daughters took their ſeats. Impatient to behold the ſacrifice, they ſearched for its materials with enquiring eyes; little thinking that they themſelves were to be the victims.

At a ſignal given by their king, the Romans drew their ſwords, and ſtopped every avenue of flight. Terrified to exceſs, the Sabine women threw themſelves into the

arms of their fathers, their brothers, or their huſbands. The fierce ſoldiers of Romulus, leaped into the midſt of the area; and with arms in their hands, and eyes darting fire, they attacked the men with threats, and the women with entreaties; and like famiſhed wolves, who have ſeized on trembling ſheep, carried off the females in triumph. In vain did theſe utter the moſt piercing ſhrieks, and beg for inſtant death; in vain did our enraged citizens, forgetting their defenceleſs ſtate, ruſh upon the raviſhers, tear their ſwords from them, and ſtain the earth with Roman blood. The enemy, more numerous, ſacrified all who oppoſed them, put the reſt to flight, and concealed their prey within the walls of Rome. Our countrymen diſtracted, bloody, covered with wounds, over-whelmed with grief and ſhame, returned to Cures, to announce the horrid news, and to prepare for vengeance.

At the firſt moment of ſurprize, carrying your mother in his arms, Pompilius tried to open a paſſage through the raviſhers. He had reached the gate of the circus, when

when a Roman cohort purſued him, and robbed him of his wife. Inſpired by rage and deſpair, he ſoon gained poſſeſſion of a ſword; and the Romans who ſurrounded him, were the ſpeedy victims of his revenge. He ruſhed forward, he gave and received wounds. He overtook Pompilia; he killed her raviſher; he regained the object of his heart, he embraced her in his blood-ſtained arms, he encouraged, he conſoled her; and in ſpite of the impetuous enemy, in defiance of the arrows with which they aſſailed him, he eſcaped beyond the circus, recalled thy mother to life, and ſecured her ſafety. Like a Numidian lyoneſs, who ſees from far an imprudent hunter carrying off her young; furious, roaring, with eyes darting blood and fire, ſhe ſprings on the unfortunate invader, who relinquiſhes his prey in vain; ſhe tears him in numberleſs pieces, and ſcatters to the winds the quivering fragments of his limbs; then tenderneſs ſucceeding to rage, ſhe runs to her offspring, and loads them with careſſes; ſhe preſſes them to her boſom, which ſtill

trembles with the fury that ſhe has ſo lately ſatiated.

Such appeared Pompilius. Notwithſtanding his ſevere wounds, he arrived at length at the temple. He placed his lovely burden at the foot of the altar of Ceres; he ſupplicated the goddeſs to ſave and protect her; and having finiſhed his prayer, exhauſted with blood, fatigue, and anguiſh, he ſunk down at the feet of his Pompilia, and expired.

Your mother, by my orders, was removed immediately from this ſcene of horror. She was carried to my dwelling, where ſhe recovered her ſenſes. The firſt word ſhe uttered was Pompilius: ſhe called for her huſband; ſhe was impatient to ſee him; ſhe was anxious to go in ſearch of him. I tried in vain to ſooth her, and to conceal thy father's death, by pretending that he was a priſoner of the Romans. My tears and her own forebodings, conſpired to aſſure her ſhe was deceived. She ſent forth heart-rending ſhrieks; ſhe rejected all conſolation; and darting from us, declared ſhe

ſhe would expire on the body of her Pompilius.

Her agitation brought on the pangs of labour. Cruel Lucina, overwhelmed her with all her evils; ſhe ſunk under them; and the ſame inſtant which gave thee life, deprived thy mother of exiſtence.

At theſe words, Numa threw himſelf into the arms of Tullus; and the venerable ſage, whoſe heart was ever open to another's woe, fully participated his ſorrows. He ſoon, however, reſumed his recital:

A nurſe was immediately procured to nouriſh thy feeble frame; for thou ſeemedſt at thy birth to ſtart back at thy misfortunes; thou utteredſt the moſt piercing lamentations, and thy livid aſpect appeared to announce thy diſſolution. The worthy Amycla, the wife of a huſbandman, offered her aſſiſtance; and her affectionate care, more than the food ſhe gave thee, preſerved thy life.

I was then occupied with the funeral obſequies of thy parents. I prepared a pile; I aſſembled the inhabitants of Cures, and the neighbouring country. Our good king

Tatius, led them to the ſcene of ſorrow. Soldiers, citizens, huſbandmen, all lamented thy amiable father, all offered up prayers for his ſon. The ſame fire conſumed the remains of thy two accompliſhed parents. I collected their aſhes in a ſilver urn, which was placed upon a tomb, in one of the moſt ſecret receſſes of the temple. — I will ſee it, my father, exclaimed Numa; I will viſit that tomb; I may juſtly ſhed my tears there, and kiſs that urn which contains ſo dear a depoſit. Yes, my ſon, replied Tullus, I will accompany thee thither.

The death of thy parents was revenged. Our brave Sabines, incapable of ſubmitting to treachery and outrage, took arms, and conducted by Tatius, marched towards the perjured city. The cowardly raviſhers dared not to face our army, but ſkulked under the protection of their walls. Tatius beſieged them, and ſuddenly, by a fortunate attack, rendered him maſter of the citadel. Romulus, compelled to fight, or to abandon his city, offered battle at the foot of the capitol, which, according to the Roman

man prediction, muſt preſide over the univerſe. Tatius accepted the challenge; and our countrymen eager to bathe their hands in the blood of their perfidious enemies, charged the Roman troops with all the violence, which fury added to courage could inſpire. The ranks of the foe were broken; but were rallied by Romulus; alone he made reſiſtence againſt the Sabines. He called aloud on Jupiter Stator; and that ſacred name, together with his example, recalled his ſoldiers from flight. The Romans charged in their turn; ſhame animated their courage; lance was oppoſed to lance, buckler to buckler; horror and carnage were multiplied; and the combatants, linked together, could not advance a ſtep without treading on an enemy.

Victory, for a long time uncertain, inclined at laſt, on the ſide of juſtice. Our valiant king Tatius, and his intrepid general Metius, pierced a ſecond time the center of the Roman army. The earth was covered with the dead; the Sabines were victorious; the fate of Rome and of Romulus would have been at that inſtant decided,

dided, had not an event the moſt unforeſeen deprived us of the victory.

Thoſe Sabine women, whom the Romans had raviſhed from us, with hair diſſhevelled, with eyes ſwollen with tears, with arms extended, uttering the moſt bitter lamentations, ruſhed into the midſt of the combatants. Swords, javelins ſtained with blood, tumult, and carnage, inſpired them with no terror. Deſiſt, exclaimed they, deſiſt! ceaſe from a conteſt more impious than a civil war. For our ſakes you are engaged, and yet every wound you give, makes us either widows, or orphans. If you love us, you who gave us life, ſlay not our huſbands; and you, who have ſworn to us eternal tenderneſs, ſpare thoſe to whom your wives are indebted for their exiſtence. Remember, that we carry in our wombs, the pledges of your reconcilement. Romans, your wives are Sabines; Sabines, your grand-ſons will be Romans. Ceaſe then to deſtroy each other, you are no longer two people, but conſtitute one family. If ye are conſumed by a thirſt of blood, begin by breaking, by annihilating all

all the ties, which may re-unite you to each other. Sacrifice your daughters and your wives, and over their expiring bodies contend for victory.

This affecting ſcene ſoftened every heart. The combatants ſtopped, contemplated each other, and were ſurprized that their eyes no longer met with objects of hatred. the ſword remained lifted over the head which it was threatening; the javelin was ſuſpended; the arrow fell harmleſs from the ſlackened bow. The women ſeizing the weapons, carried them off without reſiſtance, both from their fathers, and their huſbands. They graſped their hands, which they covered with kiſſes, and with tears; and having waſhed away with theſe affectionate drops the blood which ſtained them, they joined them together; and as each female embraced at the ſame time both a Roman and a Sabine, the two enemies were linked together by ſuch alluring ties, that they embraced each other.

From this moment, war and vengeance were forgotten. The kings at a conference, agreed, that the two people thus united,

ed, ſhould form but one; and that ſeated on the ſame throne, Tatius and Romulus ſhould participate the ſovereign power. Peace was ratified by oaths; victims were ſacrified to Jupiter, to the Sun, and to the Earth; and the two armies confounded together, and conducted by the Sabine women, made their entrance into Rome, amidſt the loudeſt acclamations; and appeared more brave, more glorious, in having been vanquiſhed by tenderneſs, than if they had triumphed by animoſity.

In the mean time, as thy ſtature encreaſed, thou waſt believed to be my ſon. I confirmed an error, ſo agreeable to my own ſentiments, and to the wiſhes of thy mother. At four years of age, thou wert my aſſociate to the temple, clad in the initiatory robe, and carrying in thy feeble hand, the golden vaſe, the receptacle of incenſe. Thy graceful ſoftneſs of manners, enchanted the prieſts my colleagues, who all envied me the happineſs of having given thee birth. How much, indeed, have I deſired that bleſſing! For fifteen years paſt, the ſole principle of my attachment

tachment to life has been thy welfare; and all my ardent endeavours in the cauſe of virtue, have been animated by the hopes, that the gods, my dear ſon, would reward thee for my labours.

I collected early the fruit of thoſe inſtructions which I gave thee. From thy tenderest infancy, thy good qualities were viſible. It was ſuperfluous for me to inculcate a virtuous ſentiment. Nature, at thy birth had interwoven every thing amiable in thy heart. Previous to all inſtruction, the principles of morality were engraved on thy mind; and reaſon ſoon taught thee every thing which I had learned from experience. Whenever, as a trial, I propoſed to thee a queſtion, which I thought difficult, thy anſwer was always more clear and determinate, than that which I had prepared myſelf. Often, after my leſſons of morality, thy ſhort reflections threw new light upon the ſubject, and, at the concluſion of our diſcourſe, I found it was thy maſter who had been inſtructed. With all the ſcience of our philoſophers thou waſt acquainted, and thou wert wont to ſay; O

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my father, how little is all this wiſdom! and with what uncertainty is this little intermingled! Virtue alone is fixed, and immutable; and its volume is written on our hearts; if we conſult it in every action of our lives, if we follow always its dictates, we can never wander from our duty.

I embraced thee with tranſport, without daring to praiſe thee. I was afraid, leſt thou ſhouldſt imbibe that vice, which throws a ſhade over the beſt of qualities; which at firſt tarniſhes, and in the end deſtroys them. The vice I mean is vanity. O my ſon, guard againſt this frailty throughout the whole courſe of thy life. Remember, that no other principle is ſo injurious to virtue, ſince it diſtorts thoſe amiable features which ſhe naturally poſſeſſes.

I ſaw thee with pleaſure avoid this deſtructive precipice. Every day marked ſome new improvement, yet every day proved thee more modeſt and unaſſuming. Deceived by the public opinion, and ſtill more by my own heart, I believed myſelf thy father; and I intended to abdicate in thy favour the ſovereign prieſthood. All

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our prieſts and citizens anticipated this event with joy. Three days ago, my ſon, an oracle from heaven deſtroyed every hope of my deſign. Every night Ceres herſelf appears to me, and in a ſevere tone, commands me to ſend thee to Rome, and to declare thy birth. Proſtrate before the goddeſs, in vain have I preſumed to expreſs my fears, and to urge the vow of thy mother. That vow, replied the daughter of Jupiter, I have not accepted. Numa ſhall not be my prieſt, his deſtinies invite him to a higher ſtation. On a throne he ſhall ſerve me in a more worthy manner, than under the ſhade of my altar. Let him haſten to Rome; nor let thy tenderneſs any farther oppoſe the decrees of heaven.

This, my ſon, was the cauſe of thoſe tears, which at the ſacrifice thou ſaweſt me ſhed. We muſt ſubmit, Numa, we muſt part; Ceres commands; and we muſt obey.

The affectionate Numa regarded Tullus in ſilence, raiſed his eyes, ſwimming with tears, to heaven, and ſeemed to heſitate

tween his father and the gods; but the ſage encouraged him, and he conſented to depart. Graſping the hand of Tullus with the greateſt tenderneſs: O my father, ſaid he, you promiſed that I ſhould viſit the tomb of Pompilius, and kiſs with reverence the urn, which contains the aſhes of my mother. Follow me, replied Tullus; I will this inſtant conduct thee thither.

They immediately bent their courſe to the temple. Behind the altar of the goddeſs was a brazen gate, which Tullus alone was allowed to enter; this he opened, and deſcended ſeveral ſteps; Numa, ſighing, followed him. They arrived at a cavern lighted only by a ſingle lamp. On a tomb of black marble, of ſimple workmanſhip, and without an inſcription, appeared a ſilver urn, covered with a funeral veil. Near the urn was a letter, a ſword, and a lock of hair. On entering the cavern, Numa fell reſpectfully on his knees. Tullus lifted up gently the urn, and, preſenting it to the youth, ſaid, in a low voice, My ſon, kiſs theſe ſacred reliques; touch this urn, which contains the aſhes of the moſt affectionate

tionate of fathers, and of the beſt of mothers. In this moment they have their eyes upon thee, they view thee from the Elyſian fields; and the piety of their child they prefer to all the immortal pleaſures with which they are ſurrounded.

Numa bathed the urn profuſely with his tears. He preſſed it to his heart, and thought that the beloved aſhes of his parents ſhewed ſome ſpirit of animation. With what reluctance did he return them to the pontiff! How did his hands purſue the urn, when it was removed from him!

Tullus covered it with the veil; and taking the ſword, the letter and the hair: Behold, ſaid he to Numa, the ſword, which defended thy mother and thy country, which was never unſheathed by anger, nor was deſtructive to any except the enemies of the ſtate. To you, my ſon, I return it, for the ſame noble purpoſe: and may the powerful goddeſs, to whom it has by me been conſecrated, render it in your hands irreſiſtible to every foe. This letter was dictated by your mother, the moment before her death; to king Tatius it is addreſſ-

ed, and will be neceſſary to announce you at his court, in the rank to which by your birth you are entitled. This beauteous hair, it is ſuperfluous to ſay, was your mother's. On the very day ſhe obtained her long wiſhed-for ſon, ſhe came to offer it to Ceres. Numa, let it be never ſeparate from thy perſon. Hearts of ſenſibility require ſuch pledges of love and affection.

This exhortation being ended, they departed from the cavern. Numa returned to the houſe of his venerable friend, and prepared to take his leave. He threw off his linen robe, aſſumed the toga, and acquired under that dreſs an increaſe of beauty. A deep ſigh eſcaped from Tullus; that new habit appeared to him the herald of future danger. He abandoned, however, that melancholy idea, and employed himſelf in providing againſt all the wants of his ſon. His tender anxiety prompted him to imagine neceſſities which could never arrive. To enrich Numa, he plundered himſelf; and dreading a refuſal, he concealed in the clothes of his ſon, the little gold which he had ſaved. I ſhall have

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no wants, when ſeparated from him, ſaid he; and he will want every thing when left to himſelf.

The cruel inſtant of ſeparation approached; the car in which Numa was to be conveyed, was ready. Tullus, deſirous of accompanying him to the extremity of the ſacred wood, aſcended it with him; and employed that tender interval in giving him his laſt advice.

Pardon, ſaid he, my dear ſon, my tender apprehenſions, at ſeeing thee exchange an aſylum, where thy innocence would never have been expoſed to danger, for a crouded city, which, even to the moſt experienced, is pregnant with deſtruction. Thou art going forth without a guide, without an adviſer, without a friend; for at thy age, a real friend is unknown; he is believed to exiſt, and the danger is on that account highly augmented. My fears behold thee ſituated amongſt two people, who, though united by policy, are divided by diſpoſition, and conſider each other as two ſeparate and diſtinct nations. Between the Romans and the Sabines, animoſity is not extinct. The

monarchs are ſtill leſs united than the people. Tatius, the beſt of ſovereigns, thy parent and protector, who was our idol, while he reigned amongſt us, is of a mild and compaſſionate diſpoſition, and poſſeſſes rather uſeful than dazzling virtues. His life is employed in the diſtribution of juſtice, and in the exerciſe of goodneſs. Romulus, on the contrary, who, to obtain ſubjects in the infancy of his empire, opened an aſylum for robbers, has to the preſent day retained the ferocity of his earlieſt people; ambitiouſly deſirous of war and conqueſt, he ſuffers no nation within his reach to remain free from ſubjection to the Roman yoke: none but ſoldiers have any claim to his eſteem, no other object than victory is worthy of his attention.

It is a real evil, that mankind are more delighted with a conqueror, than with a peaceful monarch, and pay a much higher tribute of praiſe to falſe glory, than to genuine virtue. Thou wilt be cautious therefore Numa, not to form an improper judgment of theſe kings; thou wilt conſider Tatius as highly ſuperior to his colleague; and

and thou wilt not deſert the moſt equitable of men, the parent and friend of thy father, and the revenger of Pompilia, to follow an inhuman barbarian, who is ſtill polluted with his brother's blood, and whoſe treachery produced thy country's ruin, and thy parent's death.

Yet, even the court of Tatius is replete with danger. The warlike citizens of Rome, pardon every failing of youth, except want of courage; and perſonal intrepidity, unleſs it be connected with other virtues, has no advantage whatever over ſavage ferocity. Thou wilt doubtleſs be brave; the ſon of Pompilius cannot in this reſpect be defective. But will thy morals, which in their preſent ſtate have merited the protection of an immortal being, remain free from contamination? Believe me, I mean not to prohibit pleaſure, nor with the auſterity of age, to paint it in falſe and hideous colours; no, my ſon, pleaſure doubtleſs has its charms, and has borrowed its attractions from nature; and the more we find it neceſſary to reſiſt them, the more we are conſcious of the weakneſs

neſs of our exertions. That heart which poſſeſſes moſt ſenſibility, is commonly moſt feeble. Yet remorſe will tread cloſe on the footſteps of indulgence; that peace of mind and ſelf-eſteem, which conſtitute the happineſs of life, will then be loſt; the ſoul's energy, and its love of virtue will be no more; while the knowledge of this amiable quality will augment the miſery of deſerting it.

Since with the manners of the court I am totally unacquainted, I can give thee no inſtructions for thy conduct in thy new ſituation: yet I know the duties worthy of a man, which in every ſtation he ought ſtrictly to obſerve. Rank has doubtleſs a claim to reſpect; virtue has alſo a title to univerſal eſteem and veneration. Avoid, without ſeeming to fear them, the ſociety of the vicious; be reſerved even with men of virtue. Profane not the name of friendſhip by being prodigal in thy attachment. Previouſly conſider well the propriety of thy expreſſions; and let mature reflection precede every action of thy life. Be ever ſuſpicious of the firſt impulſe of thy temper,

per, except it be that which prompts thee to relieve the wretched. Age, and the tender ſex have a perpetual claim to thy reſpect; thou muſt ſooth the afflicted, and ſupport the unfortunate.

In compliance with my ardent prayers, ſhould Ceres bleſs thee with proſperity, fail not to make me happy with the information; this pleaſing intelligence will prolong my days; but ſhould Heaven try thee with calamity, come and communicate to me thy misfortunes.

They had now reached the extremity of the ſacred wood, the deſtined place of their ſeparation. The tear of ſenſibility ſtarted in the eye of Numa. Take courage, my ſon, ſaid Tullus, we ſhall ſoon meet again, in a very ſhort time we ſhall be again happy in each other's ſociety; I am but a little diſtance from Rome, and thou wilt frequently, no doubt, reviſit the temple, and—Alas! my father, cried Numa, burſting into tears, doubtleſs I ſhall ſee you again; but I am no longer to live with you, and to ſee you every moment of my life. The ſun muſt riſe, without introducing me

to

to your embraces, and the day muſt cloſe, without my having been enlightened, during its courſe, by your paternal inſtructions. How exquiſite has been the happineſs which I have received from your ſociety! But I have not been ſufficiently grateful to the gods for ſo great a bleſſing! It is now—

Depart, my ſon, interrupted Tullus, with an accent which he wiſhed to ſeem ſevere; we muſt obey the goddeſs, and not murmur at our fate. Am I not bowed down with age and infirmities, and yet, in the preſent trial, have more fortitude than thyſelf! Canſt thou believe that my ſufferings are inferior to thine? That my diſconſolate heart ——

Here his voice and his ſtrength failed him, and he ſunk down into the arms of Numa. Soon, however recovering his powers, adieu, my ſon, ſaid he, I ſhall ſoon ſee thee in my retreat, or if not, I ſhall ſpeedily viſit thee at Rome. Adieu, and do not forget thy father. When he had ſaid this, he withdrew from his embraces, and ruſhed haſtily into the foreſt.

Numa

Numa remained ſome time fixed in a poſture of anguiſh and deſpair. Long after he was concealed from his ſight, his eyes purſued the path in which his venerable parent had departed. After bidding him thrice farewell in a manner the moſt affectionate and empaſſioned, he purſued his journey to Rome.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

BOOK II.

Numa in his journey to Rome, falls asleep in a wood, and has a mysterious dream. He continues his journey. Description of the neighbourhood of Rome, and of that warlike city. Tatius's reception of Numa. The character of that amiable monarch, and of his daughter Tatia, of Romulus, and of his daughter Hersilia. Numa meets Hersilia, and is enraptured with her. The first effects of his passion. The return and triumph of Romulus.

THE regret with which Numa had quitted the place of his nativity, filled his mind with many painful ideas. I have abandoned, said he, my father at a time when he had such need of my tenderness and affection; I have renounced a system of

of life in which my heart delighted; I have left the friends and companions of my childhood, for a new habitation, where I can have no claim upon regard. Alas! I am convinced that life will be a burden; I ſhall languiſh, like a young olive tranſplanted to a ſoil unſuited to it: the ſun and the dew ſhed their influence on it in vain; its branches are ſtripped of their blighted leaves; and its root is incapable of receiving nouriſhment; it begins to die the moment it is ſeparated from its native ſtation.

In this ſtate of dejection, when he had travelled about two miles, he approached a wood, whoſe fragrance invited him to repoſe under its umbrage. Tempted by the gentle murmurs of a winding ſtream, he quitted his chariot, and leaving it to the care of two ſlaves, who attended him, he purſued the courſe of the rivulet till he arrived at its ſource, and diſcovered a fountain conſecrated to Pan. He fell proſtrate before the ſtatue of that divinity, and ſolicited permiſſion to quench his thirſt; which after he had gratified, he reclined his head

upon the verdant bank, and ſleep took poſſeſſion of his ſenſes.

In a dream, his imagination preſented a car drawn by dragons, which deſcended to him from the clouds. Ceres was ſeated in it, crowned with ears of corn, and carrying in her hands a ſheaf and a ſickle. Hovering over his head, and regarding him with the tendereſt kindneſs, ſhe ſeemed to addreſs him in the following words:——

Son of Pompilia, I had the ſincereſt affection for thy mother, and am determined to be thy protector. Whatever wiſh thy heart is anxious to frame, I am reſolved to accompliſh: tell me thy moſt ardent deſires, and thou ſhalt this moment obtain them. Oh, exclaimed Numa, without heſitation, let Tullus begin the courſe of his days again, enjoy the vigour of youth, and never—Thy requeſt, interrupted the goddeſs, it is not in my power to comply with. Jove himſelf cannot prolong for a ſingle inſtant, the life of man. To him the mercileſs fates acknowledge no obedience; the deareſt children of the gods themſelves have

have become victims of their vengeance, when deſtiny, more powerful than Jupiter, has commanded their diſſolution. Confine thy wiſhes to thyſelf, and be aſſured that in promoting thy own happineſs, thou provideſt for that of Tullus.

Make me then, bounteous goddeſs, worthy of his ineſtimable friendſhip. Grant that his inſtructions may have the moſt ſalutary effects on my future conduct. Beſtow on me wiſdom, ſince in that, Tullus has aſſured me, is comprehended all human happineſs.

I have anticipated thy requeſt, replied the goddeſs, and have beſought my ſiſter Minerva, to enrich thee bounteouſly with her gifts. Thou muſt not however aſpire to that height of favour, which the ſon of Ulyſſes obtained. No, deareſt Numa, the perfections of Telemachus, are beyond the reach of man. Minerva has ever ſince deſpaired of equalling her own unrivalled production. Happy, however is he who ſhall follow, at a diſtance, in his ſteps. Enviable is the youthful hero, whom the goddeſs ſhall qualify to occupy the ſecond

place, though at a conſiderable diſtance from the object of his imitation.

At this moment, Numa believed himſelf tranſported into the temple of Minerva. He was deſirous of approaching the goddeſs, but a cloud of gold ſeparated him from the ſanctuary, and intercepted his view of the divinity. In vain did he try to pierce through the impediment which oppoſed him. In vain he called upon Ceres for aſſiſtance. She rejected his petition, and gave him a ſignal to liſten with attention. The voice of Minerva was then heard from behind the cloud; and Numa fell proſtrate on the earth. He believed himſelf liſtening to wiſdom the moſt refined, and to inſtructions the moſt eſſential to the intereſt of man. He was influenced at the ſame time, by the profoundeſt reſpect and the moſt entire perſuaſion. But, on raiſing his head, to expreſs his gratitude to the goddeſs, the temple, and the cloud diſappeared. He found himſelf in the boſom of a wood, where the only object which excited his curioſity was a verdant arbour, in which an elegant nymph, clothed

clothed in white; and ſeated on the graſs, was reading with attention. In her countenance dwelt tranquillity and candour; modeſty, mildneſs, and dignity were her attendants; ſhe reſembled Aſtrea, meditating the happineſs of mankind. Irreſiſtably attracted towards this beautiful object, he ſupplicated Ceres, in a low voice, to inform him who ſhe was. The goddeſs pronounced the name of Egeria; and the captivating phantom vaniſhed from his view.

Surprize and agitation rouſed Numa from his ſlumbers. He could not for ſome time behold diſtinctly the objects with which he was ſurrounded. Not doubting, however, that his dream had been inſpired by Jupiter, he offered him his moſt ardent vows; and, after having reſolved to offer ſacrifice to Minerva and to Ceres, he departed from the wood, and aſcended his chariot.

He proceeded on his journey, paſſed through the region of the Fidenates, and arrived ſoon within the territories of Rome. They were eaſily diſtinguiſhed from thoſe with which he had been familiar. The

country was deſolate; the uncultivated fields were over-run with weeds. The feeble and ſcattered flocks with difficulty could procure a ſcanty and precarious ſubſiſtence. No reapers to collect the bounty of Ceres, were ſeen. No gleaners followed the family of the huſbandman with ſongs of joy. No ſhepherd celebrated on his flute the beauty of his miſtreſs, or the charms of a ſequeſtered life. The whole ſcene was expreſſive of melancholy and ſilence. The deſerted villages contained only women and old men. One was ſeen lamenting her brother, another her huſband, who had been ſlain in battle. Here the aged parent, bereaved of his laſt-remaining child by the ſtern orders of a tyrant, was left deſtitute of conſolation. In all the extravagance of grief, he heaped curſes on his king. The wretched mother, with the only ſon ſhe had left, was departing into voluntary exile; preferring indigence and the ſafety of her child, to any advantages ſhe might derive from her native country. Poverty and deſolation ſpread their baleful influence around; and

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from the time that Romulus imbibed a thirſt of glory, his ſubjects had been unacquainted with repoſe and happineſs.

Ye immortal gods, exclaimed Numa, is this the warlike people, who are ſo much the objects of envy, and whoſe victories are ſo loudly celebrated by the voice of fame! They are, in reality, much more the victims of want and wretchedneſs than thoſe whom they have conquered. Such then is the value of human glory! Or rather, ſuch is the effect of divine juſtice. By the decrees of heaven, conquerors ſuffer the evils which they occaſion; and promote by their own miſery, the deſtruction of mankind.

With this ſcene of horror, Numa compared the peace and plenty of the chearful Sabines. The ſentiments of Tullus on the ſubject of war, recurred to his recollection; and, he was offering up prayers to the gods to bleſs his country with a ſucceſſion of pacific monarchs, when he was ſurpriſed and aſtoniſhed at the ſudden appearance of Rome. The Palatine Mount, once an aſylum for flocks and ſhepherds, now ſurrounded

rounded with walls, and armed with battlements; the immenſe moats which guarded it againſt an enemy; the inacceſſible ramparts; and the illuſtrious capitol, together with the temple of Jupiter,—ſtruck at once upon the mind of Numa. As he advanced nearer, he obſerved the gates crowded with youthful warriors, clad in ſhining armour; who inſpired terror, even where they did not threaten, and ſeemed already to announce that they ſhould ſubdue the world. On his entrance into the city, Numa beheld on all ſides the image of war, and heard every where the din of arms. Here centinels were relieved; there young recruits were exerciſed: at a farther diſtance were ſeen troops of horſe, taught to be familiar with the ſhrill clangor of the trumpet. Furnaces ſmoked with diſſolved metal; and anvils reſounded with the manufacture of breaſt-plates and bucklers. All the flames of Ætna ſeemed to be lighted up in Rome, and the cyclops appeared to be forging chains to enſlave the univerſe.

Numa,

Numa, to whom ſuch a ſcene was entirely new, felt a mingled emotion of ſurpriſe and terror. He was impatient to ſee Tatius; he enquired for his palace, and was ſhewn it. It was ſituated in a part of the city moſt remote from diſturbance. This worthy king had removed the noiſe of the ſoldiery as far from him as poſſible; he wiſhed to be loved rather than feared; and preferred attending to the petitions of the poor to the flattery of courtiers.

Numa, had no ſooner gained admittance, than he reminded Tatius of Tullus, and preſented the letter of the unfortunate Pompilia. Scarcely had Tatius caſt his eyes on the contents, when in a paroxiſm of joy, he threw himſelf into the arms of Numa. Oh! happy day, exclaimed he; how rejoiced am I to behold the ſon of my deareſt friend! Yes, I trace in thy countenance, the features of the brave Pompilius. I hope, nay, I am convinced, thou wilt regard me with thy father's affection. I feel thou art a cordial to my age; I have hitherto accuſed the gods, that they gave me

me only a daughter, but they have now made me ample recompence, in giving me, in thee, a ſon.

Here he embraced Numa again with the moſt ardent tenderneſs. He gave orders, that his daughter Tatia ſhould come into his preſence; who was leſs diſtinguiſhed for her beauty, than for her mildneſs, her modeſty, and her affectionate regard for her father. When ſhe entered, Tatius preſenting to her Numa, ſaid, in this youth, behold thy brother; behold in him the ſupport of my declining age; behold the ſon of Pompilius, whom I have ſo often mentioned to thee with affection. Ye ſeaſons of delight, with what rapidity did you paſs away! Numa, thou recalleſt to my recollection, that tranquil period of my life, when reſpected by a people whom I adored, enjoying the ſweets of connubial affection, the friendſhip of Pompilius, and the venerable pontiff, I experienced the full extent of all human ſatisfaction. I conſidered my ſubjects as conſtituting only a ſingle family, ſince no one was exempt from my perſonal attention and regard. I knew,

knew, and viſited them all; and, when in the ſociety of Pompilius I had performed the little circuit of my kingdom, I uſed to expreſs my gratitude to Jupiter, for not having beſtowed upon me more ſubjects than I could render happy. How different is my preſent ſituation! Exiled far from my native clime, chained to a foreign throne, I am perpetually diſcontented—Yet, I behold *thee*, and ought to ceaſe complaining. Thou ſhalt continue with me, Numa, and reſtore all that I have loſt. The ſame tender connection which will perhaps ſecure thee my crown, will enſure to me felicity. Hereafter thou ſhalt be acquainted with my intentions; at preſent I will enjoy without interruption, the pleaſure of thy ſociety.

Thus did the amiable monarch indulge his feeling and candid diſpoſition, by expreſſing in the ampleſt manner the native effuſions of his heart. His daughter who could not avoid comprehending his concluding words, caſt her eyes on the ground, and then raiſed them up to Numa. The beauty of his perſon, the mild benevolence

of

of his features, and the eaſy gracefulneſs of his deportment, captivated her regard. When ſhe was conſcious that the preſence of a young man was, for the firſt time, exciting her curioſity, ſhe, with a modeſt bluſh, transferred her attention to her father.

Enraptured with the worthy monarch, Numa promiſed an implicit obedience to his commands. Name not obedience, ſaid Tatius; though I have long been a king, I have not yet learned the pleaſure of commanding. I was early convinced, that if I wiſhed to be feared, I muſt renounce the hopes of being beloved; and I preferred the liberal candour of friendſhip to the ſervility of ſlaves. Romulus has aſſiſted my projects, in ſharing with me the ſovereign power. The command of the army, the diſpoſition of tributes, and the puniſhment of crimes, are under his entire juriſdiction. While to me is aſſigned the more pleaſing and god-like employment, of diſtributing juſtice, of diminiſhing oppreſſion, and of rewarding virtue. I am perpetually apprehenſive, leſt my colleague ſhould become

ſenſible

ſenſible of the inequality of our ſituations. But, thanks to heaven, he has hitherto been blind to his own intereſt, and appears as contented as myſelf.

When he ſhall return from his preſent expedition againſt the Antemnates, I will introduce thee to his notice. He will doubtleſs be crowned with victory; ſince no warrior ever united in the ſame degree, the courage of a ſoldier, and the ſkill of a general. The majeſtic form of his perſon, the warlike expreſſion of his features, his uncommon ſtrength, and unrivalled valour, excite univerſal admiration. But his activity exceeds deſcription. During a march, a ſiege, or a battle, he is every where at once. He arranges, commands, attacks, and defends, at the ſame time. His head and his hand are never for a moment inactive; the one being always ready to execute what the other has determined.

In his expeditions he is ever attended by his daughter Herſilia, who poſſeſſes uncommon beauty. Of her all the princes of Latium are enamoured, and have laid their diadems at her feet; but the fierce prin-

ceſs has rejected their offers with diſdain. Accuſtomed from her earlieſt infancy to arms, ſhe has devoted herſelf in a manner worthy the daughter of Romulus, to the ſervice of Minerva. With her helmet and lance, ſhe follows her father to the battle; and by her fair hand is the foaming war-horſe rendered reluctantly obedient. Diſarmed, ſhe is ſtill more invincible; thoſe hands which graſp the javelin, can ſkilfully touch the lyre. She accompanies its melody with an enchanting voice, and celebrates the exploits of her father, after ſhe has ſhared his danger.

Such are the characters of Romulus and of his daugher. I have not thrown a ſhade over their brilliant qualities. But why do I not add a long eulogy on their virtues? theſe, however, conquerors deſpiſe, and nothing but warlike talents, has the leaſt claim to Romulus's eſteem. His daughter, from her military education, has acquired an unpoliſhed ſeverity. She poſſeſſes the beauty of Juno, but it is connected with the pride of that haughty goddeſs. In acquiring the courage and ſtrength of our ſex, ſhe ſeems

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to have loſt that mildneſs and humanity which are the moſt attractive qualities of her own.

On an acquaintance with Romulus and Herſilia, thou ſhalt be maſter of thy choice, whether thou wilt follow them into the field, or live with me in my palace. I am anxious to be thy friend, thy father, if thou wilt allow me ſo tender an appellation: but thou ſhalt always remain maſter of thy own conduct; and if thou loveſt me and art happy, I ſhall be contented.

Numa repeated in the ſtrongeſt terms the tender attachment to Tatius. He declared, that his choice was made, and his plan irrevocably fixed; that he could never deſert the friend of his father, the king of his country, and the amiable model which Tullus had recommended for his moſt attentive imitation. He aſſured him that his reſolution could not alter, and that he ſhould behold with indifference, both the charms of Herſilia, and the triumphs of her father. He called the gods to witneſs the truth of his aſſertions: and the modeſt Tatia heard his oaths with pleaſure.

When he had paſſed ſeveral days in the friendly ſociety of Tatius, Numa, ſtill mindful of his dream, was informed that the temple of Minerva was ſituated in the center of a ſacred wood, which bore the name of Egeria. This conformity with the circumſtances of his viſion, filled him with ſurpriſe; he viſited immediately this myſterious retreat, which was ſituated only at a ſmall diſtance from Rome. His heart throbbed with anxiety as he paſſed through the gloomy avenues of its vaulted umbrage. A hallowed ſilence reigned throughout; the tufted elms, and antient poplars, were ſcarcely agitated by the zephyr; the ſtillneſs was only interrupted by the ſoft and diſtant murmur of their boughs preſſing gently againſt each other.

Numa approached the temple where he propoſed to offer up his vows. His diſturbed imagination reminded him of the viſionary nymph, whom he had ſeen. Though deſtitute of hope, his eyes wandered in purſuit of this pleaſing object; when his attention was ſuddenly awakened by the view of a beautiful arbour, exactly reſembling that

that which his dream had painted, in which a female warrior was reclining on the graſs, abſorbed in the profoundeſt ſleep. Her head which was uncovered, reſted on her ſhield; her helmet lay beſide her; her black ringlets flowed careleſsly upon her breaſt-plate, and rendered her beauty more dazzling, noble, and majeſtic. Her hand repoſed on two glittering javelins; a ſplendid ſword adorned her ſide; and her robe, elevated to the knee, diſcovered her purple buſkins, ſtudded with burniſhed gold. Like the ſiſter of Apollo, who, having emptied her quiver in the foreſt of Erymanthus, ſeeks repoſe on the top of Mænalus; the nymphs and dryads watch around her; the zephyr preſumes not to ſtir the leaves; and the goddeſs preſerves, even during ſleep, that ſevere and warlike aſpect, which far from diminiſhing her beauty, ſeems to increaſe its luſtre.

With charms ſtill more enchanting ſhone this female warrior. Numa miſtook her for Pallas: on his knees he endeavoured to expreſs his devotion, but his tongue denied its utterance; with his arms extend-

ed, and his eyes fixed on the object of his adoration, he remained motionleſs as a ſtatue.

At that inſtant the ſuppoſed goddeſs awoke. On perceiving Numa, ſhe ſeized her arms, and addreſſed him in theſe threatening words: Whoever thou art, raſh youth, who haſt diſturbed my repoſe, expreſs thy gratitude to fate, for ſending thee unarmed into my preſence. Wert thou able to defend thyſelf, this arm ſhould puniſh thy audacity.

O goddeſs, replied Numa, ſoften the ſeverity of your diſpleaſure: I approached your temple, to offer my moſt ſincere and humble vows; your divine preſence has deprived my limbs of motion; and if it be a crime to behold a divinity, you are conſcious, that my dazzled ſight has been unable to ſupport the celeſtial brightneſs of your appearance.

At theſe words her rage ſubſided, and ſmiling upon Numa, Be aſſured, ſaid ſhe, I am no divinity. The great Romulus is my father; and I am going to Rome to announce the victory, which he has juſt obtained.

taſned. Purſue your journey towards the temple, and beg forgiveneſs of Minerva, for having miſtaken a mortal for a goddeſs.

She ſmote her ſhield, and at the ſignal her attendants inſtantly appeared. They brought her a majeſtic war-horſe, whom ſhe mounted immediately, and ſet forward with incredible ſwiftneſs for Rome.

Numa remained ſome time fixed in mute aſtoniſhment. His eyes were fixed on the path in which Herſilia had departed. His mind was confounded with a croud of ideas which preſſed into it. He increaſed his anxiety by his endeavours to remove it. He contemplated the ſpot where Herſilia had reclined, and it occupied his whole attention. He fancied he ſtill ſaw her, and ſtill heard her voice. Every word ſhe had uttered vibrated on his ear; his imagination recalled her every geſture. Her noble and majeſtic appearance, her features ſo warlike and ſo beautiful, were ſtill preſent to his mind. On his heart, her form was impreſſed in colours the moſt enchanting which the pencil of fancy could delineate.

Every

Every thing which he ſaw became a mirror in which her charms were reflected.

Behold, exclaimed he, an explication of the dream at which I was ſo much aſtoniſhed. The wood, the arbour, and that celeſtial beauty, who has deprived me of my reaſon, annihilate all doubt upon the ſubject. Oh Herſilia! Herſilia! How does the repetition of thy name delight me. Amidſt the painful agitation which has ſeized me, I feel a moment's repoſe only when I pronounce Herſilia. But how can I aſpire to a poſſeſſion, for which the gods themſelves muſt be my rivals! Yet, at a humble diſtance, I may follow her ſteps, I may ſigh in ſilence, and pay her my vows, as a divinity. My lot, even then, will be above humanity. Yes, adorable Herſilia! I will be a ſoldier in thy father's army; I will lead thy horſes, and carry thy javelins; I will ſerve thee as a ſhield in battle; and ſhould my heart be pierced with the arrow which was meant for thee, with my laſt breath I will declare that I die too happy, ſince I expire for thy ſafety.

Thus

Thus was the young and affectionate heart of Numa abandoned wholly to love. Like thoſe inflammable ſubſtances which a ſingle ſpark kindles and conſumes, the commencement and the height of his paſſion had no interval between them. All devotion to Minerva was forgotten; he haſtened back to Rome with rapid ſteps, purſuing the path which Herſilia had taken. In the greateſt agitation he entered the city; he ſought in vain for the beautiful object he had ſeen; and he dreaded to pronounce her name to any one, though he felt ſuch exquiſite pleaſure in repeating it.

At length he arrived at Tatius's palace; and the firſt object he beheld was Herſilia. She had viſited the peaceful monarch, to relate to him the victory of her father. Numa ſtopped, trembled, and was confuſed with ſurprize and rapture. Herſilia, who recollected him, enquired of Tatius, whether he belonged to his retinue. That youth, he replied, is my ſon! At leaſt, he ſupplies to me the place of that dear connection. His father was a Sabine of the higheſt

higheſt rank, and of the moſt unſullied virtue. He is my relation; he is the ſon of my friend. He then ran to Numa, and was much affected at ſeeing him extremely diſcompoſed. Numa attempted to conſole his venerable friend, but his ſpeech failed him. Herſilia caſt her eyes upon him, and the paleneſs which had till then overſpread his countenance, was converted immediately into crimſon; the tender glances which he attempted to convey, fell ſhort of arriving at thoſe bright eyes for which they were intended.

The worthy monarch, whom age had taught to forget the firſt ſymptoms of love, ſmiled at his timidity; he apologized to Herſilia, by mentioning the age of Numa, and the retired education he had received. And he took that opportunity of placing in the moſt favourable light both the virtues of Tullus, and thoſe of his amiable pupil.

The princeſs liſtened with pleaſure to his diſcourſe; ſhe perfectly underſtood the cauſe of Numa's emotion, whoſe beauty was much heightened by the bluſh of modeſty. She was delighted for the firſt time,

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at having inſpired the paſſion of love. She, however, took leave of Tatius; and in the moment of departure, her eyes met thoſe of the enamoured Numa. How were their ſouls penetrated by that mutual glance! With what reſiſtleſs eloquence did it addreſs their feelings! From hence Numa derived hope, and Herſilia imbibed affection.

From this moment ſhe entirely occupied his thoughts. She was his purſuit by day, and his dream by night. He no longer remembered the friendſhip of Tatius, or the inſtructions of Tullus. Virtue, glory, and every thing with which his mind was previouſly tranſported, loſt their charms. Throughout the wide range of nature, he ſaw only Herſilia. All the faculties of his heart, mind, and memory, ſeemed inſufficient for this ſingle object. Over his feelings love held a deſpotic and undivided empire.

Unhappy youth! Hope was indeed extinguiſhed! a ſingle day, nay, a ſingle moment, deſtroyed the fruits of years of inſtruction. Thus the favourite of Ceres,

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the ſon of Pompilia, the pupil of the venerable Tullus, the youth who was deſtined in ſo extraordinary a manner to be an example of wiſdom, became the ſport of an unbridled paſſion, the ſlave of irregular deſires. He rejected all the gifts which heaven had laviſhed ſo profuſely upon him, to purſue a phantom of happineſs, which muſt conſtitute the torment of his life. His courage failed him; his mind was alienated his body was enfeebled; he was deſtitute both of virtue and of reaſon; he was on the brink of deſtruction, like one under the influence of inſanity, without being ſenſible of the malady which deſtroyed him.

Romulus, in the mean time, having ſubdued the Antemnates, brought back his army to Rome. He had ſlain with his own hand, king Acron, his enemy; and his people were preparing for him a triumph, which ſhould ſerve as a model for thoſe, which would hereafter be granted to the conquerors of the world.

King Tatius, at the head of the whole body of citizens, clothed in white robes, preceded

preceded his colleague. The flames were already kindled on the altar of Jupiter Feretrius. The pontiffs and augurs attended the conqueror, with branches of the palm-tree in their hands. The road which led to the capitol, was ſtrewed with flowers. The doors of the houſes were adorned with garlands; and the Roman women, clad in their feſtival garments, carried their children in their arms, called forth their joy by the tendereſt careſſes, conſtantly repeating to them that they were going again to ſee their fathers enjoy the triumphs of victory.

At a diſtance the brilliant eagles ſoon made their appearance; the trumpet's clangor was already heard, and was ſeconded by the moſt tumultuous acclamations. The army advanced; and ſtanding in a magnificent car, the great Romulus was diſcovered. He was drawn by four beautiful white horſes abreaſt, who ſeemed, by their loud neighings, and the fierceneſs of their aſpects, to be conſcious of their maſter's glorious atchievements. Romulus, clad in a triumphal robe, with his brow encircled with a laurel wreath, carried in his hand

the trunk of an oak, on which the arms of king Acron were ſuſpended; their weight, though enormous, was no fatigue to the conqueror. He was preceded by the family of the vanquiſhed monarch, clothed in garments of ſorrow, and bathing their chains with their tears. A croud of ſlaves, bending under the weight of the ſpoils taken from the enemy, ſurrounded the victor's chariot; his brave legions followed him, with exclamations of joy; and the neighbouring country, with repeated echoes announced the glories of Romulus.

He advanced; he aſcended the ſtairs of the capitol, through an avenue of people enraptured with his ſucceſs. He arrived at the temple of Jupiter, and, without quitting the ſpoils of the vanquiſhed king, leaped from his chariot; the arms of Acron claſhed together, and reſounded afar. He approached the altar, and depoſited his trophy before the ſtatue of the divinity. O Jupiter, ſaid he, deign to accept theſe firſt fruits of conqueſt, which the Roman people preſume to offer at thy ſhrine! Grant that this illuſtrious day may be held for ever

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as a ſacred feſtival: that it may be often renewed; and that, after my example, my deſcendants may ſuſpend under theſe hallowed vaults, the ſpoils of the univerſe!

When he had finiſhed this addreſs, he ſeized a furious bull, whom twenty perſons had with difficulty held; and with one hand, dragged him to the altar, threw him on his knees, tore a handful of hair from his broad forehead, and, after ſacrificing him, commanded the prieſts to conclude the ceremony.

When the victim was conſumed, Romulus departed from the temple, and addreſſed his ſoldiers in the following terms: Of how little value, Romans, is a victory, while enemies ſtill remain! the Antemnates are indeed defeated; but the Volſci, the Hernici, and the valiant Marſi, who alone are worthy of being your foes, have not yet ſubmitted to the yoke of ſubjection. Be prepared then to march againſt them. To-day we enjoy a triumph; to-morrow we will try to deſerve an equal honour. To-morrow I will lead you againſt the Marſi, to ſuccour the people of Campania,

my allies. I allow you this day to embrace your wives, and your children; but as ſoon as the bright Aurora appears in her crimſon chariot, I ſhall expect you armed in the field of Mars; your king ſhall appear firſt upon the plain; and we will afterwards go forth and inform Italy, that conquerors have no need of repoſe.

The army anſwered him with ſhouts of joy. The legions carred their eagles into the palace of Romulus. A choſen guard watched over this ſacred depoſit, while the ſoldiers, reviſiting their families, received, the embraces of their mothers and their wives, while tenderneſs and love enjoyed felicity, by ſtealing a day from the purſuits of glory.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

BOOK III.

Numa, enraptured with Herſilia, determines to follow her to the battle. Tatius ſupplies him with arms, and preſents him to the army. The joy of the old Sabine ſoldiers on ſeeing the ſon of Pompilius. Tatius wiſhes to follow him to the war; but the people conducted by Tatia, perſuade him to change his reſolution. The departure and progreſs of the army. Romulus joins his ally the king of Campania. Deſcription of that monarch's camp. Romulus is ſeparated from him. The arrival and diſcourſe of the Embaſſadors of the Marſi.

THE triumph of Romulus, completed Numa's delirium. His mind already a prey to the devouring fire of love, was ſtill more enflamed by the new ſpectacle

which he had ſeen. Glory, with its long train of allurements, preſented itſelf to him, as the ſureſt means by which he could deſerve Herſilia. He had no ſooner conceived this hope, than he felt an ardent deſire to become a hero. Thus at once, two paſſions, one of which is ſufficient to elevate a great mind, united and occupied his heart.

Tatius returned to his palace, and Numa ſighing, followed him. He wiſhed to reveal to him his feelings; but he dreaded his reproaches. He caſt his eyes upon the worthy monarch, and was ſilent. Like a fearful infant, who following its mother with unequal ſteps, pulls her gently by her garment, and, while tears trickle down its cheeks, begs in ſilent eloquence, that ſhe will ſupport it in her arms. Thus with the moſt anxious apprehenſion, did Numa follow Tatius.

The good king ſtopped, and addreſſed him in the following terms of candour and friendſhip: Tell me, my ſon, in what manner I can ſerve thy wiſhes. Be aſſured, that to the utmoſt extent of my power,

power, thy inclination ſhall be complied with.

Oh my father, replied Numa, I call heaven to witneſs, that I ſpoke the language of my heart, when I propoſed to conſecrate my future life to an attendance upon you, and to the imitation of your virtues: but I have ſince beheld the triumph of Romulus, and I have felt a new deſire ſpring up in my breaſt, with which I was previouſly unacquainted. I am inflamed with a love of glory, and conſumed with a thirſt for war. I am ſenſible that my blood claims kindred with yours, and that I am the true ſon of Pompilius. Both you and my father, at my age, had acquired renown in arms; you had encircled your brows with that victorious laurel to which I ſo ardently aſpire. Can I then, who am ſo nearly allied to ſuch heroes, be contented with having ſacrificed victims, inſtead of the enemies of my country. I beſeech you to permit me to follow your example. Let me follow Romulus to the field, and, like you and my father, acquire fame and honour.

While

While he ſpoke theſe words, he was proſtrate at the feet of Tatius, endeavouring to conceal his bluſhes.

Be aſſured, replied the worthy monarch, that I could forgive thee even a fault, how then can I condemn ſentiments which command my eſteem? My tender regard for thee would doubtleſs induce me to wiſh that thou hadſt given the preference to my peaceful dwelling. But I am a Sabine as well as thyſelf, and can make ample allowance for the charms of glory. I am pleaſed, Numa, with thy intrepidity; my tears however will flow, on reflecting that, at ſo early an age, thou art determined to ſhare the moſt dangerous enterprize in which Romulus was ever engaged; for I muſt not conceal from thee, that thoſe enemies whom he hath already conquered are infinitely inferior to thoſe whom he is preparing to ſubdue. The terrible Marſi, hitherto deemed invincible, are ſavages of a gigantic form, and of prodigious ſtrength: they are armed with clubs ſimilar to that of the great Alcides; and it is reported that they poiſon their arrows with venom-

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ous herbs, which grow upon the banks of Avernus. Every wound is mortal; and what grief to me——

What glory, interrupted Numa, what happineſs will your ſon obtain, in learning the noble rudiments of war againſt ſuch worthy foes! The gods no doubt regard me with the greateſt affection, ſince they inſpire me to follow Romulus, at a ſeaſon of ſuch ſignal danger. Oh my father, what you have now told me fixes my reſolution; and every law of honour forbids that you ſhould oppoſe my deſign.

As he finiſhed theſe words, his eyes were lighted up with unuſual fire; the tone of his voice became more animated and energetic; his appearance and actions aſſumed an air of nobleneſs and intrepidity; like Achilles, who, diſguiſed in a female habit among the daughters of Lycomedes, ſnatched eagerly at the ſword which Ulyſſes brandiſhed before him, and diſcovered his ſex and his courage by an involuntary emotion.

Tatius ſhed tears of joy at beholding his agitation. He felt in his own breaſt an ardour,

ardour, which he was unable to ſubdue. Yes, my ſon, exclaimed he, thou ſhalt go to battle againſt the Marſi, and thy father will be thy aſſociate. I will conduct thee to the field; I will give thee thy firſt leſſon in the art of war. Think not that my powers are debilitated by age; this hand can ſtill dart a javelin; this arm can even now ſupport a buckler. At a period of life much more advanced than mine, Neſtor taught his beloved Antiochus to conquer. I am, it is true, much inferior to the Pylian ſage; but in affection for my ſon I am, at leaſt, his equal.

He ſpoke, and Numa threw himſelf into his arms. His emotion prompted him to confeſs his paſſion for Herſilia; but the dread of forfeiting ſome portion of the worthy king's eſteem, by acknowledging that glory was not his ſole incentive, induced him to defer the avowal of his weakneſs to a future ſeaſon.

Pleaſed with this new project, Tatius haſtened to demand from the prieſts of Jupiter his antient armour, which he had conſecrated to that divinity. He ſaw and handled

handled it with a ſatisfaction equal to that which he had experienced in his earlieſt youth. O Jupiter, ſaid he, if thy altars have been ſtained with the blood of my numerous victims, if my heart has never offended thee, even by a criminal ſuggeſtion, beſtow on me for a few moments the vigour which I felt when the fierce Rhamnes, at the head of his Hernici, made an attack upon the Sabines. He deſpiſed my youth, he defied me to engage; and hurling at me a javelin of ſuch an enormous ſize, as no one of the preſent time could throw, he thought to have transfixed me to the ground; but I avoided the tremendous blow; and ruſhing upon Rhamnes, I buried my reeking ſword in his ſide thrice. O Jupiter, grant me yet a few days of glory, and I ſhall deſcend to the grave contented.

Such were the deſires of Tatius. His daughter was no ſooner informed of his deſign, than ſhe came to ſupplicate him to renounce it. Her prayers and tears were in vain; the unfortunate Tatia ſaw deſtroyed in a moment all the illuſions of happineſs which ſhe had formed. She was

was too well convinced of Numa's paſſion; and, without acknowledging to herſelf her diſquietude, in weeping for the departure of her father, ſhe lamented other misfortunes.

Herſilia, and the preparation for his departure, poſſeſſed the mind of Numa. He was deſtitute of every kind of arms, except the ſword of Pompilius. Tatius, who went himſelf into the armory of Romulus, choſe a breaſt-plate of the beſt tempered metal incruſted with gold. He took alſo a magnificent helmet, crowned with a ſphinx of ſuperior workmanſhip, which was overſhawdowed by two purple plumes. He choſe a ſhield compoſed of ſeven bull's hides, and covered with four plates of gold, ſilver, copper, and braſs, which was formerly made for king Procus by the ſkilful Egeon, who repreſented upon it the hiſtory of the pious Eneas.

Contented with theſe arms, Tatius ordered them to be ſent to Numa; their clangor, which filled others with terror, added to the courage of the youthful hero. He viewed and touched them with rapture; he

he made them reſound with admiration. He was ſoon clad in them, and his natural beauty received thence an additional luſtre. His heart throbbed, his eyes ſparkled with the fire of intrepidity: like a young courſer, who hearing in his native meadows, for the firſt time, the ſound of the trumpet, proudly elevates his head, expands his foaming noſtrils, and raiſing his flowing mane, anſwers by loud neighings to the warlike ſummons.

Night, too ſlow in its advances for the impatient mind of Numa, at length ſpread its veil over the earth; but the power of ſleep was too feeble to cloſe his eyes. A numberleſs croud of projects poſſeſſed his imagination; he meditated in what manner he ſhould addreſs Herſilia; he was impatient to be near her; and anticipating opportunities for the diſplay of his courage, he planned the feats which he would perform.

The day was ſtill diſtant, when he appeared in armour at the palace of Tatius. The worthy monarch ſmiled at his ardor; he however aroſe, and covered his vene-

rable head with a ponderous helmet; put on a coat of mail which had for ſo many years been laid aſide; and, unwilling to bid his daughter a painful adieu, he departed in ſilence from his palace, leant upon the impatient Numa, and proceeded to the field of Mars.

Romulus, Herſilia, and the army were already there. Tatius preſented to his colleague the youthful warrior, who wiſhed to accompany him to the war. On ſeeing Numa the countenance of Herſilia was ſuffuſed with bluſhes; Numa was equally confuſed, and the addreſs which he intended for Romulus, was entirely forgotten.

The Roman king applauded the zeal which he had ſhewn; and, when he was acquainted with his birth, he conducted him to the Sabine legions, who conſtituted the left wing of his army. Sabines, ſaid he, behold another hero, who under your enſigns is anxious to engage: he has a powerful claim to your affections; he is deſcended from your kings; he is the ſon of Pompilius.

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At the name of Pompilius, acclamations of joy pierced the air; all the Sabines inſtantly quitted their ranks, and ran to Numa. Metius, Valerius, Volſcens, Murrex, all the antient warriors covered with wrinkles, and with ſcars, claſped in their arms the ſon of their former general. I owe every thing to your father, ſaid one; he ſaved my life, ſaid another; he was our benefactor, exclaimed all. Enter then our ranks thou ſon of the braveſt and moſt juſt of men; under our ſhields advance to the field; to thee we devote our arms and our hearts. Monarch of Rome, continued they, addreſſing themſelves to Romulus, we aſk for him as our leader; under his command we ſhall prove invincible, as we were under that of his father. Let him then preſide over us, let him be called Pompilius, and we will be anſwerable for victory.

Yes, my noble friends, replied the venerable Tatius, who at that inſtant approached them, he ſhall doubtleſs be your leader, and I will be a witneſs of his exploits. I am come hither, my old aſſociates, to awaken your recollection of me,

and to accompany both him and you to the battle. We will again reviſit together the field of honour; your monarch is come to make with you his laſt campaign; and ſhould his ſtrength fail, you will ſupport him in your arms.

To theſe words the valiant Sabines replied with unanimous ſhouts of joy. They ſurrounded their aged king; they kiſſed his armour and his hands: O beſt of monarchs, ſaid they, we will defend your life, we will cover you with our bodies. Alas! ſhould we be deprived of you, who will bleſs our children with happineſs? Condeſcend to inſtruct the ſon of Pompilius to imitate his accompliſhed father; ourſelves are determined to teach mankind how deſerving kings ſhould be adored.

Tatius anſwered with his tears; he preſſed his antient friends to his boſom, reminded them of their former exploits, and ſolicited for Numa the ſame affection which they had ſhewn to him. At this ſcene Romulus himſelf was moved; he immediately proclaimed Numa Pompilius commander of the Sabine legions. The trumpets

pets were ſeconded by the loudeſt acclamations; and the brave Herſilia, who fought always with the Sabines, was ſecretly delighted with the ſituation which choice had given her.

The army was ready for its departure, Romulus was juſt going to give the ſignal for its march, and Tatius was recommending to the prudent Meſſala the adminiſtration of juſtice during his abſence, when a croud of women, children, and old men, uttering the moſt bitter lamentations, and lifting up their hands to heaven, came to proſtrate themſelves at the feet of Tatius.

Alas! exclaimed they, will you abandon us? Will both our kings, who ought to be our parents, leave us like deſerted orphans? Since we are accuſtomed to his abſence, let Romulus leave Rome; but you, our amiable Tatius, who love us, who dwell amongſt us, why do you now prepare for a ſeparation? Who ſhall adminiſter juſtice when you are gone? Who ſhall alleviate our griefs? Who ſhall conſole us amidſt misfortune? When victory is pur-

chaſed by the blood of our citizens, you know that fathers, children, and widows come to you for conſolation. Into your boſom they pour their woes; you weep with them, and their ſorrow becomes leſs oppreſſive. What will become of the unhappy, when, inſtead of having you for their ſupport, they ſhall be apprehenſive for your ſafety? Alas! for what purpoſe ſhould you go to the field of battle? How can you make an addition to your former glory? What can be further wanting, ſince we revere you as a god, and love you as a father? What greater acquiſitions than theſe can be gained by conqueſt? In attempting to enſlave others, you abandon your own children.

At this addreſs from a venerable man, Tatius melted into tears. He caſt his eyes upon Numa, and then upon his aged warriors. Theſe fell on their knees, and joined their entreaties to thoſe of the people. Tatius heſitated no longer; he threw down his helmet and his lance; and embracing the old man who had addreſſed him: My reſolution is fixed, exclaimed he, to enjoy

no

no other glory than that of being uſeful to you. Nothing but the grave ſhall be able to part us for the future.

At theſe words, with the loudeſt exclamations of joy, they all thanked the gods, and bleſſed their king; and the affectionate Tatia, who had till that moment been concealed amidſt the crowd, threw herſelf into the arms of her father. My tears, ſaid ſhe, were inſufficient to perſuade you, but I was convinced that you would yield to thoſe of your people. I aſſembled them together; I warned them of the calamity with which they were threatened, and I am far from being jealous of the ſuperiority which they have gained over myſelf.

Tatius preſſed his daughter to his boſom, embraced Numa with tears, and, after bidding him adieu, enjoined the veteran Sabines to preſerve and defend the treaſure with which they were entruſted. Tatia, with a dejected countenance, endeavoured to collect all her fortitude, to wiſh Numa every poſſible glory and happineſs in his approaching expedition.

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At length the ſignal was given, and the amiable Tatius ſighed deeply at the departure of the army. Numa bade him adieu in the moſt cordial manner, and the people tranſported with joy carried him in their arms to Rome, where his preſence was a never-failing antidote to every misfortune.

The army proceeded on its march in three columns. The firſt, compoſed of the Roman legions, was under the ſole conduct of Romulus. Yet he had no fixed ſtation; mounted on a Thracian courſer, he was perpetually paſſing with incredible rapidity from one place to another; and, during his abſence, he committed the command of the legions to the aged Hoſtilius, whoſe ſon was afterwards king of Rome. By his ſide marched the brave Horatius, whoſe three ſons, fifty years after, ſubdued, by their victory over the Curiatii, the city of Alba. Maſſicus, Abas, Servius, the young Miſenus, who was a deſcendant from the celebrated trumpeter of Æneas, and the valiant Talaſſius were in the foremoſt rank.

Each

Each of them had already been ſignalized by more than one memorable exploit, each wore the ſpoils of ſome illuſtrious enemy. And they always formed the van during a march, and the right wing in battle.

The ſecond column was compoſed of the Latin legions. In theſe were the Laurentines, the Fidenates, the people of Tellene, Aricia, and the antient Politore. All the nations whom Romulus had conquered, fought at that time under his ſtandard, and were proud of ſubjection, ſince it acquired them the name of Romans. Their valiant chiefs were Azilas, Orimanthus, Feraltinus; Ladon, the ſon of the nymph Perenna; and the beautiful Niphens, born in fertile Canente; and Cynirus, prieſt of Apollo, who carried on his helmet the ſacred laurel and the fillets of that divinity. This body compoſed entirely of infantry, occupied always the centre of the army, both during the march and the engagement.

The brave Sabines, ſituated during the march in the rear, conſtituted the remaining column. In the battle they occupied the

the left wing of the army. Venerable Metius yielded the command of theſe to young Numa. That antient warrior had recommenced ſoldier in the evening of his days; yet his age, his reputation, his white hairs, his ſcars, independent of his high ſituation, procured him univerſal reſpect. He was conſtantly attentive to the duties of a commander. Near to him were diſtinguiſhed the ſage Catillus, the formidable Coras, and Tanair, and Talos, and the valiant Gallus, grandſon of the river Abaris, and the amiable Aſtur, who had been brought up on the banks of the fountain of Blanduſia, and whom all the army believed to be enamoured with that enchanting nymph: and the valiant Ufens, whoſe thick beard painted with a variety of colours, concealed one half of his viſage. Numa was followed by all theſe warriors.

Covered with glittering armour, intoxicated with love and joy, Numa advanced at their head on a milk white courſer, which the affectionate Tatius had given him. The ſpirited animal bounded under his youthful rider, pawed the earth and air with

with his feet; and liſtened to the neighing of the horſes in the van with foaming impatience.

At his ſide, in a magnificent car, advanced the warlike Herſilia, reſembling Pallas in her armour, and the goddeſs of love in beauty. Her brilliant helmet had for its creſt the Roman eagle; on her ſhoulder reſted a golden quiver, and in her hands was the bow of Pandarus, which Æneas brought into Italy, and which was tranſmitted to his grand-ſon Romulus. The ſage Brutus, the firſt of that illuſtrious family, conducted the car of the princeſs; and the enamoured Numa envied him his ſtation. With his eyes rivetted on Herſilia, he proceeded by the ſide of her chariot. She equalled in charms the moſt perfect of the Amazonian beauties, yet the practice of war had not given her the fierce aſpect of thoſe warlike females. Thus Apollo and Diana traverſe together the precipices of Cynthus; they are equally formidable, and equally dazzle the obſerver; but the daughter of Latona preſerves a ſternneſs and intrepidity of features, which

which is not impreſſed on the mild countenance of her brother.

The army advanced with rapid ſteps towards the banks of Liris, and the plains of Auxencia. They intended there to join the troops of the king of Capua; but it was neceſſary to paſs through the country of the Hernici to effect this deſign. Romulus ſent heralds to aſk permiſſion to continue his route. The king of the Hernici refuſed his requeſt:

I am neither the ally, ſaid he, of the Marſi, or of the Romans. If your enemy's army were marching towards Rome, I ſhould not ſuffer its journey to be ſhortened by paſſing through my kingdom. It is equally juſt in me to prohibit your advances, and I conſider myſelf as adhering to equity, when I preſerve neutrality.

At this reply, Romulus was inflamed with anger. Imprudent king, exclaimed he, thou ſhalt be taught how dangerous it is to remain inactive between two powerful enemies. From this day thou art at the mercy of the conqueror.

Obliged,

Obliged, however, to poſtpone his vengeance, and to take a long circuit before he could reach the frontiers of the Marſi, he prepared to paſs the mountains of the Simbruins, where the Anio derives its ſource.

That long and painful march harraſſed the army, but it was ſerviceable to the young warriors, by whom Romulus was numerouſly attended. Numa, eſpecially, began a ſevere apprenticeſhip to the art of war. Inſtructed by maſters ſo ſkilful as the Sabines, animated by love, and by the preſence of Herſilia, he already poſſeſſed the experience of a general. Though he had never fought, yet he knew how a battle ſhould be conducted; and his ardent courage, which he was impatient to diſplay before the eyes of Herſilia, prompted him to expect with tranſport the appearance of the enemy.

At length they reached the banks of the Liris, whoſe ſtream ſeparates the Marſi from the Æqui and the Hernici. At the head of thirty thouſand men the king of Capua had been encamped there for three

days. As ſoon as he perceived the van of the Roman army, he drew out his forces, ranged them in order, and, amidſt the enlivening ſound of many warlike inſtruments, waited the arrival of his allies.

Romulus commanded his trumpets to be ſounded, and drew up his army oppoſite to that of the Campanians. He then advanced towards the king of Capua. The two monarchs embraced, and ſwore eternal friendſhip to each other; and Romulus, who was already anxious to know the troops which were going to fight in his cauſe, went to take a ſurvey of their ranks.

He had proceeded but a few ſteps, when his ears were wounded with noiſe and confuſion. The Campanian troops preſumed to ſmile in his preſence, to converſe with each other, and to give proofs of a want of diſcipline, which excited his diſguſt and indignation. He beheld them with ſeverity; he liſtened with pity to a croud of generals, who were making a diſplay of their empty wiſdom, and thought them unworthy of a reply. He was mortified to ſee veteran ſoldiers commanded by boyiſh captains,

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and to obſerve gold and ſilver glittering on all their breaſt-plates. He took hold of a ſplendid ſhield, which ſeemed to be ſupported with difficulty by a young Campanian warrior. He was ſhocked to diſcover upon it an amorous inſcription. He broke ſeveral of the ſoldier's lances, and aſked them, with an ironical ſmile, of what uſe ſuch inſtruments would be in war.

He afterwards entered the camp of the Campanians. His anger was highly excited at ſeeing magnificent tents ſcented with coſtly perfumes, ornamented with baths and couches, and every other ſpecies of luxury, which are to be found in poliſhed cities. He obſerved here public games, at which the commanders paſſed their evenings in depriving each other of their fortune, their repoſe, and, not unfrequently, of their honour. He ſaw, with ſtill greater indignation, a croud of courtezans, almoſt as numerous as the army, who kept an open ſeminary of vice, allured the younger ſoldiers into their deſtructive ſnares, rendered them weak and timid, and totally unfit for the purſuits of war and glory. He

was ſhocked at perceiving nothing, except debaſing effeminacy, deſtructive indolence, and diſguſting obſcenity.

He departed precipitately from this diſpleaſing ſcene. He took the king of Campania by the hand, and conducted him, without ſaying a word, through the ranks of the Roman army. A profound ſilence reigned throughout; on every countenance was impreſſed the moſt attentive reſpect. Each warrior, motionleſs in his ſtation, fixed his eyes on his leader, and ſeemed anxious to anticipate every order before it was iſſued. Their armour, compoſed only of braſs and iron, ſhone with the moſt dazzling brightneſs. The princes and generals, whoſe birth or merit entitled them to peculiar diſtinction, were alone permitted to be adorned with gold and ſilver. In the retinue of the army were ſeen neither women nor wealth; but, inſtead of theſe, horſes to ſupply the loſs of thoſe which might be killed, arms to replace thoſe which might be broken, and every poſſible preparation for the ſick and wounded. Each ſoldier carried his tent, his proviſions,

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and his arms; and none ever complained either of the length of his march, or of the weight of his burthen.

Romulus ſilently watched the countenance of the ſovereign of Capua, while he exhibited to his notice theſe valiant troops. He took a javelin from one of the inferior ſoldiers, and put it into the king's hand. His ſtrength was unequal to its weight, and bluſhing, he let it fall to the ground. Romulus then broke ſilence in the following terms:——

King of Capua, I now appeal to your judgment, whether your troops and mine can poſſibly fight under the ſame ſtandard. Fierce lions, and timorous lambs, are not accuſtomed to aſſociate. Your army would enfeeble mine; and my Romans, who are always accuſtomed to attack the enemy, would loſe half their ſtrength in defending their allies. Beſides, I am threatened with a ſtill greater danger: the contagion which reigns in your camp, would infect mine; and that degrading effeminacy, more dreadful than all diſeaſes, would enervate and relax my ſoldiers; though we ſhould ob-

tain a victory, I ſhould myſelf be vanquiſhed. King of Capua, your alliance, be aſſured, is a pleaſing object of my wiſhes; but the glory of my people is a matter of ſtill higher concern. If you deſire that we ſhould remain friends, we muſt at preſent ſeparate. Remove from me thoſe dangerous aſſociates; and if you cannot compel your own ſubjects to become men, prevent at leaſt, their corrupting thoſe who do honour to their ſpecies.

At this addreſs, young Capis, ſon of the king of Campania, a prince worthy of being a Roman, ſhewed the ſtrongeſt emotions of ſhame and regret. His father, confounded with that ſenſe of ſuperiority, which littleneſs cannot avoid feeling at the ſight of tranſcendant qualities, begged Romulus would give him directions for his future conduct, and promiſed minutely to follow his advice.

I am convinced, anſwered Romulus, that the Samnites are on their march to aſſiſt the Marſi; but they muſt paſs through the city of Auxencia, which belongs to you. Within its walls repair with a third of your army,

army, and defend it againſt all attacks. Detach the reſt againſt the Samnites under the conduct of one of your ableſt generals. Forbid him, however, to come to an engagement with that formidable people, ſince your ſoldiers are unfit to oppoſe them: but to harraſs them in their march, and prevent their junction with the Marſi. In the mean time, I will attack theſe, and, ſupported by my father, I entertain the moſt ſanguine hopes of victory.

Afterwards your general ſhall allow a free paſſage to the Samnites, who, advancing to Auxencia, ſhall find themſelves encloſed by our two armies, without a poſſibility of retreat. Their inevitable deſtruction muſt terminate the war in a ſingle day.

When he had finiſhed, Capis fell proſtrate at his feet: O monarch, ſaid he, whom I view with veneration not inferior to that which I owe to Mars your father, grant me the ineſtimable honour of fighting under your ſtandard. I wiſh to learn the diſcipline requiſite to form a ſoldier; and what maſter ſhall I be able to find ſo worthy of my attention as yourſelf? By

your

your inſtructions I ſhall be able to teach the ſubjects of my father the art of war; and the glory of their becoming Romans will be entirely attributed to you.

Deeply affected with theſe words, Romulus raiſed Capis from the ground, and immediately gave him the command of a Roman cohort. More elated in being one of the officers of Romulus, than prince of Capua, he kiſſed the hand of his general, bade adieu to his father, and haſtened to take poſſeſſion of his new appointment. At the ſame moment, the king of Campania, with ten thouſand ſoldiers, ſet out for the defence of Auxencia. The remainder, under the command of one of his officers, by birth a Greek, marched to oppoſe the Samnites; and Romulus, impatient to engage, was deſirous, before the cloſe of day, to encamp beyond the Lyris.

He diſcovered a ford, and was preparing to paſs it, when three ambaſſadors from the Marſi made their appearance. Their aſpect was venerable; their beards deſcended to their girdles, and their heads were almoſt entirely ſhaved. Each carried in

one

one hand a wooden vaſe, in the other a glittering arrow. They advanced with ſolemnity and courage.

King of Rome, ſaid the oldeſt of them, what cauſe of contention is there between you and us? Have we deſolated your country? Have we menaced your city with deſtruction? What are your deſigns, and wiſhes? We are invaded by the king of Campania, becauſe he pretends to poſſeſs ſome viſionary claim to our poſſeſſions; he will be puniſhed for his temerity. But on this vain pretence you cannot become our enemy. You are to us a ſtranger; we to you are equally unknown; and we poſſeſs nothing which can excite your avarice. Our ploughs and oxen, our clubs, and veſſels like theſe which we carry, are the only preſents which the gods have given us. Hence we are ſerviceable to our friends, and hoſtile to our enemies. To the former we give a portion of the produce of our fields, and we pour with them from theſe cups libations to Jupiter. The latter at a diſtance we aſſail with arrows; and if they have the raſhneſs

raſhneſs to approach too near, we overwhelm them with clubs. King of Rome, you are at liberty to chooſe, either the cup or the arrow. You are declared by fame to be the ſon of a divinity; if you are ſo highly honoured, you ought to ſhew benevolence to mankind; if your origin be mortal, dread to oppoſe men equally brave with yourſelf, and more juſt and equitable.

Fear is to me a ſtranger, anſwered Romulus, with eyes enflamed with the moſt ardent fury; I come hither to ſupport my ally, without troubling myſelf to examine the juſtice of his cauſe. I am not the ſon of Themis, but that of Mars. Return back, old man, to the people whom thou haſt left, announce to them war and ſubjection; and leave behind thee that arrow, which is a moſt acceptable preſent, ſince it gives me hopes of meeting an enemy worthy of my courage and exertions.

At theſe words he ſnatched the arrow from the hand of the aged orator. The ſage regarded him for ſome time in ſilence, then raiſing his eyes to heaven, as if to call upon

upon the gods to witneſs the juſtice of his cauſe; he afterwards, without anſwering a ſingle word, withdrew.

Romulus immediately paſſed the Liris, and pitched his camp on the territories of the Marſi.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

BOOK IV.

The Marſi being aſſembled, are deſirous of appointing a general. Diſcord is ſown among them. They determine that that candidate ſhall be elected, who ſhall break a poplar. Young Leo ſucceeds in the attempts, and yields to a venerable ſenior the command. The army proceeds on its march: it meets with the Romans. The military ſkill of Romulus. The humanity of Numa; he offers a ſacrifice to Ceres, and releaſes his priſoners. Ceres cauſes the Ancile to fall at his feet. Leo attcaks during the night, the Roman camp, ſets it on fire, commits great deſtruction, and overthrows Romulus.

THE Marſi, in the mean time, being aſſembled in the ſacred foreſt of Marrubia, were in hopes of peace, yet made the

the moſt active preparations for war. The venerable ſenate, by whom this free people were governed, had already ſent an embaſſy to their allies to requeſt aſſiſtance. The youth were already in arms; and twenty thouſand warriors armed with bows or clubs, waited the return of their ambaſſadors with impatience.

They in a ſhort time arrived, and advanced into the midſt of the aſſembly with a ſlow and ſolemn pace, and with every ſymptom of dejection and diſcontent. They were inſtantly encircled round, and requeſted to declare the anſwer they had received. Prepare your arms, exclaimed they, Romulus has made choice of the arrow: he is already encamped upon our plains, and has preſumed to threaten us with *ſubjection*. At this opprobrious word, a cry of indignation iſſued from every quarter. The army, in a paroxyſm of fury, requeſted to march directly againſt the enemy. The ſeniors checked their ardour; deſired them to wait the arrival of their allies, and to appoint a commander worthy of oppoſing the king of Rome.

To this ſignal honour many warriors aſpired. Among theſe was diſtinguiſhed the valiant Aulon, a deſcendant of Cacus, who inſtead of a ſword or javelin, carried an axe of ſuch an enormous magnitude, that no one among the Marſi, except himſelf, could wield; Pentheus alſo, who was equally active in the practice of war, and who numbered among his anceſtors the unfortunate Marſias, the father of the Marſian people; Liger likewiſe, who poſſeſſed an incredible ſwiftneſs of foot, and whoſe only weapon was a ſharp iron quoit, which he threw with ſuch dexterity, that its blow was always mortal; and the diſciple of Apollo, the young and amiable Aſtor, whoſe immenſe ſhield, terminating in three long points, was intended to be fixed in the ground, while behind its iron rampart he ſhot his arrows with that ſkill, which the Delian god had taught him. Such were the candidates for the command of the army. Equally reſpected by the ſoldiers, one ſpoke for Liger, another for Pentheus; the cavalry voted for Aulon, the archers for Aſtor.

The

The rivals beheld and addreſſed each other with indignation. Each boaſted of his birth and his exploits, and endeavoured to diminiſh thoſe of his opponents. From mutual inſults, they began to menace and defy each other; Aſtor ſnatched an arrow, Pentheus poiſed a javelin, Liger prepared his quoit, and the fierce Aulon elevated high his tremendous axe.

At this moment the wiſe Sophanor, the oldeſt member of the ſenate, ruſhed into the midſt of them, and checked their fury: What can you propoſe, exclaimed he; do you wiſh to ſecure victory to the Romans, by depriving the Marſi of their protectors? Can a vain deſire of power extinguiſh in your breaſts the love of your country? Alas! what muſt be her ſituation, if her moſt valuable ſons turn their arms againſt each other. Think not that I am animated by any views of perſonal advantage; I can ſee you without regret aſpire to a ſituation, which I might perhaps, without impropriety, myſelf claim from my ſervices and experience. Glory, however, conſiſts not in commanding our equals, but in ſub-

duing our enemies. Every drop of blood which is ſhed in any other conteſt, is a robbery againſt the ſtate. If you are devoured by a thirſt of ſlaughter, and want patience to wait the arrival of the Romans, bury your javelins in my boſom. I have already lived too long, when I ſee my warlike countrymen ready to deſtroy each other. On me then wreak your fury; but, previous to the blow, attend a moment to my advice. You are equal to each other in valour; by your birth and your exploits you are equally illuſtrious. The bounty of heaven is the cauſe of your preſent contention. Each is qualified to fill the high ſtation to which you all aſpire. Let, however, ſtrength of body decide a conteſt, which equality of courage cannot determine. Fix a chain to the top of an ancient poplar, and he who ſhall break the tree, or bend it to the ground, ſhall be declared our leader.

The advice was loudly applauded by the army and the people. The candidates laid down their arms, and ſwore ſolemnly to obey him who ſhould prevail in the attempt.

tempt. At that moment four of the Marſi climbed to the top of a high poplar, and fixed to it a long and heavy chain, which deſcended to the ground with a tremendous noiſe.

The ſeniors who were to decide, had taken their ſeats, and the ſignal was on the point of being given, when a voice was heard, and a Marſian youth was ſeen to advance, of a tall and majeſtic figure, and of a mild and noble aſpect. He was covered with a lion's ſkin, whoſe paws, heavy with gold, ornamented his breaſt. The terrific head of that animal, with its teeth ſtill remaining, conſtituted his helmet. His half-naked legs were clad in buſkins; and his nervous arm ſupported a club rendered more formidable by knots and points of iron. Young and beautiful as Apollo, fierce and commanding as Mars, he advanced with haſty ſteps into the midſt of the aſſembly. There he ſtopped and reſted on his club; then ſurveying the ſeniors with reſpect, he addreſſed them in the following terms:

While I was perſuaded, venerable ſenators, that experience and military ſkill conſtituted the higheſt qualities of a general, I preſumed not to be a candidate for an honour, of which my youth was unworthy. By this day's deciſion, you have determined, that ſtrength alone is a ſufficient requiſite. Hence I have the preſumption to diſpute the prize. I cannot imitate my noble rivals, in deriving merit from my birth. I have no anceſtry to boaſt of. Yet this lion's ſkin, with which you ſee me clad, once covered the great Alcides, and with this club was the hydra of Lerna overwhelmed. My ſtrength and courage are my only titles to nobility, and my only pretenſions in the preſent conteſt. Of the one the Romans ſhall form a judgment; with regard to the other, you ſhall now determine.

This ſpeech of the valiant Leo was ſeconded by the loud applauſe of the army. Chance determined the order in which the candidates ſhould try their powers. The name of Pentheus appeared firſt, next that of

of Aſtor; then Liger, afterwards Aulon, and Leo was the laſt.

The trumpets gave a ſignal; the valiant Pentheus ſeized the chain, and exerted his utmoſt ſtrength; yet the trunk of the poplar remained motionleſs, and its top was ſcarcely ſhaken. Enraged, Pentheus exhauſted his ſtrength in unavailing efforts: overpowered with fatigue and chagrin, he relinquiſhed the chain, and ſought concealment among his troops.

The amiable Aſtor then advanced to the trial; and the ardent impatience with which he aimed at the command, made him forget to call upon Apollo to his aſſiſtance. That offended deity abandoned his ungrateful diſciple, and he became immediately deprived of half his ſtrength. In vain did he endeavour to exert his wonted powers; even the leaves of the poplar remained ſtill and unſhaken.

Elated with joy, Liger ſprung forward. He collected all his powers, and ſhook the branches of the tree with as much violence as if they had been agitated by a tremendous ſtorm: yet, he was totally unable

able to bend it to the ground. The branches recovered their former ſtation; and Liger retired with leſs precipitation than he had advanced.

Aulon now aroſe, and commanded univerſal attention. He threw aſide his ſhield and breaſt-plate, and was proud of ſhewing his muſcular arms, and brawny ſhoulders. He walked twice round the tree, and ſurveyed it with a haughty ſmile; then eagerly ſeizing the chain, as high as his hands could reach, he exerted upon it his weight and ſtrength. The poplar yielded to his efforts, its head inclined, and the army already beſtowed their applauſe. The tree, however, immediately recovered itſelf with greater force than that with which it had been bent, and raiſing Aulon from the ground, kept him ſuſpended in the air. Obliged to abandon his attempt, he leapt down enraged, ſeized precipitately his arms, and concealed himſelf behind his chariot.

Leo only remained. As he advanced, he ſupplicated Hercules in a low voice. Son of Jupiter, ſaid he, I call upon thee to remember

remember the hoſpitality thou didſt once receive from the grandfather of my beloved Camilla: from the height of Olympus deign to look down upon me, and from thy regard I ſhall be inſpired with unuſual ſtrength; to thee I ſhall ſacrifice whether I am vanquiſhed or victorious.

Scarce was his ſupplication ended, when he felt all his limbs animated with new vigour. He ſet one of his feet on the laſt link of the chain, ſeized it at the height of his forehead with both his hands; and exerting his whole ſtrength, he bent the top of the poplar, more deliberately, yet nearer to the earth than it had before been bent by Aulon. He was no ſooner convinced of his ſuperiority, than he redoubled his efforts, called again on Hercules, and, giving way to his enthuſiaſtic ardour, broke the poplar, brought it together with the chain to the ground, and buried its immenſe top under its ſpreading branches.

The people and the army expreſſed the loudeſt applauſe; the ſenate declared Leo victorious. Springing forward over the ruins he had made, and addreſſing the ſoldiers,

diers, Aſſociates, ſaid he, in me you behold your general. You have ſworn to pay obedience to ſtrength; yet ſtrength ſhould ſubmit to wiſdom. I will doubtleſs be your leader, but Sophanor ſhall be mine. He hath ſerved more campaigns than we have ſeen battles: it is by his experience that our youthful courage muſt be directed. If Sophanor will lend the army his wiſdom, to his uſe Leo will devote this arm. At theſe words he bent his knee to Sophanor, and begged to receive his commands.

The aſtoniſhed Marſi believed Leo to be more than mortal. Sophanor ſhed tears of admiration: No, my ſon, exclaimed he, it is thou who ſhalt be our leader. Led on by another Hercules, what will not the Marſi accompliſh? Since thou haſt not deſpiſed my age, ſince thou haſt honoured my hoary head, the gods will reward thee with ſucceſs. I venture to foretel thy victories, and I thank the immortal deities that they have left me a few drops of blood to ſhed at thy ſide, and ſome faint remains of voice to celebrate thy reputation.

My

My father, anſwered Leo, it was for you that I made the trial of my ſtrength; it was to honour you that the gods granted me victory. Be our general, I entreat and conjure you: if my prayers are inſufficient, remember that you have ſworn to me obedience, and I *command* you to be our leader.

By theſe words Sophanor was prevailed upon to comply; but inſiſted that Leo ſhould be his colleague. Both were proclaimed by the army. Sophanor ſoon appeared covered with an antique coat of mail: his age, his venerable aſpect, his long white beard, inſpired reſpect; his young colleague impreſſed terror. Theſe two arranged the troops, diſpoſed them in order for the march, and waited only for their allies.

Theſe in a ſhort time arrived. The Pelignians, the Amiterni, the people of Frentania and Caracena, deſcended from the Apennines, and joined the Marſi. As a ſignal for their departure, Sophanor ordered the image of a dragon, which was their enſign in battle, to be elevated in the air.

But the army was impeded and chilled with

with terror by a tremendous prodigy. Over their heads were ſeen an eagle holding in his talons a formidable dragon, who, bloody and ſcarce breathing, ſtill ſtruggled, fought, and endeavoured to wound the bird of Jupiter. The ſoldiers, motionleſs and ſilent, waited for the event; when in a few moments, the victorious eagle pierced with its beak the ſcales of the dragon, and dropped it lifeleſs in the midſt of the Marſian troops.

This was a diſcouraging omen for theſe warriors. But obſerving their terror and agitation, Leo ſeized the firſt bow he could meet with, levelled an arrow at the ſoaring eagle, and brought him breathleſs to the ground. Thus, ſaid he, will I bring under ſubjection the Roman eagle; thus will I revenge the people whom they are deſirous to enſlave. Marſi, let no fears perplex you: the beſt of auguries is the juſtice of our cauſe. Romulus is only prompted by ambition; while your country is the hallowed motive for which you go forth to battle. An enterprize ſo meritorious, the gods muſt of neceſſity protect.

Theſe

Theſe words, and the animation with which they were delivered, chaſed away fear from every heart. The Marſi filled the air with their joyful acclamations; believed themſelves, as well as Leo, to be invincible; and encouraged by the moſt ardent hope, ſet forward with rapid ſteps to meet the enemy.

They came in ſight of the Romans in the plain of Lucencia, bounded by mountains on the north and eaſt, and by woods on the weſt and ſouth. On the border of theſe woods Romulus had encamped; Sophanor and Leo drew up their troops at the foot of the mountains; and the two armies were ſeparated only by the river Furinus.

Romulus advanced immediately to the bank of this river, and examined the poſition of the enemy. He reconnoitred the ground which they occupied, compared it with his own, and permitted not the minuteſt object to eſcape his notice. He ſounded the river, and found a place where it was fordable; and ſatisfied with his obſervations, he returned to his tent, aſſembled his officers, and informed them, that

on the morrow at ſun-riſe, he ſhould attempt a paſſage. They expreſſed ſurprize at his intentions. He however proceeded to explain to them briefly the order in which the attack ſhould be conducted, the ſtation which each ſhould occupy, the ſpot where he intended to draw out the enemy, his plan if victorious, his reſources if repulſed. He convinced them, in fine, that he had prepared every thing neceſſary for conqueſt, and had provided every requiſite in caſe of a defeat.

His aged generals beheld him with admiration: Numa overpowered with joy, could not repreſs his tranſports. The day, which had ſo long been eagerly wiſhed for, was at length arrived. The period was now approaching, when he ſhould be able to ſhew himſelf worthy of Herſilia's affection. He haſtened immediately to his Sabine troops; he traverſed their tents, he called by name upon every leader and private ſoldier; he informed them of the intended action, he embraced them with ardour, counted the hours which intervened before the engagement, and even murmured againſt

againſt Romulus for not having attempted that evening to paſs the river.

In the midſt of his impatient agitation, he obſerved a detachment to return, which had been ſent to ſurprize a village. The cruel order had been but too completely executed. They brought with them a number of women, children, and diſconſolate old men, who advanced with their hands bound behind them, and with their eyes ſwimming in tears. The mother, the daughter, and the huſband regarded each other with grief and terror; they preſumed not to ſpeak, and endeavoured in vain by a near approach, to mingle their woes together. This trivial ſatisfaction the inhuman ſoldiers forbade them to enjoy. With menaces, and with the bloody points of their ſpears, they compelled them to accelerate their tardy pace. Theſe barbarians treated with leſs inſenſibility the animals which they had taken. They exerciſed towards the women and old men a ſavage brutality, while they regarded their oxen and ſheep with care and kindneſs.

At this ſpectacle the humane mind of Numa was ſenſibly affected. A deſire of relieving the unhappy priſoners, occupied his whole attention. They were already arrived at the royal tent, where, confounded with their cattle, they waited the deciſion of their fate. Numa approached in haſte, and threw himſelf at the feet of Romulus: O! my ſovereign, exclaimed he, contemplate the inhuman deeds, which in your name are committed. Behold theſe unfortunate wretches, dragged from their peaceful dwellings, and loaded with chains and inſult. Of what crimes have they been guilty to merit ſuch unfeeling treatment? Towards a reſiſting enemy, danger may juſtify cruelty and outrage. But to invade the defenceleſs cottager, to vanquiſh age and weakneſs, and to add inſult to oppreſſion, is a barbarous cowardice; which the gods themſelves muſt look down upon with abhorrence. Since you are the ſon of an immortal deity, you muſt, of courſe, render juſtice. You will ſet at liberty theſe unfortunate captives, you will ſend them back to their habitations, you will give them—

Young

Young man, interrupted Romulus, I view thy ignorance with compaſſion. Theſe ſlaves, theſe cattle, do not belong to me; they are the property of my ſoldiers. They are the price of their courage their labour, and their blood. Before I conſult humanity to my foes, I muſt be juſt to my aſſociates. Theſe ſlaves muſt be divided among the leaders of my army; they will afterwards diſpoſe of them as they pleaſe; and, that there may be no cauſe of complaint, chance ſhall regulate the diſtribution.

It is well, returned Numa riſing; I am one of your officers, and have a right to a certain ſhare.

Romulus admitted the juſtice of his claim. The urn, deſtined for the reception of the lots, was brought; the leaders, who were to ſhare the plunder advanced; they reſembled voracious hounds, who having run down a ſtag, abſtain through awe of the huntſman, from tearing it to pieces; yet pant with joy and fatigue for that moment, when it ſhall be delivered over to their rapacity.

Ceres, who from heaven conſtantly watched over Numa, applauded his humanity; ſhe influenced the lots, and took care that his portion ſhould be more numerous than that of the reſt.

Having taken poſſeſſion of his priſoners, Numa ordered the cattle which fell to his ſhare to follow after him, and he proceeded towards a thick foreſt with which the camp was ſurrounded. He there raiſed an altar of turf, choſe a white heifer, which, after he had ſprinkled milk between her horns, he ſacrificed, and placing her whole upon the pile, before he ſet it on fire, he addreſſed Ceres in the following words: Daughter of Jupiter, I offer to you this victim; far, however, am I from being perſuaded, that the blood of an animal can procure me your protection. It is not by oblations like this, that the favour of the gods is to be acquired. To relieve the unfortunate, is in their eyes, a more pleaſing object than a hecatomb on their altars. Receive then, O Ceres, an offering more worthy of thy acceptance. He then turned to his captives, and ſaid to them:

them: Unhappy people, I reſtore to you your freedom. You have been deſpoiled of your property; receive back that part of it allotted to me; theſe cattle are yours: ſhare them amongſt you, return to your habitations, and bleſs the name of Ceres, to whom you are indebted for your deliverance.

In an attitude of doubt and aſtoniſhment, they were apprehenſive what they had ſeen and heard was but a dream. Numa was beginning to ſpeak further, when a celeſtial flame deſcended on his head, played thrice round his temples, and then kindled the pile on which the victim was laid. Immediately the fire aſcended to the ſkies, loud thunder pealed, the clouds opened, and a golden ſhield deſcended at the feet of Numa. At the ſame inſtant a voice, loud as that of an hoſt, uttered the following words: Whoever poſſeſſes this buckler, ſhall prove invincible. Over thee, Numa, the gods watch with peculiar care; for no one can pleaſe, or reſemble them, but by performing acts of humanity.—The thunder ceaſed, the ſky became calm, the victim

victim was reduced to aſhes, and an ambroſial odour was diffuſed around, which ſufficiently teſtified that Numa had been addreſſed by a divinity.

He now raiſed himſelf from that proſtrate poſture in which he had remained during the preceding prodigy, and felt his heart throb with that delicious joy, which a good action never fails to inſpire. He took up the celeſtial buckler, and examined it with the moſt anxious ſolicitude: it was compoſed of the pureſt gold, and curved in the form of a creſcent like the Thracian ſhields. On it was repreſented, in exquiſite workmanſhip, all the events of Aſtrea's reign, which have made leſs impreſſion than thoſe of any other age on the memory of mankind, becauſe what is moſt eſtimable is generally the ſooneſt buried in oblivion. On one ſide appeared a number of perſons afflicted with famine, who were receiving from a neighbouring people the half of the property they poſſeſſed. In another part were ſeen brothers diminiſhing by conſent their inheritance, in order to make proviſion for a diſtreſſed orphan.

orphan. A little further was diſcovered a parent, attended by his children, reaping his field, and plucking ſecretly ears from the ſheaves of corn to throw them into the path of the gleaners. The celeſtial buckler repreſented throughout, actions of beneficence and virtue. The immortal artiſt had doubtleſs thought it neceſſary to teach mankind, in the midſt of war, to recollect humanity.

While Numa contemplated theſe intereſting ſcenes, the captives whom his kindneſs had preſerved, formed at his feet a picture worthy of being delineated on the celeſtial ſhield. By their tears and their agitation they teſtified their gratitude and their joy; mothers lifted up their children in order to behold their benefactor; huſbands and wives heaped the moſt ardent bleſſings on the reſtorer of their union and their happineſs; the aged foretold that futurity had in ſtore for him the moſt complete proſperity; and the oldeſt ſtepping forward, addreſſed him in the following terms:

May the gods repay thee, generous youth, for the bounty thou haſt beſtowed on us! We were never the enemies of the Roman people. We are only indigent ſhepherds, whoſe habitation has been thoſe high mountains, ſituated between the Marſi and the Hernici, of whom we are totally independant, though we have often felt their oppreſſion. To the ſoldiers of Romulus we explained our ſituation; yet they treated us as guilty, though they knew us to be innocent. Thou, on the contrary, though we appeared to thee in the light of enemies, haſt exerciſed towards us the warmeſt friendſhip. Thou wilt experience, be aſſured, the protection of the immortal gods; they will, perhaps, put thy fortitude to ſome trials; but thou ſhalt riſe ſuperior to them all. Farewell; remember the Rheates, which is the appellation by which we are known: ſhouldſt thou ever chance to viſit the mountains we inhabit, you will hear our infant children bleſs the name of Numa.

When he had thus ſpoken, the old man went to preſide over the diſtribution of the cattle

cattle which Numa had given them, while this youthful hero, ſtealing himſelf away from their grateful obſervance, and carrying with him his golden ſhield, haſtened penſively into his tent.

His mind was occupied with Herſilia; his heart full of hope and joy, was devoted wholly to love. His ſteps were involuntarily directed towards the tent of the princeſs. Arrived at the door, he preſumed not to paſs over the threſhold; he ſtopped, ſighed, and trembled to advance further. Though he carried on his arm a buckler by which he became invincible; though he would have ruſhed without dread into the camp of the enemy, yet he dared not to draw aſide the purple curtain, which cloſed the entrance of Herſilia's pavilion.

At length, however, he ventured to look into the tent, and to ſearch for the princeſs. Finding ſhe was not there, he ventured to enter, and in every object which preſented itſelf to his view, he beheld Herſilia. He contemplated her amour, her javelins, her bow, her golden lyre, her garments, and her bed, which conſiſted only

of

of a lion's ſkin. He remained motionleſs without either daring to touch what he ſaw, or being able to turn his eyes from theſe enchanting objects. A delicious languor overwhelmed his ſenſes; he was no longer ſufficient for his own ſupport; he ſunk trembling on the couch where Herſilia had been ſeated; he breathed the air which ſhe had reſpired; he was in a ſtate of enthuſiaſtic intoxication, his boſom heaved, and burning tears flowed plenteouſly down his cheeks.

At that moment the camp reſounded with a tumultuous noiſe; the trumpets ſounded, and a tremendous clangour was heard in that quarter where the troops of Romulus were ſtationed. Herſilia herſelf, with a diſordered mien, and diſhevelled hair, arrived at her tent, calling aloud—To arms! She precipitately ſeized her helmet and her javelins; and, without ſhield or breaſt-plate, was haſtening to the battle. Stay, princeſs, ſaid Numa; it ſhall be my buſineſs to arm the Sabines: accept at leaſt this buckler, the preſent of a powerful goddeſs; in protecting you it will preſerve my life,

life. He ſpoke; and without waiting for a reply, he left with her the celeſtial buckler, and haſtened to join his brave aſſociates.

Leo was the cauſe of this alarm. From the moment the Romans had been encamped ſo near the Marſi, he had meditated a deſign of attacking them by ſurprize. Be aſſured, ſaid he to his venerable colleague, that Romulus will to-morrow provoke us to an engagement: it is conſiſtent with our glory to anticipate his intention. When the evening ſtar ſhall make her appearance, with three thouſand men I leave the camp; I will ſwim acroſs the river, and carry fire and deſtruction even to Romulus's tent: and ſhould my endeavours be crowned with ſucceſs, I meditate a ſtill higher and more noble enterprize.

Sophanor embraced him with the moſt ardent affection. They immediately ſelected three thouſand of the Marſi; whom they armed with ſhort ſwords, with unplumed helmets, and ſable-coloured bucklers. Sophanor inſpired them with a ſenſe of the high honour by which they were

diſtinguiſhed, in being choſen to accompany Leo in this expedition.

When the veil of night was ſpread over the earth, Leo departed from the camp, paſſed the river, ranged his troops on the oppoſite ſhore, and inſpired them with that courage and intrepidity which animated his own. Cloſely linked together and obſerving the profoundeſt ſilence, they marched with rapid ſteps towards that part of the Roman camp where Romulus's troops were ſtationed.

They approached the advanced guards, and diſpatched them, as well as the reſt they afterwards met with, without reſiſtance. Undiſcovered, and unimpeded, they arrived at the tent of the Roman monarch; and ruſhing forward with loud acclamations and reſiſtleſs impetuoſity, they carried terror and carnage to the royal pavilion.

Alone in his tent, Romulus was planning the attack, which he intended on the morrow. At the firſt alarm, his rage was inflamed on hearing the ſhouts of the invaders. Provoked at being ſurprized, by a party

party of barbarians, he ſpeedily adjuſted his helmet, ſeized his buckler and his javelins, and haſtened to throw himſelf into the midſt of his enemies. With incredible rapidity he rouſed and exhorted. His voice, like thunder, reſounded through every corner of the camp. His warriors haſtened in crowds to the engagement; Horatius, Miſenus, Brutus, and Abas appeared in arms, and found their intrepid monarch alone, making reſiſtance againſt the enemy. Already had his victorious arm ſent to the ſhades the valiant Opheltus, the brave Aulceſtor, Zopharis and Corineus. The unfortunate Pentheus purchaſed with his life the honour of having oppoſed Romulus in battle. His javelin penetrated the breaſt-plate of the Roman king, but his heart was pierced by Romulus. With aſtoniſhment at this event, the ardour of the Marſi was abated; they ceaſed both to attack the enemy and to defend themſelves; and repulſed on every ſide they ſought for Leo as their only protection.

He had been pervading the inmoſt receſſes of Romulus's tent, and at that inſtant made his appearance. In one hand he held his club, and in the other a lighted faggot. On ſeeing him, the Romans ſtopped in their career, and the courage of the Marſi revived. He haſtened to lead them on; he threw flaming firebrands into the Roman tents, which ſpread on every ſide deſtructive devaſtation. The fury of Leo was added to that of the conflagration. He darted forward; and ſacrificed Abas, Maſſiens, and Tibur; Talaſſius fell under his reſiſtleſs arm: the brave Miſenus oppoſed him for a moment; but in the next ſunk breathleſs at his feet. Leo carried every where flames and deſtruction. Thus from the ſummit of Ætna deſcends the liquid fire, overflows the neighbouring country with its boiling waves, tears up from their foundation woods and rocks, and overwhelms with dreadful deſtruction whatever preſumes to oppoſe its paſſage.

Perceiving the havoc which was made by Leo, Romulus prepared his weapons, threw

threw his immenſe buckler over his ſhoulders, and marched acroſs heaps of the ſlain to oppoſe his enemy. He approached him, and attempted to ſpeak, but rage deprived him of the power of utterance. He levelled againſt Leo the ſtrongeſt of his javelins, and ſought with his piercing eye, where he might moſt eaſily be wounded. He hurled with his collected ſtrength his weapon; and perhaps the ſkin of the Nemean lion had been pierced; perhaps the renown of that youthful hero had been for ever terminated by the tremendous blow, had not his club, with which he had dealt deſtruction among the Romans, impeded the progreſs of the javelin; it, however, was torn from his hands, and the knots and iron with which it was armed were entirely penetrated.

Thus defenceleſs he caſt his eyes around him, and eſpied a ſtone of an enormous ſize, which the Romans had been unable to remove from their camp, and which had ſerved as a boundary for the huſbandmen. He inſtantly moved it from its ſtation,

raiſed it over his head, and hurled it on his enemy.

Romulus, unable to avoid or withſtand this impetuous blow, ſunk beneath it, and his faithful warriors haſtened to his aſſiſtance. But Romulus could no longer ſupport himſelf; covered with bruiſes, emitting blood, his head reclined, his arms reſting on the ground, without ſtrength and motion, and almoſt without life, he was carried to his tent, at the moment when Herſilia and Numa, at the head of the Sabines, were haſtening to his aſſiſtance.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

BOOK V.

Herſilia and Numa repulſe the Marſi. The retreat of Leo. Romulus fortifies his camp. New exploits of Leo. The junction of the Marſi and the Samnites. Romulus aſſembles his council. Numa goes to ſecure the poſſeſſion of ſome defiles among the Trebanian mountains. He meets there a body of people by whom he is beloved. The defeat of the Marſi in the defiles. Remarkable combat of Numa and Leo. The magnanimity of Numa. He hears that Tullus is dying; he relinquiſhes the camp to attend upon his friend.

AS an immenſe portion of a rock, ſeparated from the top of a high mountain, rolls down with a hideous noiſe towards the plain below, gathering every moment

moment additional velocity, and cruſhes to pieces or carries with it whatever it meets with in its paſſage; the terrified nymphs and ſhepherds flee with precipitation from the impending ruin, the trembling flocks haſten to the valley, and the huſbandman remains motionleſs and transfixed with apprehenſion: but in the moſt furious impetuoſity of its career, two powerful oaks, whoſe trunks and branches during an hundred years have been entwined together, oppoſe its paſſage, impede its progreſs, and ſave the flocks and ſhepherds from that deſtruction which they deemed inevitable: thus was the fury of Leo checked by Herſilia and Numa.

The fierce Amazonian, armed with the celeſtial buckler, was the firſt to attack him. Barbarian! exclaimed ſhe, it is Jove himſelf who delivers thee into my hands; the fatal period of thy deſtiny is now arrived: in the infernal regions thou mayeſt boaſt if thou wilt, the honour of having wounded the mighty Romulus. She ſpoke, and threw a javelin, which her rage prevented her from directing with ſufficient care.

care. The weapon paſſed by the ſide of Leo, and pierced the valiant Telon, who was, at that inſtant, deſpoiling Aruncus of his armour. Without the leaſt emotion, Leo tore the javelin from Telon's body, and regarding Herſilia with a contemptuous ſmile; I return thee, ſaid he, thy weapon; learn with more ſkill to direct it for the future. He then hurled the javelin at the princeſs; but Numa threw himſelf inſtantly between her and the intended blow; he forgot that the celeſtial buckler would protect Herſilia; in his opinion his own perſon appeared a more ſecure defence. He received on his breaſt the point of the tremendous javelin, it penetrated to his boſom, and his armour was ſtained with blood. Regardleſs ſtill of himſelf, he thought only on Herſilia: the more his wound ſeemed dangerous, the more he returned thanks to heaven for having preſerved her from it. Yet theſe ſentiments yielded to a deſire of vengeance: he ſprung forward towards Leo. A crowd of combatants ſeparated them from each other. They mutually

deſired

desired to meet, but were unable to effect their purpose.

Numa then rushed upon the Marsi, and, as the ears of corn fall under the reaper's sickle, they sunk under his resistless attack. Ever near Hersilia, he dealt destruction with one hand, and defended her with the other. She indulged the most unbridled fury: She sacrificed Ocres, Opiter, Soractor, and the young Almeron, who was the only hope, and the only child of the unhappy Almeria. That affectionate mother had foreseen his destiny.

When the Marsi, were assembled, and preparing to march against the Romans, Almeron, who was but fourteen years of age, escaped from his mother's habitation, and joined the army. At the moment of their departure, his disconsolate parent arrived in search of her son. She enquired for him, with the most anxious impatience, of every one she met. Almeron perceived her, and endeavoured to hide himself in the farthest ranks. But through what concealment will not the eye of a mother penetrate? she soon discovered him, flew

to

to him, claſped him in her arms, and bedewed his cheeks with her tears; and, while with a dejected countenance, and his eyes fixed upon the earth, he dreaded her reproaches, amidſt the interruption of ſighs, ſhe thus addreſſed him: My deareſt ſon, my only happineſs, why art thou ſo anxious to abandon thy parent? Alas! how uſeleſs will be thy exertions in the field of battle! thy feeble arm is yet unable to ſupport a javelin; thy arrows are ſcarcely ſhot with ſufficient force to deſtroy a fawn; and yet thou art willing to engage the moſt illuſtrious warriors among the Romans! My deareſt child do not deſert me, till thou haſt no longer any occaſion for a mother's care; do not break my heart, till thou canſt live without me. Thou weepeſt, thou preſſeſt me to thy boſom, but thou doſt not promiſe me to renounce thy cruel purpoſe! And can ye ſuffer it, O Marſi, who have yourſelves experienced the affection of a parent! Yet, ſince it muſt be ſo, I will myſelf take arms, I will follow my ſon, I will ſhare his dangers; I will be his ſhield in battle; and you ſhall

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be witneſſes of that courage which maternal fondneſs can inſpire.

From this moment Almeria was a conſtant attendant on her beloved ſon. Leo, who had a ſincere affection for them both, directed that they ſhould ſtation themſelves conſtantly near to him; and thus Almeron, when he had diſcharged his arrow, retired and found ſecurity between his mother and his general. But in that diſaſtrous night they were ſeparated from Leo: the formidable Herſilia met them; and, notwithſtanding the cries and the exertions of Almeria, buried her ſword in the tender boſom of her ſon. Thus, like a young flower cut down by a ſickle on the firſt morning of its appearance, Almeron fell; his dying eyes ſought earneſtly for his mother, as their laſt fond object. She beheld him, and needed no other calamity to deprive her of exiſtence.

Numa, leſs cruel, but equally invincible, ſacrificed thoſe only who made reſiſtance: Hiſbon, Marſenna, and Privernus fell beneath his arm. Naſamon and Seralpin bit the ground in anguiſh. The gallant Liger

ger preſumed to hurl his quoit at the youthful hero: and that moment, had he not avoided the blow, had been Numa's laſt. The quoit ſtruck againſt the ſphinx which was upon Numa's helmet, and carried away with it the purple plumes. Numa in return ruſhed upon Liger, and broke his lance in his body; then, ſeizing his father's ſword, he clove the head of Orymanthus, cut off Tarchon's right hand, and laid Quercens breathleſs at his feet; and purſuing the routed Marſi, he drove them from the field of battle. Leo alone remained.

Though abandoned by his aſſociates, Leo would not ſubmit to fly. He had recovered his club, and had no need of an army. Yet he was ſurrounded by the Sabines, and the fierce Ufens was advancing towards him, and ironically called to him in the following terms: Thou art not now in an aſſembly of the Marſi, where to bend a tree is a ſufficient qualification to be elected a general: death is now thy only privilege, and every attempt to eſcape it is in vain. Leo beheld him with a ſmile;

he avoided the javalin which was thrown at him by Ufens, and ruſhing immediately upon his antagoniſt, ſeized him by the middle, and after giving him a fatal gripe, daſhed him upon the ground, and ſet his foot on his trembling carcaſe. Now, raiſing his head with haughty diſdain, he caſt his eyes with coolneſs and intrepidity on the circle of ſwords and lances with which he was environed. A ſtranger to fear, he looked round with determined confidence, before he fixed upon the place where he intended to break through the oppoſing enemy. At length he reſolved on retreat, and diſperſed or cruſhed to death thoſe who attempted to oppoſe his paſſage; retiring with deliberation and reluctance, like a famiſhed wolf withdrawing from a fold of ſheep; thrice he ſtopped and returned, and thrice he compelled the battalions who purſued him to retreat from his advances. He ſoon rejoined his warriors; at his voice they were recalled, rallied, and ranged in order. He remained alone between the two armies, protecting the one, and repelling the other.

Animated

Animated at beholding exploits which he could not but admire, Numa was anxious to attack Leo: but his attention was at preſent diverted by a noiſe which proceeded from the banks of the river. This was occaſioned by the aged Sophanor, who, at the head of his troops, was haſtening to cover his colleague's retreat. The Marſi feigned an intention of paſſing the Fucinus: and to prevent this, Numa was obliged to abandon Leo; when that warrior, with his remaining troops, retired without danger from the camp which he had filled with carnage.

The wiſe Sophanor, ſkilled by long experience in the art of war, kept his army till ſunriſe on the banks of the river. Numa and his Sabines, notwithſtanding their ſevere fatigue, quitted not the oppoſite ſhore. At the approach of day, ſatisfied that his colleague had had ſufficient time to execute his projects, Sophanor withdrew his troops; and Numa conducted his ſoldiers to their tents.

The care of the wounded was now his ſole employment: whether they were

Marſi or Romans who wanted aſſiſtance, they met with equal aid from Numa. He ſearched diligently the field of battle, to diſcover if there were any who ſtill ſhewed ſigns of life, and in this enquiry exhibited as much zeal and ardour, as he had diſplayed in the engagement in endeavouring to ſingle out opponents who were worthy of his arms. Glory no longer occupied his attention; he thought only on humanity; and he regarded as brethren his vanquiſhed enemies.

After fulfilling this ineſtimable duty; after being convinced that his brave Sabines might ſafely be refreſhed, Numa, without waiting to dreſs his wound, haſtened to the tent of Romulus: a deſire of beholding Herſilia was his firſt motive for precipitation. He arrived at the royal pavilion; he beheld the Roman monarch reclining on a leopard's ſkin, covered with blood, and ſurrounded by his daughter and his officers. Leſs occupied with his own miſfortunes, than with the diſpoſition of his troops, he preſerved a gloomy ſilence, which, on perceiving Numa, he interrupted

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in the following terms: Illuſtrious youth, I waited with impatience for thy arrival; I am already acquainted with thy exploits; to thee alone I am indebted for the preſervation of my army. Come, and embrace me: contemplating thy heroic deeds, I feel my pains aſſuaged. Numa, on his knees, kiſſed the hand of his ſovereign. Riſe, ſaid Romulus, and prepare to execute what I am going to propoſe.

The barbarians have taken us by ſurprize. My preſent ſituation obliges me to ſuſpend my vengeance. A few days will be ſufficient to recruit my ſtrength; but, during that ſhort period, it will be neceſſary to exempt my army from every apprehenſion of inſult. Go then, gallant Numa, take ten cohorts, and lead them into the foreſt to cut down fifty thouſand ſtakes, each of which muſt be ſix feet long, and ſharpened at the end. Metius, in the mean time, will take care that a deep and wide ditch be dug, which, in the form of a perfect ſquare, may ſurround our camp; permit only one entrance to be left in the middle of each ſide. In this work you

will employ my Latin legions; they have ſuffered leſs than the reſt from this night's invaſion; and take care that the buſineſs be completed before the cloſe of day; after which I will communicate to you further commands.

Metius and Numa executed theſe orders with the moſt attentive care. The prudent Romulus commanded that the ſtakes ſhould be placed upright in the ditch, at ſhort diſtances from each other; that they ſhould be tied ſtrongly together, to prevent their being torn aſunder, and be covered afterwards with earth; and that their ſharp points ſhould be on a level with the ground, in order that the camp might be ſurrounded with a foreſt of darts. The work was finiſhed in three days. At the four gates were placed eight redoubts, filled with ſoldiers; and thus in their camp, the Romans, finding themſelves as ſafe as within the walls of their city, could not help admiring the genius of a ſingle man, which was able to ſave or to deſtroy thouſands of his fellow creatures.

Sophanor, from the other ſide of the river,

ver, beheld theſe operations of Romulus without the ſmalleſt interruption. This inactivity of the Marſi was a cauſe of ſerious concern to the Roman monarch. Where, he would ſay, is the tremendous Leo? He is perhaps ſufficiently ſatisfied in having wounded Romulus; but Romulus is not yet vanquiſhed; the war is ſcarce begun. Why does not that formidable warrior, ſo fit for ſecret expeditions, attempt a ſecond time to burn my camp? A few anxious days will reſtore to my arm its wonted ſtrength, when I ſhall not be found behind theſe intrenchments.

Such were the reflections of Romulus, when a Campanian ſoldier arrived, covered with blood and duſt. He was come, in the greateſt haſte, from the city of Auxencia, which the king of Campania had undertaken to defend. What news? exclaimed Romulus. Have the Samnites paſſed the Apennines? Is my ally beſieged in the city?—Your ally, replied the ſoldier, is at the mercy of the enemy. The terrible Leo appeared under the walls of Auxencia, at the moment when we believed

lieved him to be engaged with you. He hath taken both the city and the king; is in poſſeſſion of his treaſures, of his troops, and of his military ſtores; and not contented with this, he haſtened to ſurprize the army, which impeded the Samnites from deſcending the Apennines. He has routed that army, and opened a paſſage to thoſe formidable foes.

At theſe words, Romulus ſunk his head upon his breaſt, and remained for ſome time without ſpeech. But his attention was ſoon rouſed by the ſhrill noiſe of trumpets and clarions reſounding from beyond the river. It was Leo conducting to Sophanor's camp his priſoner the king of Cápua, together with four thouſand captives, an immenſe booty, and the formidable army of the Samnites. As they advanced, the king of Campania was ſeen, glittering with gold, and mounted on a powerful courſer. At his ſide, covered with a lion's ſkin, Leo marched on foot; his brave Marſi ſurrounded him, and twenty thouſand Samnites, clad in ſhining ſteel, cloſed the triumphal proceſſion.

Their

Their tents were ſoon pitched near to thoſe of Sophanor. The two armies united; and when night had ſpread her veil over the earth, innumerable lights on the banks of the river kept the Romans in alarm, leſt their camp ſhould every inſtant be invaded.

The gallant Romans, who had never before beheld an enemy, without the loudeſt acclamations of joy, at the view of this tremendous camp, obſerved a mournful ſilence. The ſoldiers regarded each other with apprehenſive looks; the leaders dreaded to communicate their fears to each other; they all turned their attention towards Romulus. The guards were doubled, and every thing was got ready for an engagement; and, notwithſtanding the ſtrength of their intrenchments, and the valour and number of the Roman troops, every countenance was marked with anxiety and apprehenſion.

Romulus himſelf, though, he affected compoſure, was not unmoved. Leaning on a javelin, and advancing on account of his wound with the greateſt deliberation, he

he viſited his quarters, and encouraged his ſoldiers; and though his heart was ſorrowful, he publickly thanked the gods for having at once offered to him all his enemies.

The council was aſſembled ſecretly. Metius, Valerius, the ſage Catillus, the experienced Brutus, and many other ſkilful officers, took their ſeats near the Roman monarch. On account of her birth, the charming Herſilia was invited there, Numa on account of his exploits. Lictors attended at the door of the royal tent. Romulus then laid aſide that fictitious gaiety which he had diſplayed before the ſoldiers; and looking round on his brave officers with the greateſt inquietude: My aſſociates, ſaid he, your advice has always been uſeful to me, it is now become eſſential. The enemy, already victorious over my allies, are triple the number of ourſelves. We are doubtleſs able to reſiſt them under cover of our intrenchments; but ſhould they paſs the river, and beſiege us, before the expiration of eight days, we ſhall be deſtitute of proviſions, and periſh without a conteſt. In this difficulty, my brave friends,

friends, I ſolicit your opinion. Shall we attack their united armies, and avoid by death a ſhameful capitulation? Or ſhall we attempt a retreat, which muſt be attended with difficulty and danger.

Romulus was ſilent; Metius roſe, and adviſed that they ſhould ſend immediately to Tatius for aid, and wait within their intrenchments till a reinforcement ſhould arrive from Rome. Brutus, on the contrary, wiſhed that they ſhould immediately iſſue from the camp, and ſtake every thing on a ſingle effort. Herſilia oppoſed this opinion: While my father is unable to take the field, ſaid ſhe, you will in vain expect to conquer; victory depends on the arm of Romulus; and that arm can at preſent afford us no aſſiſtance. Let us follow the advice of Metius; let us remain in camp, and ſend to Rome for ſupplies. But to alarm the enemy, and prevent their engaging in any new enterprize, Numa and I will depart during the night, and penetrate into the camp of the Samnites; and, while intoxicated with ſucceſs, and haraſſed with their march, they indulge in repoſe,

poſe, we will fill their tents with carnage. Let my father but approve of this counſel, and we will this inſtant attempt the expedition.

Numa liſtened with tranſport; and beheld her with enthuſiaſtic paſſion; his heart throbbed with extaſy at being choſen her companion; and that night, in which they were to face danger together, ſeemed to him the moſt illuſtrious epoch in his life. But Romulus diſſipated this pleaſing hope by oppoſing his daughter's purpoſe. Other officers propoſed plans, either impoſſible, or more dangerous than the evil with which they were threatened. By debates like theſe, their time was hitherto employed in expoſing the evils of their ſituation, without providing for them a ſingle remedy.

Numa ſuddenly felt himſelf inſpired by Minerva, and begged permiſſion to ſpeak. This was granted him by Romulus with the greateſt complacency and kindneſs. Illuſtrious monarch, ſaid he, I am perſuaded there is a project, by which not only the army may be ſaved, but a certain victory

tory obtained. Behind us are ſituated the Trebanian mountains, among whoſe inacceſſible heights are narrow defiles, where a hundred thouſand men might eaſily be defeated by a ſmall body of troops. Allow me this night with half my Sabines to repair thither; before to-morrow in the evening we ſhall be in poſſeſſion of theſe mountains. You, illuſtrious king, muſt for the firſt time fly before an enemy: be not alarmed; it is the prelude to certain victory. The Marſi and Samnites will purſue you, and you will eaſily ſuſtain their attack in the Trebanian ſtraits; while the Sabines and myſelf will overwhelm them with arrows, javelins, and fragments of rocks.

Thus ſpoke Numa: and Romulus embraced him with the moſt ardent affection. Gallant youth, ſaid he, I ſhall owe to thee more than my life, for thou wilt preſerve my honour. Haſten to execute thy deſign: take with thee all the Sabines, except the cavalry, which will be of no ſervice, and which will be uſeful to me in the commencement of my retreat. One night

will advance thee ſufficiently on thy expedition: depart this inſtant, and ſhouldſt thou ſucceed in thy attempt, behold the reward of thy valour. While he ſpoke theſe words, he pointed to the charming Herſilia.

Surprize and joy deprived Numa of the power of utterance; he contemplated Romulus and Herſilia at the ſame time in ſilent emotion. At length, throwing himſelf on his knees before the Roman king: Son of Mars, he exclaimed, thou haſt made me completely invincible. Let the Marſi, the Samnites, and all the nations of Italy unite againſt me; I cheriſh within me a hope that I could ſubdue them. The name of Herſilia alone would render me almoſt equal to thyſelf; and the honour of becoming thy ſon would raiſe me infinitely above mortality.

While he ſpoke theſe words, his eyes ſparkled with love and intrepidity; he caſt them on the object of his wiſhes; he read in her looks the confirmation of a father's promiſe; and, impatient to enter on his ex-

expedition, he went immediately to arm the Sabines.

The Latin legions, by Romulus's order, left their tents, and formed themſelves in order of battle on the bank of the river, that Numa's departure might be concealed from the enemy. The Marſi haſtened to the oppoſite ſide, imagining that an attack was intended. A few arrows were ſhot at random; and thus the Romans occupied their enemy's attention, while Numa from the oppoſite ſide of the camp departed with the Sabines.

He proceeded on his march, and paſſed through the thick foreſts which extended towards Sora; he avoided by a circuitous courſe, the dangerous ſwamps of Aratria, and directing his march towards Affilia, at break of day diſcovered the high mountains of the Trebanians. Before he allowed his troops to aſcend, he prudently ſent before ſome light-armed ſoldiers, and left behind him the guides by whom Romulus ſhould be conducted. He ſoon penetrated among theſe mountains, and advanced by paths the moſt ſteep and dangerous. His

ſoldiers, fatigued with their march, could with difficulty aſcend the rocks. Numa gave them encouragement and ſupport; he was always at hand, and overcame every impediment himſelf, before he gave a ſignal to follow him. If a torrent impeded his paſſage, he never allowed any ſoldier to attempt to croſs it, till he gave orders from the oppoſite ſide. If a rock oppoſed his progreſs, he thruſt into its cliffs his ſword or javelin, reſted his foot on this feeble ſupport, and thus aſcended over the moſt dangerous precipices; and having arrived alone at the ſummit, he encouraged his aſſociates to follow his example. Herfilia's image advanced always before him, and rendered every difficulty ſmooth and eaſy. Animated by his example, his troops overcame all the impediments which had threatened to obſtruct their paſſage.

Arrived at length at the ſummit of the mountains, he beheld with aſtoniſhment cultivated fields, and paſtures covered with flocks. Numa encouraged the ſhepherds whom he met in the following terms: I am not come hither to treat you with oppreſſion;

preſſion; be not afraid either for your property, or yourſelves; conduct us to the principal place of your abode; furniſh us with proviſions, for which you ſhall be juſtly paid, and allow us to occupy for three days the defiles of your mountains. At theſe words their fears were diſſipated, and they conducted the Sabines to their village.

How great was Numa's ſurprize and joy to find its inhabitants thoſe very Rheates, whom he had reſtored to freedom! The old man who had addreſſed him on the day of the ſacrifice, came forward, and beholding him, exclaimed: O happy day! This, my friends and children, is that benevolent hero to whom you owe the liberty and the poſſeſſions you now enjoy; it is Numa himſelf!—At the ſound of that name the moſt joyful acclamations were uttered; the Rheates fell on their knees before him. Each preſſed forward to expreſs his gratitude in the moſt ardent terms. One was indebted to him for a mother. Another bleſſed him for having reſtored to her a huſband. Without your goodneſs, exclaimed a child, I had been a helpleſs

orphan! Son of an immortal being, added they, for the benefactors of mankind muſt be the true progeny of the gods, what cauſe of gratitude to them do we now experience in again beholding you, in kiſſing thoſe hands by which our chains were broken, and in contemplating a hero who delights in mercy and beneficence! Whatever you can here wiſh for is your own; our lives and property are at your diſpoſal; in you we ſee our father and our king; nay, more, our friend and deliverer.

This affecting language drew tears of ſenſibility from the eyes of Numa. The valiant Sabines were moved by ſo tender a ſcene, and already were united by a cordial friendſhip to this virtuous people. The ſoldiers and inhabitants mingled together, embraced, gave and received every thing which hoſpitality or friendſhip could beſtow. Every habitation was crouded with Numa's troops. Huſbands, wives, and children, were equally impatient to ſhew them kindneſs, and to give whatever they poſſeſſed. The Rheates and Sabines became one people, and ſeemed to conſtitute the

ſame

ſame family. Numa was reſpected and beloved by all; and this ſentiment alone was ſufficient to bind them by the ſtrongeſt ties to each other.

After ſome hours ſpent in rational gratification, a ſignal was made to aſſemble the ſoldiers together; and the inhabitants, at the ſound of the trumpet, came to offer their aſſiſtance. Each was armed with what he could moſt eaſily procure. One brought a ſword which had been long covered with ruſt; another a duſty ſhield; a third a plough-ſhare, intended as a javelin; and many had clubs, which they had juſt torn from trees. We will fight under your ſtandard, ſaid they to Numa; we will compoſe part of your army; and be aſſured that if the heart be a ſufficient requiſite to form a ſoldier, you will never command braver troops.

Thus ſpeaking, they endeavoured to imitate the Sabines, in ranging themſelves in order. This undiſciplined crowd ardently requeſted to be employed firſt on the moſt dangerous enterprize.

Numa tried in vain to repreſs their zeal; and

and he refuſed to expoſe them to danger. Their affection ſurpaſſed his authority; for notwithſtanding his commands and entreaties, he was compelled to ſee his army increaſed to double its former number. He now explained to them his projects: and that he wiſhed to become maſter of thoſe elevated poſts, whence he might cruſh and overwhelm the enemy.

The Rheates immediately conducted his troops into the moſt dangerous defiles; they pointed out the ſtations which they ſhould occupy, and aſſiſted in felling trees, and preparing pieces of rock, with which the enemy might be annoyed; and mingling with the troops of their benefactor, and reſolved to ſhare in their dangers, they waited with impatience for the Roman army.

Romulus ſoon made his appearance. By a ſkilful retreat he had departed from his camp, alluring and repelling continually the Marſi and the Samnites. The nearer he approached the mountains, the more he affected diſorder in his march. By his order, the rear fled with precipitation; and Ro-

Romulus's entrance into the mountains had all the appearance of a defeat. Sophanor, Leo, and the general of the Samnites were deceived; and their army, compoſed of warriors more brave than penetrating, entered the defiles, believing they purſued a flying enemy.

Romulus, inſtructed by Numa's guides, led them into the moſt dangerous paths. He then ſtopped, and at the head of a choſen body of troops, waited for the enemy, in order of battle. The gallant Leo ſprung forward againſt the Romans; and the Samnites and Marſi were diſputing who ſhould advance firſt, when a ſhower of ſtones, and trunks of trees, darted from the tops of the mountains, and threatened to cruſh them to pieces. The leaders and ſoldiers ſtopped, looked up, and beheld the precipices over their heads covered with lances. This proſpect chilled them with terror; they dared not to advance towards Romulus; and it was beyond their power to return, for their retreat was cut off by the cautious Numa. Incloſed on all ſides, embarraſſed by their number, cruſhed by the fragments of

of rock which the Rheates and Sabines inceſſantly rolled upon them, the allies, ſeeing before them inevitable deſtruction, without being able to uſe their arms, requeſted to capitulate.

Leo's indignation now roſe to a pitch beyond all deſcription. Like an Hyrcanian tigreſs, who, caught in a toil near her den, ſees her whelps carried away without being able to defend them; ſhe groans with rage, grinds to powder every ſtone which ſhe can ſeize, and devours with vindictive eyes the enemy ſhe cannot reach. —The rage of Leo redoubled at the cries of his vanquiſhed army. No, exclaimed he with a tremendous voice, never while Leo is your general, expect his ſanction to cowardice and meanneſs. Marſi and Samnites, before you beg for life on your knees, have at leaſt the courage to behold me ſacrifice myſelf. He ſpoke; and darting acroſs arms and rocks, in ſpite of the ſtones and trunks of trees which were hurled at him from the mountain, he determined, though alone, to reach its ſummit.

The

The Rheates and Sabines immediately united to oppoſe his paſſage; and prepared to overwhelm him from the ſummit. But Numa haſtened, and prevented their intention; he ſuſpended the deſtruction which hung over the head of Leo. Friends, exclaimed he, reſpect his bravery; I have hitherto oppoſed the advantage of ſituation to that of numbers; but againſt the valour of a ſingle man, my own courage ſhall be my only defence. Stop, Leo, I will ſpare thee the trouble of advancing further.

He ſpoke; and deſcended with intrepidity; he ſent back the Sabines who wiſhed to attand him, and met his formidable adverſary on the level ſummit of a rock, ſurrounded with precipices, and where there was only room ſufficient for the combat. Here the parties ſtopped, and contemplated each other in ſilence, by mutual admiration. The two armies pauſed from ſlaughter; every ſoldier, forgetful of himſelf, fixed his attention on the combatants; and from the elevated and dangerous ſtation on which they ſtood, they ſeemed to preſent

preſent their reſpective troops with an awful ſpectacle, on which their fate depended.

Silence was firſt interrupted by Leo: Gallant youth, exclaimed he, I eſteem the courage thou haſt ſhewn, and cannot, without reluctance, exert my ſtrength againſt thee. Return, I beſeech thee, to thy troops; and allow me to revenge myſelf on warriors leſs worthy than thyſelf.

In our army, anſwered Numa, ſuch warriors are not to be found; the moſt inferior among the Romans, is my equal; and thou ſhalt ſoon be convinced whether I deſerve to be an object of thy pity. He ſpoke; and unable to hurl his javelin on account of the narrow ſpace on which they ſtood, he ſeized it with both his hands, and ſtruck it furiouſly againſt the breaſt of Leo. The ſtroke was tremendous; but the weapon encountered the lion's ſkin, juſt where its paws formed a triple breaſt-plate. By this impenetrable rampart its point was bent, and by the violence of his exertion the javelin was broken in the hands of Numa.

Leo

Leo ſtaggered; but his fury was increaſed. He raiſed his formidable weapon, and whirling it around his head, diſcharged a formidable blow on Numa's ſhield, which it ſhattered into a thouſand pieces. Numa ſunk on his knee, but recovered himſelf immediately. He drew his ſword, the ſword of Pompilius; the only weapon which remained. Leo attempted a ſecond ſtroke, but the active Numa avoided it. Confined within a dangerous and narrow area, attentive to each other's motions, they gave many ineffectual blows, and avoided many which would have proved mortal; like two ſerpents confined in a ſmall veſſel, winding round each other in numberleſs folds, without being able with their darts to give a ſingle wound.

Leo, at length, rouſed at ſuch long reſiſtance, graſped his club with both hands, and ruſhing on his enemy, ſuſpended over his head inevitable deſtruction. Numa could no longer avoid the blow; he raiſed up his ſword, which would have proved too feeble a defence, had not Ceres interpoſed. From the height of Olympus ſhe contemplated this tremendous conteſt.

When ſeeing her favourite in ſuch imminent danger, ſhe haſtened to his aſſiſtance, and averted with her inviſible arm the impending ſtroke; and Leo carried forward by his own violence, and the weight of his club, fell proſtrate on the ground, like an aged pine torn up by the roots by lightning. Numa ruſhed upon his antagoniſt; with one hand he ſeized him by the throat, and with the other pointed his ſword againſt his heart. Thy life, ſaid he, is in my power; but I cannot inflict death on ſuch a valiant foe. I tender peace, and am more anxious to become thy friend than thy conqueror.

While he thus ſpoke, Numa returned his ſword into its ſcabbard. And Leo, when he aroſe, ardently embraced his generous enemy. They both deſcended as friends towards the Marſian troops, and immediately choſe deputies to treat with Romulus concerning terms of peace.

Numa, attended by Leo, conducted them to the Roman monarch. He ſolicited in favour of the Marſi; and at his requeſt Romulus liſtened to propoſals. Set at liberty, ſaid

ſaid he, my ally, the king of Campania: reſtore to him his treaſures and his captives. The territories of the Aurunci, which that monarch has been anxious to recover, whether yours or his, will be ever between you a ſubject of contention; they ſhall therefore be ceded to me. As a recompence for this ſacrifice, the king of Capua ſhall reſign to you the city of Auxencia, and his ſon Capis ſhall be your hoſtage till the terms of the treaty are fulfilled.

The Marſi deriving greater advantages from this peace than the king of Campania, agreed to it without heſitation; and Romulus, who became maſter of a new province, conſidered as trivial the intereſts of an ally, whom he regarded with contempt. Yet was anxious that the valour of Numa ſhould meet with an ample recompence. Gallant youth, ſaid he, thou ſhalt in my ſtead enjoy a triumph; in my car, at the head of my army, thou ſhalt make thy entrance into Rome: Leo ſhall march before thee, and thou ſhalt receive my daughter's hand at the altar of Jupiter.

Illuſtrious ſovereign, anſwered Numa, it is to you alone that a triumph is due; Herſilia's hand ſufficiently gratifies my higheſt ambition. The gallant Leo I have not ſubdued. It was not owing to me that he was vanquiſhed; Ceres left Olympus to beſtow on me the victory. Return, Leo, to thy people; thou art ſtill free and invincible, for thou haſt only yielded to the immortal gods.

He ſpoke; and both Romans and Marſi believed they had heard the voice of a divinity: Leo threw himſelf into his arms, claſped him to his boſom, and ſhed tears of admiration. He oppoſed the ſentiments of Numa; and acknowledged himſelf to have been conquered. But Numa avowed to both the armies the aid he had received: he thanked aloud the goddeſs for having preſerved his life, and thus gained to himſelf immortal honour, while he declined that which he had no right to enjoy.

The peace being ſigned, the king of Campania was ſet at liberty; Romulus gained to Capis his freedom, and the troops had

had already ſet forward to take poſſeſſion of the country of the Aurunci. Numa and Leo could not part without mutual proteſtations of eternal friendſhip, and they endeavoured to cement their affection by gifts. Numa preſented his friend with a majeſtic Thracian courſer, which Tatius had given him. And Leo obliged Numa to accept of a helmet forged by Vulcan, which he had received from the leader of the Samnites. Do not part with this mark of my affection, ſaid he; and preſerve to me always thy friendſhip; I promiſe to conſecrate my life to thee, when it is mine to diſpoſe of. Such was the parting of theſe gallant warriors.

Romulus who was ready to enter on his journey to Rome, placed Numa in the ſame car with Herſilia, and ordered that they ſhould proceed at the head of the army. Arrived at the ſummit of his wiſhes, Numa could not contain his tranſports. He was near to the object whom he adored; he was ſure of poſſeſſing her. That idea deprived him at once of reaſon and of ſpeech. Though ſurrounded with glory,

the favourite of Romulus, and the ſaviour of the army, he ſtill trembled at being near Herſilia. He gazed on her with ſilent awe; in vain had he obtained what he could not believe himſelf to have deſerved.

The Roman army had already paſſed the Liris, when a meſſenger covered with duſt called aloud for Numa, and approached with every appearance of diſtreſs and anxiety. Numa aſked with impatience if ſome calamity had befallen Tatius. I come not from Rome, ſaid he, but from the ſacred foreſt, and the temple of Ceres. The venerable Tullus has not been able to ſupport your abſence; wounded by your neglect, he is approaching the gates of death, and begs to ſee you once before he is no more.

Surprized and agitated at this news, Numa leapt from his car; and without ſtopping either to bid adieu to Herſilia, or to acquaint Romulus with his departure, he mounted a courſer, and haſtened with all poſſible rapidity towards Sabinia.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

BOOK VI.

The joy of Tulles on ſeeing Numa. The tender and pious attention which is paid him by his pupil. The Pontiff's prudent advice. The death of Tullus. The grief and regret of Numa. He wiſhes to return to Herſilia. He paſſes through a country laid deſolate by that princeſs, and ſeized with horror at the ſcene, returns to Rome. Romulus's addreſs to his people. Tatius's anſwer. Preparations for the marriage of Herſilia and Numa. Tatius is aſſaſſinated. Numa comes to his aſſiſtance, and ſwears to eſpouſe his daughter.

FOLLOWING the courſe of the river Anio, with grief and precipitation, Numa haſtened from a miſtreſs whom he adored, at the moment he was to have become

come her huſband, and relinquiſhed the honours of a triumph. But by theſe ſacrifices his tears were not excited; they flowed from a ſenſe of Tullus's danger, and from regret at having neglected that venerable friend for the illuſions of love. He dreaded the reproaches which he deſerved; he was ſtill more apprehenſive leſt Tullus ſhould be no more. Alas! ſaid he to himſelf, had I not deſerted him, I ſhould perhaps have prolonged his days; I might at leaſt have ſoftened his misfortunes: it was doubtleſs my duty to pay his age the ſame affectionate regard, which he beſtowed on my helpleſs infancy. Ungrateful wretch that I am: ſelf-reproach will poiſon my future life; fame and glory will afford me no conſolation. Alas! of how little value is the applauſe of the world, if our own hearts goad us with accuſations!

Amidſt reflections like theſe, Numa had already paſſed the plains of Carſeoli. Without pauſing a moment, he left behind him the enchanting Tibur, the caſcade of the Anio, the foreſt of Eretum, and began to diſcover the ſacred wood, and the ſummit

mit of the temple. What melancholy and ſoothing ideas did this proſpect ſuggeſt to his imagination! How was his mind affected at beholding the place of his nativity! yet he was attacked by a ſtill more powerful principle; he ran, he arrived at the pontiff's dwelling; whom he found reclining on his bed of ſorrow, ſurrounded by the prieſts and the poor.

Numa ſhrieked at the ſight, threw himſelf on his knees, ſeized Tullus's hand, and covered it with tears and kiſſes. The feeble pontiff opened his languid eye-lids, and perceived Numa.—Immediately his countenance ſeemed to be illumined by a celeſtial ray; his eyes became reanimated, and his colour returned: O my ſon, exclaimed he, my deareſt ſon, do I again behold thee? Have the gods liſtened to my ſupplication? Come, haſten to my arms; I fear leſt I ſhould die with joy before I embrace thee. While he ſpoke theſe words, he raiſed himſelf up with difficulty, and ſtretched out to Numa his trembling hands. He claſped, and preſſed him to his boſom; he could neither ſpeak nor

quit

quit his embraces; and his affectionate pupil could anſwer his ſilent eloquence only with ſighs and tears.

The agitation which Tullus experienced exhauſted his feeble powers. He fell motionleſs on the bed, almoſt without life, yet ſtill graſping the hand of Numa. His attendants preſſed forward to his aſſiſtance; his ſon's voice recalled him to life; he opened his eyes, and, with ſcarce the uſe of ſpeech, commanded to be left alone with Numa. Then embracing him again, he ſaid, Do I once more hold thee in theſe arms? The gods may now diſpoſe of me as they pleaſe; the cruel fates may cut the thread of my exiſtence; I have ſeen thee, and I ſhall die contented. Could I for a few moments longer enjoy thy preſence, I ſhould gently reproach thee for thy conduct; but the little period which remains is too ſhort for the indulgence of my affection. Let us ſpeak only of it and thee. Give me, my child, an account of thyſelf; thou haſt doubtleſs enjoyed happineſs; for thou haſt had no need of communicating to me thy misfortunes.—Communicate

municate to me all thy ſucceſs; the recital will retain my flying ſpirit; at leaſt my death will be eaſier, if the laſt words which ſtrike my ear, afford me an aſſurance that I leave thee happy.

Alas! my father, anſwered Numa, no happineſs awaits for me, if the gods do not prolong your life, if they do not grant this to my tears, to my repentance, to my contrition for having been able to abandon you, for having neglected ſo kind a parent.

Why doſt thou ſpeak of *me*, interruped the venerable pontiff, when it is thyſelf alone who can intereſt my attention. I have not been neglected by thee, ſince thou ſtill loveſt me, and haſt ever regarded me with affection. I am contented to poſſeſs thy heart! be not then more ſevere in thy judgment than myſelf. Speak to me of my ſon: his concerns occupy my ſoul. If thou haſt committed errors, fear not to make them known to me; thou art well acquainted with thy parent, and the moment of our eternal ſeparation is not ſurely a ſeaſon for ſeverity.

While

While he thus ſpoke, he ſtretched out his hand to Numa; and notwithſtanding the ſevere pains which he endured, he beheld him with a tender ſmile. Numa's confuſion was by degrees diſſipated, his features recovered their ſerenity, and his eyes caſt on his dying friend glances of confidence and mildneſs. Thus a blooming roſe, which a ſtorm has bent to the ground, raiſes its drooping head at the firſt rays of the returning ſun.

Numa then gave Tullus an account of his arrival at Rome, and of his reception from Tatius; he did not conceal the tender paſſion which conſumed him, or the difficulties which it impelled him to undertake. The ſimple truth preſided over his recital: he ſeverely condemned himſelf for not having followed the pontiff's advice, and for having deſerted Tatius; he ſought not to diſguiſe his failings, but omitted rather thoſe brilliant exploits which might excuſe and adorn them.

By liſtening to this relation, Tullus forgot his ſufferings. But he raiſed his eyes to heaven, on hearing that Herſilia poſſeſſed the

the heart of Numa: Cruel love! exclaimed he, I ſee the dire effects of thy power! Thou haſt inflamed this virtuous youth with a paſſion for the daughter of that impious king, who compelled us, by the moſt injurious outrage, to become his allies; who uſed the name of the gods to allure us into his ſnare, and to plunge Sabinia into diſgrace and ſorrow! Thou believeſt that thou art arrived at the ſummit of human happineſs, becauſe Romulus has promiſed thee his daughter; but I cannot look forward without tears to the dreadful evils which thoſe nuptials muſt produce. Thou wilt no ſooner become the ſon-in-law of Romulus, than thou wilt forfeit the affection of the Sabines; thou wilt be ſuſpected even by Tatius himſelf; thou wilt perhaps become his enemy. For, be aſſured, amity will not always ſubſiſt between the two monarchs; at the bottom of their hearts enmity lurks; the leaſt ſpark will kindle it into flame; and thou wilt be compelled to chooſe between the father of thy wife, and the parent, the friend of thy father; between thy lawful monarch, the moſt juſt

and virtuous of mankind, and a king of robbers, who has never known any other right than violence, any other virtue than valour, whoſe firſt exploit was to murder his own brother, and who ſealed his alliance with the Sabines with the blood of Pompilius. —I ſee thee tremble! Yet, ſuch is the man, whom thou prepareſt to call thy father. Immortal gods! Either avert what I fear, or tear from thy pure boſom that poiſoned arrow, which muſt deſtroy thy piety, virtue, and ſacred love of thy country.

To theſe arguments of his venerable friend Numa was unable to return an anſwer: the name of Pompilius alone had covered him with confuſion. Tullus felt compaſſion for his anxiety; he dreaded wounding him too deeply with the ſeverity of his reflections; he, therefore, delayed awhile mentioning other truths which he was anxious to inculcate. Like a ſkilful phyſician, who gives at intervals, portions of a ſalutary yet violent medicine to a feeble patient.

From

From this moment Numa took upon himſelf the whole attendance on the pontiff. Day and night ever at his ſide, always occupied either with the hope of ſaving or the fear of loſing him, he watched over and felt for him in every pain which he ſuffered; the affectionate mother who attends upon her child on the bed of death could not exceed Numa either in zeal or patience. Tullus took every medicine from his ſon's hand; and every ſyllable he uttered was inſtantly replied to by Numa. He ſoothed and conſoled him, ſuppreſſed his tears, and affected perpetually joy and hope, which were ſtrangers to his boſom. He diſcharged at the ſame time the duty of a friend, of a ſon, and of a ſervant; and the conqueror of Leo had not found in victory a pleaſure ſo grateful to his ſoul, as that which he now experienced in being ſerviceable to his benefactor.

In a few days, however, the diſorder increaſed, and Tullus's laſt hour was approaching. That moment was to him arrayed in no terror. He had always lived knowing he ſhould die. At every inſtant

of his life he was always prepared to appear before his immortal judge. His days paſſed in one uniform tenour of virtue, and the period of their concluſion was only the commencement of his reward.

Numa was at preſent the ſole object of his attention. Ordering every other perſon to retire, he took his hand which he graſped eagerly in his own, and addreſſed him in the following words: My ſon, I am at the point of death. Thy kindneſs has made ample amends for thy former neglect; I am now thy debtor; and it gives me inexpreſſible pleaſure to carry this reflection with me to my grave. In a little hour, it is true, I ſhall have no need of Numa; but he, perhaps, will want my aſſiſtance. It is this thought alone which gives poignancy to the pang of death. Thy paſſion for Herſilia fills my laſt moments with bitterneſs and terror. Thy heart is captivated by an object inſufficient for its happineſs; thou haſt fallen a victim to the firſt temptation; and a momentary illuſion has prompted thee to commit a laſting error.

There

There are two paſſions, Numa, which bear the name of love, which are productive of the happineſs or miſery of mankind. The more common, and perhaps the more violent of theſe, is that with which thou art inflamed. Its empire is founded on the ſenſes; from theſe it derives its origin and its exiſtence; it flows in the veins, but has no dwelling in the heart; far from elevating, it degrades the mind. It regards not what is eſtimable, but what affords enjoyment. This contemptible paſſion has no connection with the ſoul: judge then if real happineſs can be derived from it. No, my ſon, the gods have only allowed it the power it poſſeſſes, in order to humble the pride of man.

The other paſſion of love, which is a gift from heaven, ſprings from eſteem, and lives by the ſame principle. It is leſs a paſſion than a virtue; it poſſeſſes no enthuſiaſtic tranſports, and knows only tender emotions. It has its reſidence in the ſoul; it animates and enlightens without conſuming; it furniſhes the only nouriſhment ſuited to itſelf, a deſire of arriving at all perfec-

tion. Its pleaſures are always pure; and even its pains are not deſtitute of ſatiſfaction. In the midſt of the greateſt ſufferings, it enjoys a gentle peace; and that peace alone is capable of enſuring happineſs. Thou wilt experience, my ſon, that theſe ſentiments are true; thou wilt find that honour, riches, pleaſure, nay glory itſelf, cannot equal that peace, which innocence alone affords; and age, which deſtroys every thing elſe, ſeems to increaſe the ſatisfaction which ariſes from it.

Thou beſt can tell me, my ſon, to which of theſe paſſions thy own bears a reſemblance. O Numa, believe a father who loves thee, and who regrets his departure from life, only as it deprives him of the happineſs of attending to thy welfare. Thou wilt never poſſeſs felicity, till thou ſhall be able to command thyſelf, and hold over thy paſſions an undiſputed empire. Imagine not that this dominion is ſuperior to human weakneſs. Deſcend into thyſelf, my ſon, and thou wilt ever find a principle of virtue ready to combat every vice, which may endeavour to ſeduce thee. If thy

thy ſenſes be inflamed by beauty, thou haſt reaſon for thy defence; if thou art oppreſſed by fatigue, thou haſt courage for thy ſupport: if thou art ſhocked by injuſtice, a regard for the peace of ſociety makes thee forget revenge: if thou art oppreſſed by calamity, thou muſt call patience to thy aid. Thus in every ſituation heaven has provided thee either with conſolation or ſupport. Take advantage then of thy Creator's bounty, and ceaſe to believe thyſelf weak, in order only to have an excuſe for falling.

But I feel that death is approaching, and my voice is almoſt exhauſted. My deareſt ſon, I conjure thee to ſtifle a fatal paſſion, which muſt render thee for ever wretched. I can only add, that by thy own confeſſion even in its infancy this paſſion has made thee forget Tullus; what aſſurance haſt thou that it will not tempt thee to forget virtue? I have reaſon to believe that thou haſt regarded her and myſelf with equal affection.

Such were the laſt words of Tullus. In a few moments after, he expired in the arms

arms of Numa, endeavouring by his lateſt ſigh to ſhew him the tendereſt regard.

Though his death had approached by gradual ſteps, yet it nearly proved fatal to the ſon of Pompilius. He could not without violence be ſeparated from the lifeleſs body of his friend; and his deſpair roſe to an alarming height. Exhauſted by grief and watching, and refuſing all nouriſhment, he was anxious himſelf to ſupport the body of Tullus, and to place it on the funeral pile. Attended by the prieſts, and all the inhabitants of Sabinia, he advanced, pale and overwhelmed with grief, carrying the beloved remains of the regretted pontiff. When he had placed it on the pile, he long contemplated it with a fixed attention, and, after numberleſs embraces, could not reſolve to leave it.

O my father! exclaimed he, with the moſt diſconſolate agitation, ſhall I then no longer behold you! Muſt thoſe lips never again aſſure me of your tender love! Muſt thoſe eyes never more behold me with anxious fondneſs! Ye gods, who have long ſince deprived me of the authors of my being,

being, why a ſecond time inflict on me ſo ſevere a calamity? Yes, I am to-day again deprived of my mother and Pompilius, in the loſs of my friend and benefactor. Every bleſſing which heaven can ſhower down on man, either for his ſupport or comfort, is with Tullus taken from me. The world to me is now a deſart, ſince Tullus is no longer its inhabitant. Ye poor, ye unfortunate, ye who like myſelf are abandoned orphans, come hither, and join your griefs with mine; our common ſorrow makes us brethren; let us together kiſs the cold and inanimate remains of the ineſtimable parent we have loſt.

When he had thus ſpoken, the poor approached, and the Sabines wept aloud. In the place of words, inarticulate ſounds and deep ſighs were only heard. Theſe were redoubled when the flames aſcended, and began to conſume the body. By an involuntary impulſe Numa ruſhed forward to preſerve it from their fury, but was prevented, and the fire ſoon conſumed the mortal remains of the beſt of men. To the bitterneſs of lamentation a profound ſilence ſuc-

ſucceeded. The Sabines, the prieſts, and Numa, beheld with mute anguiſh the aſhes of the benefactor, whom they had been accuſtomed to regard with reverence and affection.

The fire was then extinguiſhed with wine, the aſhes of Tullus were collected together, and depoſited in an urn, which was placed by Numa in the ſame vault, and on the ſame tomb, with that which contained thoſe of his mother. Ye aſhes, ſaid he, who are the idols of my adoration, be for ever united. Preſerve the ſame connection, which bound, during your life, your minds together. May your pure and happy ſpirits be delighted in Elyſium, if not with the virtues of your ſon, at leaſt with his ſenſibility and filial affection! He then cut off a lock of his hair, and conſecrated it to the manes of Tullus; and having ſacrificed to Erebus ten black ſheep, concluded the pious and mournful ceremony.

Having diſcharged this melancholy duty, and being mindful of Tullus's advice, Numa ſet forward on his journey to join the army,

army. In vain, however did he acknowledge the juſtice of his counſel, when he reflected on the dangers with which he was ſurrounded, and on the grief which he ſhould occaſion to Tatius and his people; in vain did he feel a ſecret horror, at the idea of becoming the ſon-in-law of the prince who deprived his parents of exiſtence. Herſilia's image, the dread of ſeeing her become another's, all the tranſports of love, all the torments of jealouſy, united together to oppoſe his reaſon, and his filial affection. He trembled at the thought of diſobeying the laſt injunctions of the pontiff; and with tears he beſought his manes to forgive his weakneſs. He was perſuaded that the departed ſpirit of his friend was his conſtant attendant; that it overlooked every action, and penetrated his moſt ſecret thoughts: and to this ſalutary terror it was owing that his virtues became ſo highly meritorious.

Numa expected to meet the army on the frontiers of the Hernici; but he was informed at Trebia, that Romulus with half his troops, had gone to ſurpriſe Prænеſte; while

while Herſilia, was meditating an attack againſt the king of the Hernici. That monarch's refuſing the Romans a paſſage through his country, when they went to make war againſt the Marſi, appeared to the implacable Romulus an unpardonable outrage. He enjoined his daughter to take the moſt ample vengeance; and that unfeeling princeſs obeyed but too minutely his commands.

Believing that the object of his affection was expoſed to danger, Numa's impatience prompted him to forced marches, in order to afford her the moſt ſpeedy aſſiſtance. But how great was his ſurprize, how poignant his grief, when he reached the territories of the Hernici! The path of Herſilia was marked with ruin and deſolation. Her feeble enemies had fled before her, and fire and the ſword were the inſtruments of her purſuit. Fields of corn were trodden down and deſtroyed, fertile trees were torn up with ſhameful profuſion, and villages reduced to aſhes ſtill ſmoked from the conflagration. Thoſe who were not ſaved by an early flight, had fallen victims to the

the ſword. The lifeleſs body of the huſbandman was extended near his broken plough; the mother, ſtripped and murdered, was ſeen with her dead infant lying on her boſom; the wife and huſband, ſtabbed in each other's arms, even in death were folded in a cloſe embrace. Rivers of blood flowed amidſt heaps of aſhes, and famiſhed vultures, the only beings who proſpered amidſt this ſcene of deſolation, diſputed with hideous ſhrieks the horrid preſents of Herſilia.

Immortal gods! exclaimed Numa, is this the princeſs to whom I am to be indebted for my future happineſs? Is this the pomp with which my nuptials are to be adorned? Oh, Herſilia, is it poſſible that thou canſt have occaſioned this ſcene of horror? This devaſtation has indeed been produced by the command of Romulus; but ſhould his daughter have executed it? Be the reſpect which we owe to a parent or a king ever ſo powerful, the calls of humanity are of ſtill higher concernment; and when a monarch commands a crime, death is infinitely more meritorious than obedience.

Yet I have haſtened to her aid, and my path is ſtrewed with the victims ſhe has ſlain! the thirſty earth is unable to imbibe the blood that ſhe has ſhed. O curſed war, how extenſive is thy rapacity! Such is the produce of my exploits, and ſuch the conſequences of that glory, for which I have blindly abandoned every other object! Yes, I have forgotten Tullus, I have deſerted Tatius, to be the companion of tigers, who delight in carnage: I have in battle equalled them in ſavage fury, and believed myſelf an hero! O Tullus, forgive me this diſgraceful error; I now eraſe it for ever from my ſoul. He alone is a true hero who reſcues his country from oppreſſion; but the monarch or the warrior, who ſheds a ſingle drop of blood which he might have ſpared, is a ſavage who is praiſed by mankind, becauſe they cannot chain him in confinement.

Numa departed from this ſcene of carnage; he renounced his purſuit of Herſilia, leſt he ſhould have ſtill more cauſe to bluſh for her inhumanity; he left the country of the Hernici, and, aſhamed of being a ſoldier,

ſoldier, with a diſconſolate heart purſued his journey to Rome.

The whole army were already returned. At the moment in which Numa arrived, Romulus was giving thanks to the gods for the calamities which he had brought upon mankind, and endeavouring to ennoble his cruelties by aſſociating the deities in their execution.

Numa repaired to the capitol, where Tatius, his daughter, and the Sabines were aſſembled. As he approached, the amiable monarch perceived him at a diſtance, haſtened as ſpeedily as his age would permit, and embraced him with the moſt ſincere affection. He ſhed tears of joy at his return; but they were converted to thoſe of ſorrow, when he was informed of the death of Tullus. Such is the wretchedneſs of age! exclaimed he, that it ſurvives the objects of its tendereſt regard! My daughter and thyſelf, Numa, are all that is left me upon earth; I now centre in your welfare every ſentiment of my ſoul, and I have at leaſt the pleaſing hope of leaving the world before you.

While he thus ſpoke, he took his daughter's hand, joined it to that of Numa, and preſſed them to his heart. Tatia bluſhed, and felt her hand tremble within Numa's: ſhe dared not to look upon him, but caſt her eyes upon the ground.

Yet even then he was in ſearch of Herſilia; and diſcovered her at laſt by the ſide of Romulus. His paſſion in a moment recovered its former violence, and deſtroyed at once the effect of Tullus's advice. He was impatient to pay Tatius the tender marks of his regard; and, diſengaging himſelf from his embraces, and bowing coldly to his daughter, he approached Romulus with haſty ſteps. The Roman monarch received him with the warmeſt regard, and commanding ſilence, preſented him to his people.

Romans, ſaid he, you have beheld me honoured with a triumph; but it was Numa who deſerved that diſtinction; it is to him that I owe my victory; and I give him his reward in my daughter, for whom ſo many kings have ſued in vain, and by whom

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ſo many heroes have been rejected with contempt.

On hearing this, the Romans ſhouted for joy; but the Sabines preſerved a diſcontented ſilence. Tatius remained immovable, as if he had been transfixed by lightning; his daughter turned pale, and approached her father with agitation. Herſilia obſerved it, and darted on her rival glances of jealouſy. Numa beheld alternately Tatia, Herſilia, the Sabines and Tatius, with the moſt embarraſſed regard.

Romulus, however, proceeded without emotion: to-morrow, on this altar, loaded with the ſpoils of Italy, theſe auguſt nuptials ſhall be accompliſhed. I will celebrate them by ſolemn games, which ſhall continue for ten days.

At the ſound of games, the Sabines beheld each other with looks of mutual diſſatisfaction. Tatius raiſed up his eyes to heaven, Numa caſt his upon the ground.

Romans, continued Romulus, when I ſhall have diſcharged my debts of gratitude, I mean to engage, for your intereſt, in new projects. I meditate a conqueſt over the

country of the Aurunci; but this addition to your territories will be of little advantage, while the Volſcians are ſituated between it and you. The ſubjection of theſe is eſſential, and in ten days I ſhall march againſt them. Romans, you are deſigned by nature to be engaged in perpetual war: on this depends not only your fame, but even your exiſtence. Peace would be to you the moſt direful calamity; it would enervate your minds, and impair your ſtrength. Conſider the ſuperiority which you will ever poſſeſs over other nations, while aiming at perfection in the conſtant practice of war, you oppoſe enemies who have been debilitated by long tranquillity. Were they your equals in courage, which is to ſuppoſe what is impoſſible, they muſt ever be your inferiors in ſtrength and experience. Such feeble enemies muſt be ſubdued long before they can have an opportunity of learning from you the uſe of arms. Thus invading by degrees every nation in Italy, exciting diviſions among them to render conqueſt more eaſy, forming alliances with the weak, and after converting them to our

purpoſe

purpoſe reducing them to ſubjection, we ſhall in a ſhort period obtain that dominion over the world, promiſed to Rome by Jupiter. Every project muſt be lawful, by which the will of the gods can be accompliſhed; and victory is a ſufficient juſtification of all the means, by which it can be obtained.

Let war then, Romans, be your only ſtudy, your only ſcience, your only occupation. Let others cultivate with the ſweat of their brows an ungrateful ſoil; let them acquire opulence by commerce, by induſtry, and by the other inventions of human weakneſs. It ſhall be your employment to reap the fields which they have ſown, and to diſſipate the wealth which their parſimony has collected. They are the progeny of the earth, and are therefore properly occupied in its cultivation. You are the ſons of Mars, and conqueſt ſhould be your only profeſſion. You muſt wage eternal war with all thoſe who refuſe to acknowledge your authority. The univerſe is your inheritance, and its poſſeſſors are no other than uſurpers of your poſſeſſions. Never, therefore,

therefore, relax in your endeavours to recover what is ſo juſtly your own.

This ſpeech was received by the troops with applauſe, and by the people with murmurs. The mingled noiſe which it occaſioned reſembled that of a ſwarm of bees, departing from their hive, while it is deſpoiled of the produce of their induſtrious labour.

After a ſhort pauſe, Tatius roſe on the tribunal where he had been ſeated oppoſite to Romulus, beheld his people with looks of tenderneſs, and raiſed his golden ſceptre as a ſignal for ſilence. His venerable appearance, added to his own integrity, inſpired the moſt reſpectful and profound attention. Surprized and alarmed, Romulus regarded him with anger. Thus in the aſſembly of the gods, does the tremendous Jupiter look down on Saturn, when he oppoſes his decrees.

Romulus, ſaid the amiable monarch, there is no Roman who admires more than myſelf thy warlike talents, and thy love of fame. I enjoy, as much as thyſelf, thy triumphs; and I am pleaſed with recollecting,

ing, during the courſe of a long life, that I never knew a warrior who deſerved to be thy rival in the annals of heroiſm. But the title of a hero is not alone ſufficient to adorn a king. There is another appellation more mild, and much more glorious, that of an affectionate father. Behold that portion of thy ſubjects clad in burniſhed armour; they doubtleſs merit the affection they experience: but behold alſo that remaining crowd, ten times more numerous than thy warriors, covered with rags, becauſe they have contributed what ſhould have purchaſed clothing to the exigencies of war; theſe, though they are equally thy children, are treated as enemies to the ſtate. They are deprived of their bread, their huſbands, and their children. Thy laurels are bathed in their tears, and each of thy victories is purchaſed with their property and their blood. It is time to let them pauſe from ſlaughter. It is time that they, whoſe fathers have ſacrificed their lives in thy defence, ſhould be allowed to live in ſafety. Ceaſe then to carry on this trade of carnage, and ſtill more ceaſe to aſſert,

aſſert, that thou art accompliſhing the decrees of heaven. The gods deſire the happineſs of mankind: their firſt gift was the golden age; and when aſſembled on Olympus they gave victory to Minerva, it was beſtowed on her for producing the peaceful olive. Saturn was the only immortal who reigned in Italy; remember the ſyſtem of his government, and ceaſe to calumniate the gods, by urging, that they commanded men to deſtroy each other.

Thou haſt aſſerted that the Romans can ſubſiſt only by war. Shew me a ſingle nation which owes its welfare to this horrid ſupport; and tell me from what cauſe ſuch innumerable multitudes have been ſwept from the face of the earth. Was it by war that unfortunate Thebes preſerved her grandeur? Yet ſhe vanquiſhed the ſeven kings of Argolis, and her victory proved her deſtruction. Was it by war that thy Trojan anceſtors maintained their power in Aſia? War is the diſeaſe of nations; and they who are expoſed to its frequent attacks, ſink at laſt under its pernicious influence. I conjure thee, therefore, Romulus,

mulus, in the name of that people who for thee has ſhed ſuch a profuſion of blood, that thou wouldſt allow that blood time to return again into our exhauſted veins. No nation at preſent meditates hoſtilities againſt thee; thy conqueſts are ſufficiently illuſtrious: let us employ ourſelves in rendering happy the people whom thy arm has ſubdued. Alas! notwithſtanding my vigilence, I am unable to puniſh every criminal, or to ſuccour all thoſe who are diſtreſſed: aſſiſt me then in this noble occupation. Let us together viſit our empire, which thy valour has rendered ſo extenſive; and when we ſhall have wiped away the tears of all the wretched, ſupplied the wants of all the indigent; when, in fine, there ſhall be no longer an unhappy individual within our dominions, I will then conſent that thou mayeſt extend the territories of Rome.

He ſpoke, and Romulus murmured indignation; the people ſent forth ſhouts of joy, and even the army was not unmoved. Romulus was preparing a reply; and his countenance ſufficiently indicated that his

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ſentiments did not accord with thoſe of Tatius. But at once the people preſſed forward, gathered in crowds around him, and allowed him not to begin. Women, children, and old men, on their knees before him, with extended arms, cried aloud for peace. Son of the gods, ſaid they, grant us peace. Liſten, we beſeech thee, to our ſupplication; take, if thou wilt, our poſſeſſions, but allow us the bleſſings of peace.

O my children, ſaid Tatius, frantic and weeping, I promiſe you your petition. In the name of humanity and friendſhip I have hitherto begged it of Romulus; I now, as his colleague, and as his equal in power and dignity, demand it of him. ſhould he refuſe my requeſt, I will march at your head, and place myſelf at the gates of Rome: there we will wait the arrival of him and his army; we will fall proſtrate on the earth, and we will ſee if thoſe barbarians will dare to tread under foot, their king, their mothers, and their children.

At theſe words, the whole army exclaimed, No, never, never, while we have exiſtence. Every ſoldier threw down his arms,

arms, mingled with the people, fell on his knees, embraced his mother and his children, and joined with them the common cry for peace.

Romulus, compelled to yield for the firſt time in his life, ſuppreſſed his reſentment, granted a truce, and retired haſtily to his palace. He was always followed by his guards, whom he called Celeres, and whom he had embodied on purpoſe to attend upon his perſon.

He had ſcarce left the aſſembly, when, diſcharging the rage, with which his heart overflowed, in imprecations on Tatius, he ſuffered to eſcape him the following imprudent words, from which ſuch a train of evils was derived: How far will that importunate old man fetter the ſinews of my fame? Have I no friend who will free me from ſuch an incumbrance! Theſe fatal expreſſions were by the Celeres but too well underſtood.

Herſilia had followed Romulus, but Numa had not dared to attend upon Herſilia. Reclining againſt a column, with his eyes

caſt upon the ground, he compared in his mind the virtues of Tatius, with the ſavage diſpoſition of his intended father, and remained fixed in the profoundeſt contemplation. Tatius approached him: Son-in-law of Romulus, ſaid he, taking him by the hand, wilt thou alſo make war againſt me?

At theſe words, Numa burſt into tears; he fell on his knees, and exclaimed, Oh my father, I dare not meet your eyes; pardon ——

I forgive thee every thing, interrupted the amiable king, if thou wilt promiſe me while I live thy affectionate regard. Without aſking my opinion, thou haſt diſpoſed of thyſelf; thou haſt formed an alliance little pleaſing to the Sabines: I am doubtful whether the venerable Tullus would have recommended to thee this connection; yet, if it be the ſource of thy happineſs, we ought unanimouſly to give it our approbation. I was anxious, Numa, to be thy parent; but it is for Romulus that that happineſs is now reſerved; I cannot conceal from thee that I envy him his ſituation.

tion. Alas! ſhould he fail to diſcharge the tender duties of his ſtation; ſhould his heart not feel the value of that alliance, which would have been to me ſo dear, my paternal boſom ſhall be ever open for thy reception, and Tatius will owe thee gratitude, if thou wilt viſit him for conſolation.

After ſpeaking theſe words he retired, and left Numa confounded and agitated by love and remorſe.

Numa hoped to find relief for his diſordered mind in the preſence of Herſilia; he haſtened to the palace of Romulus, and beheld the preparations for his nuptials. At this ſcene he was tranſported with joy; but his joy was not unmixed, it was corrupted by reflection. He converſed with the object of his affection, he heard her confeſs that he was beloved; yet the rapture which that avowal excited could not baniſh from his heart a ſecret horror. He contemplated Herſilia, he diſcovered that her eyes were the heralds of love; yet he could not be ſatisfied that peace had its dwelling there. Numa became the victim

of diſquietude; he was conſtantly reminding himſelf that the morrow was deſtined for his happineſs; yet a voice called to him from the bottom of his ſoul, and told him that felicity was ſtill at a great diſtance. This inward monitor did not abſtain from reproaches; and Numa in vain perſuaded himſelf that they were undeſerved; his heart perpetually diſavowed the arguments which his mind ſuggeſted.

Thus the prey of anxiety, apprehenſion, and love, he directed his ſteps towards the foreſt of Egeria, where his eyes firſt beheld the enchanting Herſilia. He was anxious to viſit ſcenes which had been dear to his remembrance; the myſterious dream recurred to his recollection: he was in hopes that the oblation of his vows in the temple of Minerva, would induce the goddeſs to reſtore him to that ſerenity of mind, which he was ſo deſirous to regain.

He proceeded on his expedition; the day was reclining. He had ſcarce entered the foreſt, when he heard cries of diſtreſs; he thought he recollected the voice, and, with

with his drawn ſword, ruſhed to the place from whence it iſſued. How great was his ſurprize and horror! He beheld Tatius in the agonies of death, from the wounds which he had received from four aſſaſſins. Two of theſe Numa inſtantly diſpatched; the others eſcaped by flight. The amiable Tatius had but a few moments to live. Numa in all the diſtraction of grief, embraced and ſupported him; he examined his wounds, rent his garments, and ſtopped the blood which was flowing from them in abundance; then lifting him from the ground, attempted to carry him to Rome.

Stop, my ſon, exclaimed Tatius, thy care and kindneſs are in vain. I feel the hand of death upon me, and I thank the gods that they have indulged me with expiring in thy arms. The wounds by which I periſh were given me by Romulus. I recollected the aſſaſſins, and knew them to be of the number of the Celeres; and when they gave me the fatal blow, they told me it was the firſt fruits of that peace which I

had procured to the Romans. Thy paſſion for Herſilia, thy alliance with my murderer, hinder thee from avenging my death: but I expect from thee a kindneſs ſtill more ineſtimable. I leave, Numa, a daughter behind me, whoſe misfortunes have deprived her of a parent, and of every ſupport, except thyſelf. Her noble origin, her title to the throne of the Sabines, will render her criminal in the eyes of Romulus: if thou doſt not afford her protection, ſhe muſt inevitably periſh. Swear to me then, my deareſt ſon, that thou wilt prove her guardian, her friend, and ſupply the place of a brother. Alas! I once fondly hoped, that ſhe would call thee by another name: from the moment I firſt beheld thee, I formed a deſign of giving thee my daughter, of placing thee upon my throne, and of growing old in the ſociety of my children, without any other dignity than that of their father. Flattering illuſion, too ſoon deſtroyed, which would have rendered my death tranquil had it ſtill deceived me! At leaſt, refuſe not my petition; pity in

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his laſt moments an old man, who was thy parent, thy friend, the friend of Tullus, and of thy father. Numa, I embrace thy knees; defend my child; promiſe to preſerve her life, to watch——

I ſwear to you, interrupted Numa, burſting into tears, and call the manes of my mother, and thoſe of Tullus to bear witneſs to my oath; I ſwear to execute your firſt intention, to become the huſband of Tatia, to live and die for her, to ſhare all her perils, and to hold the family of your murderer in perpetual abhorrence.

I knew that I could depend upon thy virtue! anſwered Tatius, with a tranſport of joy; embrace me, adorable youth: I rely upon thy promiſe, and die contented.

He ſpoke, claſped Numa in his arms, and expired—Numa fainted on his lifeleſs body.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

BOOK VII.

Numa carries the body of Tatius to Rome. Tatia's deſpair. Numa is anxious to fulfil the oath which he made to the dying king. Romulus forbids it. Herſilia goes in ſearch of him: her prayers and tears have no influence upon him. The funeral of Tatius. The death of his daughter. The revolt of the Sabines. The barbarous precaution of Romulus. Numa devotes himſelf for his people. He is baniſhed from Rome. He meets Leo.

NIGHT had already ſpread her dark mantle over the earth, before the ſenſes of Numa revived. Tatius's bloody corpſe

corpſe filled him with horror, and reminded him of the oath which he had taken. Without repenting or complaining of his promiſe, he thought only on the duty which he owed to the departed king; and fearing leſt his body ſhould be ſtolen, if he left it for a ſingle moment, he lifted it on his ſhoulders, and advanced with ſlow ſteps towards the city. When arrived at the firſt guard, he called the Sabine ſoldiers, gave them the body of their king, and ordered them to carry it with ſolemnity to Tatia's palace; in the mean time he preceded them with haſty ſteps, to prepare that unhappy princeſs for the mournful tidings, of which ſhe was ſo ſoon to be informed.

The pious and affectionate Tatia, alarmed at her father's abſence, ſeemed to anticipate his calamity. Alone by the light of a lamp, ſhe was occupied in ſpinning a purple robe for her beloved father, perpetually pauſing from her work, and counting with ſighs the hours which had paſſed ſince ſhe beheld Tatius. Numberleſs forebodings conſpired to fill her breaſt with appre-

apprehenſions; an inward terror chilled her ſoul; the inſtruments of her labour fell from her hands, and her diſconſolate eyes were fixed upon the ground.

Numa, at that moment, appeared. His agitated countenance, his tears, and his garments ſtained with blood, redoubled Tatia's alarm. She roſe trembling from her ſeat; yet dared not to aſk him concerning her father's ſafety. Daughter of Tatius, ſaid he, in broken accents, you have to day need of that fortitude, and of that uniform patience, to which your heart has by habit been accuſtomed. I am going to expoſe it to the ſevereſt trial: but remember that for the ſupport of thoſe evils which fleſh is heir to, the gods have beſtowed upon us friendſhip and virtue.

As he concluded, the Sabines arrived, bearing the body of their king. Tatia wildly ſhrieked, and threw herſelf upon her dead father, claſped him in her arms, and became deprived inſtantly of her ſenſes. Every aſſiſtance was afforded, and ſhe was recalled again to life. On opening her eyes, ſhe caſt them upon her lifeleſs parent,

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contemplated his gaping wounds, without ſhedding a ſingle tear: her tongue uttered no lamentation whatſoever. Her boſom laboured under the ſevereſt oppreſſion: fixed and immovable ſhe could neither weep nor reſpire.

Alarmed at her ſilent grief, Numa ordered the body of Tatius to be removed; on which Tatia uttered the moſt piercing ſhrieks, and ſhed a profuſion of tears. From this ſymptom Numa derived hopes of her ſafety, and convinced that ſhe would be relieved by weeping, he left her to the care of her women, and went to give his commands, that the king's body, after being waſhed with the moſt coſtly perfumes, ſhould be placed on a purple bed. He ſtationed guards round Tatius's palace; and, after diſcharging theſe melancholy duties, he prepared for a ſtill more painful office, that of declaring to Romulus his reſolution not to become his ſon.

With what a variety of emotions was he agitated, as he approached the palace of the Roman monarch! He was going to ſurrender for ever the object of his adoration,

tion, and to rob himſelf of that which no other could take from him; he was going voluntarily to renounce her, to acquaint her with his purpoſe, to appear in her eyes guilty of the darkeſt perfidy, to ſuffer the pain of this ſevere ſacrifice, and to endure the ſhame of being thought inconſtant. Theſe formidable conſiderations began to ſhake his virtue; but it ſoon recovered its rightful empire. The ſhades of Tullus and Tatius were his conſtant attendants: they afforded him ſupport; they ſuggeſted that though the ſacrifice might be painful, it was indiſpenſably requiſite, and that he could obtain nothing but diſgrace and deſpair from an alliance with the murderer of his king, with the foe of his family, from a marriage founded on perjury, and commenced by auſpices ſo replete with horror.

He at length entered the palace of Romulus, and found him at table, ſurrounded by his courtiers. The gloom of anxiety was ſeated on his brow; his features were marked with diſquietude and vexation. Such is the beginning of that puniſhment which

which attends on iniquity. Romulus was already informed of the murder of Tatius; he feared being ſuſpected, and tormented by this reflection, much more than by remorſe, he preſerved a dark ſilence, which his courtiers did not fail to imitate. Herſilia, ſtanding near her father, endeavoured, by the muſic of her lyre, to diſſipate his anxiety, and ſhe ſung to him the victory of Jupiter over the Titans.

Numa preſented himſelf before Romulus, and could not repreſs his agitation. The appearance of Tatius's aſſaſſin excited a degree of horror which he could not ſubdue. He notwithſtanding made every poſſible exertion, caſt his eyes upon the ground as if he himſelf had been the criminal, and, recollecting that even the crimes of kings cannot juſtify a ſubject for neglecting the reſpect due to their ſtation, he addreſſed the Roman monarch in the following terms:

Romulus, thy colleague has periſhed by the hands of villains. My eyes beheld Tatius fall by the blows of four aſſaſſins. Two of thoſe barbarians this arm deſtroy-

ed: but the others eſcaped, and will perhaps remain unpuniſhed, till they meet the vengeance of the immortal gods. Thou knoweſt thoſe ties of blood by which I was connected with the king of the Sabines; but thou, perhaps, art not ſufficiently acquainted with that affectionate reſpect with which I beheld his virtues. Theſe combined motives impoſe upon me great and ſevere duties: I hope, however, to fulfil them all. King of Rome, I adore Herſilia, and life without her appears unworthy of my acceptance: yet I have promiſed and ſworn to Tatius, in his laſt moments, to eſpouſe his daughter; and this oath I ſhall certainly fulfil. I here return the offer thou haſt made, I renounce all that is dear to me, and beg thy conſent to be for ever wretched.

Thus ſpoke Numa; and his eyes remained fixed upon the earth. Romulus through aſtoniſhment delayed his reply. Herſilia in confuſion dropped her lyre from her hands: and the courtiers waited undetermined whether they ſhould rejoice or grieve,

grieve, till they were acquainted with the ſentiments of their maſter.

He at laſt aroſe, and beholding Numa with eyes full of indignation: Young man, ſaid he, I was not uninformed of my colleague's death, and my orders are already iſſued to ſeize and to puniſh thoſe who have been guilty of the murder. Whatever were thy affection for Tatius, thou mighteſt have truſted to a king to revenge a king's aſſaſſination. Yet, if I am inſtructed how to puniſh crimes, I know alſo how to check ambition. I forbid thee, Numa, to marry the daughter of the Sabine monarch; her title to her father's throne, when confounded with thy pretenſions, may hereafter become formidable to my authority; I ſhall therefore provide for her another huſband. As to the indignity offered me by the refuſal of my daughter, were I leſs than the ſon of Mars, it might juſtly offend me; yet I wiſh to make an allowance for thy youth, for the immenſe diſtance which ſeparates us from each other, and to remember beſides that thou wert uſeful to my army.

After pronouncing theſe words with an accent which he endeavoured to render mild, Romulus departed without waiting for Numa's farther anſwer. That unhappy lover wiſhed to converſe with Herſilia, but the fierce Amazon beheld him with a diſdainful look, paſſed near him without condeſcending to ſpeak, and followed by her warriors, went to rejoin her father.

Herſilia's contempt pierced the heart of Numa, but it rendered the ſacrifice leſs painful and oppreſſive. Enraged at Romulus and his daughter, determined to expoſe his life to preſerve fidelity to his king, he haſtily returned, with more firmneſs and tranquillity, to Tatia's palace.

Daughter of the beſt of monarchs, he ſaid as he approached her, forgive me, if in the midſt of your grief, I preſume to mention another ſubject. Your father, in his laſt moments, committed you to my care. His departing ſoul received conſolation from the oath which I took to become your huſband. Yet Romulus forbids its completion. He, indeed, founds his prohibition on no right whatever. Since

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we are both Sabines, we muſt be bound by the commands of the Sabine king; to obey him during life was our firſt duty; to obey him after death is a duty ſtill more inviolable. I attempt not to conceal from you that I once adored Herſilia: but ſince the death of Tatius, exile and pain in your ſociety, have appeared to me preferable to a throne with the daughter of his aſſaſſin. If you are ſatisfied with this aſſurance, prepare to join me in defying the threats of Romulus; prepare to ſee the flame of your father's pile become our nuptial torch.

He ſpoke, and Tatia heard him with affectionate admiration. Having long entertained for him a ſecret and unhappy paſſion, ſhe replied, with bluſhes, that he was the maſter of her fate. Numa promiſed her perpetual fidelity; and more ſecure in his reſolution by the threats of Romulus, than by his own exertions to ſubdue himſelf, he made the funeral of the amiable Tatius his only preſent occupation.

The morning had ſcarcely riſen, when Numa was preparing to ſet out with a body

of Sabines to the high mountains, in order to cut down trees for the pile: his grief was alleviated by thoſe pious cares which were confined to his own boſom. Yet, at the moment of his departure, Herſilia appeared before him, and begged a private interview.

She was no longer that fierce Amazon, whoſe diſdainful glances confounded thoſe who preſumed to contemplate her beauty; ſhe was no longer that warlike heroine, by whoſe invincible arm ſuch a number of enemies had been deſtroyed; ſhe was a deſpairing lover, whoſe cheeks were furrowed with the tears which ſhe had ſhed, whoſe eyes harraſſed with weeping, ſtill ſhone through the cloud which covered them; her hair and garments were in diſorder, and the impreſſion of grief which caſt a ſhade over her charms, beſtowed on them a grace ſtill more attractive.

Behold me, Numa, ſaid ſhe, reduced by love to the moſt humiliating ſituation: Herſilia is come to ſeek thee in thy palace: Herſilia appears a ſuppliant, perhaps to experience a refuſal. Alas! didſt thou know my

my pride, thou muſt be ſatisfied how dear thou art to me; thou muſt know——ungrateful as thou art, thou knoweſt it but too well. I will not degrade myſelf by reminding thee, perhaps in vain, of the extent of my paſſion; without mentioning Herſilia, I wiſh to ſpeak to thee concerning thyſelf.

I am acquainted, Numa, with thy diſpoſition; I conclude that my father's prohibition will make thee haſten thy nuptials with the daughter of Tatius; but thou knoweſt little of Romulus, if thou canſt ſuppoſe he will pardon thy diſobedience. Be aſſured, that, at the moment when thou dareſt to ſet his commands at defiance, the lictor's axe will ſeparate thy head from thy body. A dread of this will doubtleſs not impede thy intention; but thou wilt not periſh alone; the blood of Tatia will flow with thine. And canſt thou believe that Tatius, whoſe memory is ſo dear to thee, would not beg thee on his knees to ſpare his daughter's life? When he received thy promiſe to become her huſband, he thought he gave her a protector, and removed her from

from the reach of danger: but if this marriage be a ſentence of death to Tatia, if thy fidelity prove her deſtruction, thou faileſt to execute the chief of her father's wiſhes, thou art guilty of a crime againſt the Sabine monarch.

I ſpeak not of myſelf; of myſelf, ungrateful man, who believed that I was the object of thy affection;--of myſelf; for whom thou didſt not heſitate to ſhed thy blood. Alas! leſs happy; I have for thee done nothing; but thou haſt ſo many claims upon my gratitude, that I conſider thy ſacrifices for me as ſo many eternal pledges of thy affection: Yes, Numa, it is for Herſilia that thou art become a warrior; it is her whom thou haſt rendered invincible by giving her the celeſtial buckler; it is her whom thou haſt preſerved by oppoſing thy breaſt to Leo's javelin; I am indebted to thee for my fame, and for my life; and wouldſt thou deſert me, after having made it my duty, my obligation to adore thee! Why didſt thou ſhield me from deſtruction? Why for me alone didſt thou become a hero the moſt amiable and illuſtrious? Have I incurred

curred thy diſpleaſure? Am I deſerving of thy reproaches? Have I failed in proofs of my affection? Some forgiveneſs ſurely is due to Romulus's daughter, who has been accuſtomed to treat kings who adored her with inattention and neglect. She ought doubtleſs to be pardoned for concealing the firſt flame which ever fired her boſom. My ſufferings too, far exceeded thine. The violence which I impoſed upon my feelings was a ſufficient puniſhment for my pride. Thou ſeeſt the ſervile humility into which it is now converted. Behold me at thy feet; behold me bathing thy knees with my tears. Deign, Numa, to look down upon me, recollect that I am Herſilia, and then complain, if thou canſt, of my paſt ſeverity.

In a ſtate of unutterable agitation, Numa dared not to meet the eyes of Herſilia. Her voice alone was ſufficient to penetrate his ſoul. An object dearer to him than life was proſtrate at his feet. He heard her confeſs that he was the idol of her adoration. His reſolution, while ſhe ſpoke, diminiſhed by degrees, reſembling the ſnow

which

which gradually diſſolves, and diſappears under the influence of the radiant ſun. The prudent Numa began to conſider Herſilia's arguments as weighty and concluſive: his heart, inflamed with deſire, and melted into ſoftneſs by the tender declarations he had heard, was perhaps ready to yield, when Metius, the aged general of the Sabines, interrupted this dangerous interview.

Son of Pompilius, ſaid he, with a melancholy and ſevere accent, our mournful Sabines ſolicit your attendance; the people who have loſt their father, deſire to behold the heir of his virtues. Come then, and afford comfort to their diſconſolate ſorrow, by promiſing to love them with Tatius's affection, and by ſwearing to defend the worthy daughter of the beſt of monarchs.

The noiſe of the people was now heard at the gate of the palace. Amidſt tones of grief the name of Numa was diſtinguiſhed. Let the virtuous Numa come forward, exclaimed they; let our hero, our friend, our remaining prince, the only hope of a deſerted people, appear! Come, Numa, and

and inform us of the laſt wiſhes of our worthy king; we will ſacrifice our lives to carry them into execution.

This affecting language, the tears of Metius, and the blood of Tatius, with which his robe was ſtill ſtained, and which ſeemed to cry aloud for vengeance, conſpired to remind him of his honour, at the moment when it was in the greateſt danger of being forgotten. I adore you, Herſilia! exclaimed he, you are more precious to me than my life: but my duty is dearer than Herſilia. The gods, who now bear witneſs to my conduct, the people to whom I ſhould furniſh an example of virtue, my own heart which I cannot deceive, all impoſe on me an inviolable obligation to fulfil the oath which I have made. The manes of my mother witneſs my intentions; and however painful it may prove, the ſacrifice ſhall be completed. I feel that I ſhall die; but ——

No, barbarian, thou art in no fear of death, exclaimed Herſilia with an accent of the moſt furious indignation; I will turn the wrath of my father to another object; I will

I will point out a victim to his fury. Thou ſhalt be indulged with life; thou ſhalt live, that thou mayeſt ſuffer lingering puniſhment, and afford me time and opportunity to ſatiate my juſt revenge. Perfidious! thou feareſt to break an oath which Tatius extorted from thee! Why then doſt thou not dread violating thoſe thou haſt made to me? Theſe were voluntary. Ungrate! who under the maſk of virtue, hideſt thy ambitious project of becoming king of the Sabines, and depriving my father of a throne! Tremble at the fate which threatens thee; dread the calamities which thou prepareſt for thyſelf; and hope not to eſcape them. The name of Romulus will encompaſs thee with a hoſt of enemies. A perſecuted wanderer, a miſerable exile, thy misfortunes and thy affected virtue, ſhalt ſeek relief in every nation in Italy, and be contemptuouſly rejected by them all. A prey to poignant remorſe, for having occaſioned the death of thy wife, and for having abandoned thy miſtreſs, thou ſhalt mourn thy inconſtancy as the worſt of crimes. Thou ſhalt regret Herſilia, thou ſhalt ſeek

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her with the moſt earneſt ſupplication; but ſhe ſhall be found only promoting thy miſery and ruin. While I poſſeſs life, the flames of my revenge ſhall inceſſantly purſue thee; and ſhould thy perfidy prove my death, my ſhade ſhall aſſociate with the mercileſs furies, and add to the horrors of thy puniſhment.

At theſe words ſhe left Numa, who, aſhamed of her outrageous conduct, dared not to caſt his eyes upon Metius, but went to afford the Sabines conſolation. Alarmed, however, at Herſilia's threats, and dreading the criminal ambition of Romulus, he commanded the aged general to guard with his ſoldiers Tatia's palace. Followed by a troop of Sabines, he proceeded to the mountains, in order to plunder them of their pines, ſacred to Cybele, of their high poplars, and of their aſh trees, which, when formed into javelins, are ſo fatal to the human race. The ſounds of the axe reſounded far and wide. The gloomy cypreſs fell into the valley, and the beech deſcended with a horrid craſh. They were

ſoon deſpoiled of their verdant leaves; their knotty trunks were rolled to the banks of the Tiber, where a pile not far from the city, was already raiſed, on which the body of Tatius was to be reduced to aſhes.

On the morrow, the remains of the departed king, clothed in purple, were brought thither by the principal perſons among the Sabines. One thouſand young warriors preceded. They advanced with their arms inverted, their heads reclined, marching with deliberate ſtep, to the ſound of mournful muſic. The diſconſolate Tatia, covered with a funeral veil, and crowned with cypreſs, ſprinkled the bier with flowers, which had been previouſly watered with her tears. Numa, clad like her in robes of ſadneſs, ſoothed her anguiſh, ſupported and conſoled her by becoming a partner in her woe, and the whole body of the Sabine people, who crouded round them, expreſſed the loudeſt and moſt bitter lamentations.

Metius, in particular, who, during ſixty years had been the king's friend and aſſociate,

ciate, ſmote his breaſt, tore up by the roots his venerable hair, and exclaimed, O my maſter, O thou beſt of Monarchs! Have the cruel fates only ſpared my life, that I might behold thee deſcend into the tomb, that I might loſe at the ſame time my friend, my father, and my king! O Tatius, Tatius! How often in my youth have I ſeen thee ſet death at defiance? How often, when ſurrounded with enemies, haſt thou acquired glory, and vanquiſhed danger. Yet, in the midſt of thy people, and of thy children, the ſwords of parricides have been raiſed againſt thee. That heart, always open to the wretched, has been pierced by monſters of ingratitude: and the gods brought thee no aſſiſtance! They allowed the perfect image of their benevolence on earth to periſh undefended! O Tatius, Tatius, of all thy ſubjects I ought the leaſt to lament thee, ſince I have hopes of ſurviving thee the ſhorteſt period.

Such was the lamentation of Metius, and the people, who liſtened to him with at-

tention, anſwered with ſighs and groans to his mournful exclamations.

They at length placed the body on the pile, and ſacrificed the victims. Numa poured on the earth two veſſels full of wine, two of milk, and two of blood; grateful libations to the manes. He then called aloud upon the ſpirit of Tatius; and, turning aſide his face, he applied a torch to the pile. The flames quickly aſcended; the people redoubled their lamentations, and the ſoldiers elevated their bucklers; when Numa commanded ſilence, and beholding with a religious reverence the pale viſage of Tatius, which the flames had not reached:

O thou moſt juſt of kings, exclaimed he, I promiſed thee, in thy laſt moments, to become the huſband of thy daughter; I ſwore that my life ſhould be employed in proving to her tenderneſs and protection. The oath which I then made, I intend now to fulfil. This pile ſhall be the altar of our nuptials; and on this ſacred altar, in the preſence of thy manes, before the people who

lament thy loſs, by the light of theſe funeral torches, and under the inſpection of deities who purſue perfidy with deſtruction, I pledge to Tatia an eternal fidelity. Yes, Sabines, may the avenging gods, may yourſelves, may all the friends of Tatius be my enemies, if, during the whole period of my life, I am not occupied in rendering happy the amiable partner, which has been given me by Tatius! May the blood of the beſt of monarchs be on my head, if I diſcharge not to his worthy daughter the debt of gratitude which I owe him.

He now joined his hand to that of Tatia, and endeavoured to extend them together towards the pile. But Tatia was unable to ſupport the ceremony; her limbs failed, and ſhe ſunk into the arms of Numa; a cold ſweat bedewed her brow; her tongue was deprived of utterance; and other ſymptoms announced the moſt alarming convulſions; ſhe fell upon the ground, ſtruggled, and exhauſted her ſtrength in unavailing efforts; and, notwithſtanding every aſſiſt-

ance from Numa and the Sabines, expired in agonies.

Every heart was ſtruck with horror at this unfortunate ſpectacle. The effects of poiſon were too evident to be miſtaken. Already the report was circulated among the people, and a confuſed murmur, ſimilar to that of a tempeſt when it begins to agitate the ſea was heard among them. The countenances of the ſoldiers and citizens were marked with indignation; their hearts were inflamed with rage: the names of Romulus and Herſilia were pronounced with imprecations. A general cry was ſoon after heard, and the Sabines in a body preſented themſelves before Numa. Give us revenge, they exclaimed, for Tatius and his daughter; they have been murdered by Romulus: lead us immediately againſt that barbarous king; both nature and religion demand your compliance. Let us march directly to Rome, and deſtroy that impious city, which has ever been ſo baneful to the Sabines.

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The virtuous Numa, thus urged by the people, ſhocked at the inhuman death of Tatia, and impelled by that juſt horror which iniquity never fails to inſpire in the breaſt of innocence, forgot that the puniſhment of kings belongs to the gods alone; and, in the firſt tranſports of his reſiſtleſs indignation, marched, at the head of his Sabines, to the gates of Rome.

Romulus was provided againſt this ſtorm. Informed that, notwithſtanding his prohibition, Numa would fulfil his ſolemn engagement; excited by the cruel Herſilia; deſirous of revenging at the ſame time his daughter and his deſpiſed authority, he had cauſed a deadly poiſon to be mixed with the nouriſhment which the amiable Tatia had been perſuaded to take. Thus one crime ſprings from another; and every iniquitous action leads to others ſtill more atrocious. Dreading a ſedition, Romulus was abſent from his colleague's funeral, that he might put the city in a ſtate of ſecurity. The gates were already ſhut, and the walls armed with ſoldiers. The inhu-

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man Romulus had invented a rampart, ſtill more formidable to repel the invaders: he cauſed the wives, children, and aged Sabines, who were unable to follow the body of their king, to be placed upon the walls before his ſoldiers; and in this ſituation he waited for the attack.

Led on by their rage, the revolters arrived, and, brandiſhing their javelins, cried aloud for vengeance. But they were ſtopped by their fears, on ſeeing that they muſt deſtroy the objects of their tendereſt affection before they could reach the ſoldiers of their perfidious enemy. Their exclamations were in a moment ſucceeded by a profound ſilence. With their arms extended, they remained without either ſpeech or motion; and their weapons fell uſeleſs from their hands.

This ſcene reſtored Numa to himſelf. He ſaw the extent of thoſe calamities, which his enterprize would produce; he trembled at the ruin to which he had permitted the Sabines to be expoſed; and ruſhing into the midſt of them: My friends, he cried, ceaſe

ceaſe from vengeance; it will coſt our hearts too dear a purchaſe. Preſerve your fathers, and your children; this duty is more ſacred than that of revenging kings. Could you be guilty of parricide from a regard for Tatius? Are thoſe venerable ſeniors, and thoſe affectionate mothers, the victims which you would ſend him to the ſhades below? Alas! you who knew him well, judge if his ſhade can be conſoled with ſuch an offering! Oh Sabines, Sabines, in every other conteſt it would be glorious to conquer: in the preſent it is an honour to be vanquiſhed. Go forth, Metius, with an olive-branch, and gain admittance to the king of Rome; ſay, that thou art come to give him ſecurity for the ſubmiſſion of the Sabines; ſay, that they are ready to deliver hoſtages for their fidelity, and to acknowledge him for their only ſovereign, provided he will ſwear to pardon their rebellion. If he demand a victim, it is already prepared; and ſhall be no other than myſelf. I alone will be accountable for the revolt of the Sabine people;

ple; I alone will be excepted from the general amneſty. Fly, be ſpeedy, loſe not a moment; ſign the peace; if requiſite, let my life be the price of tranquillity: I ſhall be happy in periſhing for the ſafety of my people.

Thus ſpoke Numa. Metius attempted to reply, but he refuſed to hear him, and preſſed him to haſten immediately to the walls of Rome. He arrived there, and the gates were opened to receive him; and he ſoon returned to announce peace and pardon, on condition that Numa ſhould that inſtant depart from the territories of Romulus.

Againſt this ſentence the Sabines exclaimed, and wiſhed to reſume their arms. Numa ſoothed, conjured, commanded them to ſubmit; and repreſenting to himſelf the horrid calamities which he alone might occaſion, threatened, if they refuſed the terms of peace, to ſacrifice himſelf in their preſence. He departed immediately with Metius, whom he embraced with the tendereſt affection.

My

My worthy friend, ſaid he, dry up your tears; this exile, which ſaves my nation, is requiſite to my repoſe. Could I again have beheld Romulus? Could I have ſupported the preſence of the cruel Herſilia, who was doubtleſs an accomplice in Tatia's murder? Alas! Metius, my heart is cured of a fatal paſſion which embittered my life; yet how long muſt my wounds ſtill bleed? Oh my friend, it is the greateſt misfortune, the moſt ſevere calamity, to be compelled to bluſh for feelings which we once cheriſhed with fondneſs. Forgive my tears; they are the laſt ſacrifice to love; what I ſhall ſhed hereafter ſhall be devoted to repentance. Collect, my dear Metius, I beſeech thee, the aſhes of our king and his unhappy daughter: aſſociated with thoſe of Tullus, they muſt repoſe together on my mother's tomb. Promiſe that thou wilt thyſelf carry them thither, and not truſt to another a duty, of which Numa envies thee the execution. Adieu, my venerable friend; may the gods prolong thy life to the utmoſt limit of mortality! Remember that thou

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art the ſole remaining ſupport of the Sabine people: their worthy monarch is no more; Tatia is taken from them, Numa is going into diſtant exile; for theſe loſſes, Metius muſt be their conſolation. To thy care I commend them; and hope on ſome day to thank thee for thy paternal kindneſs.

He ſpoke. Metius in vain requeſted to follow him, and to ſhare his fortune. Provide for the people's welfare, ſaid Numa, who are always too forgetful of themſelves. On ſaying this, he haſtily departed, and purſued his journey towards the country of the Marſi.

He was now travelling in the ſame path, in which a few months before he had marched, clad in armour, at the head of the Sabines, intoxicated with love, animated with the deſire of becoming a hero, and truſting that glory was the road to happineſs. He had reaped the harveſt of fame which he expected. Yet he was now unattended, exiled, overwhelmed with ſorrow, flying from a king whom he had eſſentially ſerved,

ſerved, aſhamed of his daughter whom he had loved to diſtraction, and compelled to ſeek an aſylum among a people whom he had conquered.

When he had advanced beyond the limits of Romulus's empire, he felt his mind relieved of an oppreſſive load. As he approached Vitellia, he entered a valley watered by a limpid river, whoſe banks were covered with willows and poplars. He followed its courſe, and ſoon arrived at the foot of a hill, where he diſcovered a deep grotto.

Attracted by the noiſe of a waterfal, from which the river derived its ſource, he entered the grotto. How great was his ſurprize to diſcover a young warrior, covered with a lion's ſkin, aſleep upon his club! Numa approached nearer, and knew him: it was the brave Leo, of whom he was going in ſearch to the country of the Marſi; whoſe courage he had already tried, and whoſe friendſhip he intended to experience.

Leo awaking beheld Numa, and threw himſelf into his arms. The two heroes embraced with the tendereſt affection. They both at the ſame moment exclaimed, O my friend! I was going to ſeek thee. Wert thou coming to Rome? interrupted Numa. Yes, anſwered Leo, with an air of frankneſs and joy: I am baniſhed; I am deſtitute of an aſylum; I was going to beg of my conqueror to afford me a retreat.

Talk not of conqueror, ſaid Numa, let us confirm only our affection. Fortune ſeems deſirous of tying the knot of our friendſhip ſtill cloſer, by allotting to us the ſame trials. I am an exile like thyſelf; and was on my journey to thee to requeſt protection. Thou mayeſt remember what I performed for the inhuman Romulus; to me alone he was indebted for the ſafety of himſelf and his army; as a reward for my ſervices, he has cauſed to be aſſaſſinated my father and my king: the daughter of Tatius he has killed by poiſon; and ſhould I preſume to appear at Rome, I muſt either deluge it with blood, or fall myſelf by the hand

hand of the executioner. Behold, my friend, the juſtice of kings, and the reward which they beſtow on men who have promoted their intereſt.

Numa, anſwered Leo, I have ſerved republicans; thou haſt ſeen me in their cauſe carry on a war; thou haſt not perhaps forgotten the Roman camp in flames, and the capture of Auxencia. The Marſi, however, have eraſed from their memories every other enterprize, except that at the Trebanian mountains. When peace was ſigned, and the army had returned home, the proud ſenate, who had entruſted me with the command, ſummoned me to appear before it, to account for my conduct. They depoſed with ignominy the aged Sophanor; they have driven me from their country, for having been deceived by the ſtratagem of Romulus, and for ſuffering the army to be taken in the ſnare which thou hadſt ſpread. Such, my friend is republican juſtice; or rather ſuch is the juſtice of mankind: they are all ungrateful; all unworthy. Yet it is ſtill our duty to

do them ſervice, in order to pleaſe the gods and to ſatisfy our own minds.

That, duty, ſaid Numa, we have both performed; we have ſhed our blood for our country. It has caſt us out; it has reſtored to us the right of living for ourſelves. Let us repair, Leo, to ſome deſart in the Appenines: the earth, much more grateful than man, we will clear and cultivate; we will live at a diſtance from the world; and friendſhip will furniſh the only pleaſures worthy the enjoyment of a ſuperior underſtanding.

While he ſpoke theſe words, his eyes ſparkled with animation, and Leo embraced him with tears of joy. Yes, ſaid he, I will follow thee; we will part no more; I will devote to thee my heart and my life. Love has too long filled my days with ſadneſs; it is time to cultivate the laſting pleaſures of friendſhip.

O heavens! exclaimed Numa, doſt thou ſpeak of love! haſt thou known its torments? Is there no one whoſe days it has not embittered? Hear the calamities which

I have

I have known, and communicate in thy turn thoſe of a friend, without whom I am convinced my future life muſt be a burden.

The brave Leo liſtened to Numa's hiſtory, from his birth to the preſent moment with the moſt anxious attention.

This recital, over which candour and modeſty preſided, was highly pleaſing to Leo, and attached him ſtill more to the amiable friend whom his heart had choſen. He wept for the death of Tullus, and for that of the worthy Sabine monarch; and, viewing the conduct of Romulus with abhorrence, he congratulated Numa on his conqueſt over his paſſion for the unrelenting Herſilia.

My friend, ſaid he, thy ſacrifice has been painful; thou wert compelled to chooſe between love and virtue: thou haſt given virtue the preference; thou art an exile, a wanderer, a fugitive, without an aſylum, ſtill dragging the arrow which hath pierced thy heart. But let me aſk thee; hadſt thou neglected thy oath, hadſt thou treat-

ed with contempt the aſhes of Tatius, hadſt thou become the huſband of Herſilia, wert thou ſeated on a throne with the object of thy affection; would not remorſe poſſeſs thy heart? Would not the ſon-in-law of Romulus, the heir of his power, the poſſeſſor of a beloved miſtreſs, experience more unhappineſs and torment, than Numa virtuous and in exile? Oh Numa, I am myſelf in a ſimilar ſituation; for heaven, which has created us for each other, ſeems to have formed a reſemblance both between our misfortunes and our minds; I have ſacrificed every thing to my duty: I have loſt objects of value and importance: but, united together, their worth cannot be compared with that peace and tranquillity, which I carry conſtantly in my boſom. My heart reſembles in purity the ſource of that limpid ſtream; and this is the firſt requiſite for happineſs: the ſecond is to poſſeſs a friend; and from this day I have found that treaſure. Liſten to the recital of my adventures; may they inſpire in thee the ſame tender concern

cern which I have felt at thy affecting narrative!

At theſe words, Numa, again embraced his worthy friend; and the Marſian hero began the hiſtory of his life.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

BOOK VIII.

Leo relates the hiſtory of his earlieſt youth; his affection for his mother Myrtale; his paſſion for Camilla; the ſacrifice of his paſſion; Myrtale's inſtructions to him on her death-bed. Numa wiſhes to follow Leo to his ancient cottage. They wander among the Apennines. Numa meets an old man and his daughter. He ſees them worſhip the fire.

I WAS born in the Apennines within the territories of the Marſi. My mother poor and infirm, poſſeſſed no other property than a flock of ſheep, a cottage and

and a garden. Her name was Myrtale; a few months after I was born ſhe loſt her huſband; I was beloved by her with that affection which a mother only can experience.

From my earlieſt years, covered with the ſkin of a wolf, which Myrtale had fitted to my ſhape, armed with a little javelin, which I already knew how to uſe, I went to guard my mother's flock, attended always by two fierce dogs, who were willing to defend the ſheep and the ſhepherd. I was not afraid of beaſts of prey; I was anxious, on the contrary, to exerciſe againſt them my youthful courage. I climbed the ſteepeſt rocks; I ſwam the moſt rapid torrents, that I might catch by ſurpriſe young kids; I aſcended the tops of pines to rob the doves neſts of their young. Theſe were for my mother: her idea made every attempt eaſy; and when I reflected that delicate food might prolong her days, or eſtabliſh her health, I was more happy in conquering doves, then

than a monarch can be in gaining provinces.

In the evening I uſed to bring back the ſheep to our cottage; and with the moſt heart-felt joy, I exhibited at a diſtance the doves or the fawn which I brought in triumph. My mother tenderly reproached me, threatened, while ſhe embraced me, that I muſt be confined at home, refuſed ſometimes my preſents, or accepted them only on condition of my promiſing, that I would not again expoſe my life.

My dear child, ſhe would ſay, why am I unable to follow thee to the mountains? I ſhould dread no danger which I might ſhare with thee. But feeble, languiſhing, confined by pain to this cottage, which appears ſo widely deſolate when thou art abſent, my heart and my thoughts are ever thy companions; judge then of the anxious terrors which I feel. Sometimes I ſee thee ſuſpended on the pointed top of a lofty pine, and the whole tree, to my imagination, ſeems too weak for thy ſupport. Sometimes I ſee thee leap a torrent;

torrent; thy foot alights on a ſlippery ſtone, thou ſtretcheſt out thy hands in vain, and the foaming ſtream ſwallows thee up for ever. My deareſt ſon, let the care of our flock content thee; the milk of our ſheep, the vegetables of our garden, are ſufficient for our food. Deprive not the hinds and the turtle doves of their beloved offspring, leſt the wild boars and bears rob me in their turn of mine. Alas! promiſe me at leaſt, that thou wilt never enter the caves where thoſe ſavage animals conceal their young. Swear, my deareſt Leo, if not for thy ſake, for thy mother's peace; remember that I live only for thee; and that whenever thou ſhalt exceed an hour, the time of thy accuſtomed return, thou wilt find thy mother expiring with diſquietude and ſorrow.

In ſuch language did Myrtale expreſs her anxiety. I ſoothed her with careſſes; I promiſed to avoid the dangers which ſhe dreaded; ſhe then preſſed me to her boſom, begged me to give her the hiſtory of my day's exploits, and, in her turn, while ſhe

ſhe prepared our repaſt, related to me the adventures of her youth. Our evenings paſſed away rapidly in this pleaſing converſation. Before ſhe retired to ſleep, my mother always prepared my proviſion for the morrow, repeated her admonitions that I ſhould be cautious; gave me numberleſs kiſſes, and careſſed my two faithful dogs, as if to bribe them to watch over and defend her ſon.

The ruſtic life which I led ſoon called forth and confirmed my ſtrength. At an early age I became tall and robuſt. Even at fifteen I beheld the fierceſt animals without terror; my javelin was then ſtained with their blood, but I concealed this from my mother. My dogs, who had been the defence of my childhood, were become old and infirm, and, in my turn, I became their protector. Tranquil and happy in the care of my flock, I added to my pleaſures by the muſic of my flute, and by purſuing the wild inhabitants of the woods. My mother was the ſole object of my affections. My only grief aroſe from obſerving

ſerving that age rendered her every day more feeble and languid.

One day, while I was ſitting on the ſummit of a rock, whence iſſued a caſcade, which fell beneath at the diſtance of a hundred feet, with a tremendous noiſe, I perceived a ſtag, who, having been wounded with an arrow, came to throw himſelf into this torrent. Immediately after a young Amazon appeared, covered with a lion's ſkin, having a quiver on her ſhoulder and a bow in her hand, and, mounted on a beautiful courſer, preſſing forward with all poſſible ſpeed after the wounded ſtag. Diana only could rival her in beauty. Her long black hair flowed in ringlets upon her ſhoulders: courage and animation ſparkled in her eyes; yet the ſoftneſs of her features was not thereby diminiſhed. While I beheld her with admiration, her fiery ſteed plunged into the torrent, and was carried down the rapid ſtream. In vain ſhe endeavoured to guide him to the oppoſite bank; the daſhing waves oppoſed her paſſage. Her horſe

was ſoon carried from under her, down the torrent; and ſhe herſelf immediately vaniſhed from my ſight.

I was already ſurrounded by the waves. I ſwam for ſome time without diſcovering the object whom I wiſhed to reſcue; at length I caught her by the hair, and dragged her, apparently lifeleſs, to the ſhore. Deſpairing of her recovery, I carried her home; where the care of my mother reſtored her at laſt to life. Alas! her eyes, replete with beauty and ſoftneſs, kindled in my breaſt a flame which no time can extinguiſh. I preſumed to contemplate that celeſtial beauty, which a pallid faintneſs rendered ſtill more affecting, and I experienced an agitation and anxiety with which I had previouſly been unacquainted. Notwithſtanding the pain I experienced, I could find no ſatiety in beholding her; I remained cloſe by her ſide fixed and immoveable; when, on recovering her ſpeech, ſhe returned me thanks, I bluſhed and ſtammered; and, when ſhe

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aſked me my name, my mother was obliged to anſwer.

After ſome hours repoſe, this beautiful Amazon, without explanation, prepared for her departure. She offered my mother money; but on ſeeing our diſapprobation at ſuch a recompence, ſhe withheld her preſent, and took a valuable chain off her neck and put it on that of Myrtale. Then beholding me with grateful affection, ſhe took off her lion's ſkin, which covered a purple robe, and preſented it to me with theſe words; This was worn by the great Alcides: he preſented it to my grandfather, as a recompence for the hoſpitality he had received. I imitate Hercules in beſtowing it on the preſerver of my life. If I may believe the preſage of my mind, this tremendous covering of the ſon of Jupiter, will not fall into unworthy hands.

Having thus ſpoken, ſhe embraced my mother, caſt on me a glance of tenderneſs, but forbade me to follow her, and departed with precipitation.

My mother and I gazed upon each other. The ſituation in which we had ſeen her could alone perſuade us that the fair ſtranger was not a divinity. Motionleſs with ſurpriſe and admiration, I contemplated the lion's ſkin, ſtill dripping with the water in which it had been immerſed. That a demi-god had one poſſeſſed it, did not, on reflection, afford me ſo much pleaſure as I derived from having ſeen it on the ſhoulders of the Amazon. All her features and actions were engraved on my ſoul; her words reſounded in my ears; for the firſt time in my life I became thoughtful and reſerved in my mother's ſociety; and I concealed from her the ſentiment which already occupied my heart.

Next day, at ſun-riſe, I tended my flock on the precipice which overhung the caſcade: I was clad in the lion's ſkin; from the moment my heart perceived its preſſure, I imbibed new ſtrength, invincible courage, and a conſuming fire. The ardour

dour of this flame ſeemed to be augmented when I arrived at the ſpot where the beauteous Amazon was firſt preſented to my view. I deſcended to the bank of the torrent; I ſought the ſpot where I had ſaved her; I was delighted with ſitting on the graſs where I had placed her lifeleſs body. I ſighed, and was agitated as I caſt my eyes around me; and thoſe mountains, that caſcade, that beautiful proſpect with which I had formerly been ſo much delighted, no longer captivated my attention. The rocks appeared to me replete with ſolitude and horror. My flock was neglected, my flute become troubleſome, my javelin was forgotten; yet I could not depart from a ſituation which melancholy had ſo ſtrongly endeared.

On returning home to my mother, I experienced no longer that mild tranquillity, which her ſociety uſed always to inſpire. The hours which I paſſed in the cottage appeared tedious; I ſcarcely returned an anſwer to her queſtions; I practiſed numberleſs methods of leading her

to mention the unknown beauty; I dared not to ſpeak of her myſelf; and the ornament which Myrtale wore round her neck attracted my conſtant attention. I embraced my mother more frequently, that I might have opportunities of impreſſing kiſſes on the chain.

Three days had already paſſed; every morning at the earlieſt dawn, I repaired to the caſcade; there I waited the ſun's ſetting, with my eyes fixed on the path where the Amazon had firſt appeared. On the fourth day I again ſaw her. She was mounted a beauteous courſer, in the ſame armour as before; and, on perceiving me upon the rock, her face was overſpread with bluſhes.

I was ſoon near her. She leaped from her horſe, tied him to a tree, ſat down upon a rock; and, inviting me to ſit by her ſide, Brave ſhepherd, ſaid ſhe, I was almoſt certain I ſhould find you; it is on your account that I am come hither. You have ſaved my life; I am axious to render yours happy; this is the motive of my journey.

journey. Tell me then freely what is wanting to your happineſs? What does your mother ſtand in need of? Be aſſured that my gratitude is excited to the higheſt pitch, and that my power is almoſt equal to my inclination.

I replied with downcaſt looks: Have you then, whom I know not how to addreſs, who inſpire in my breaſt that reverence which I have before experienced only for the immortal gods, have you deigned to remember a humble ſhepherd! Have you condeſcended, for his ſake, to return hither? Alaſs! this goodneſs is far beyond the ſervice which I afforded you; from this moment it is I who am bound to you by a debt of gratitude. You aſk me what I want to make me happy: Before I ſaw you I wanted nothing. My mother and I have ſufficient riches: we poſſeſs a cottage, which defends us from the inclemencies of ſeaſons, a garden which ſupplies our food, and a flock which affords us clothing. I often carry to the neighbouring villages the ſuperfluity of our

our wool, and ſell lambs which, if kept, would render our flock too numerous; and bring back the money which they produce, which is uſeleſs indeed to ourſelves, but which gives exquiſite pleaſure in enabling us to relieve thoſe, who, oppreſſed with age and ſickneſs, come, from time to time, to requeſt our beneficence. There is but one method by which you can render my days more delightful; it is that which you have now taken; your preſence renders this day the brighteſt and moſt happy of my life.

The Amazon liſtened to me with an engaging ſmile. Well, replied ſhe, ſince my preſence is alone wanting to your felicity, I will ſometimes viſit you; gratitude compels me to it. But I will not inform you who I am: be ſatisfied that I am called Camilla; and, whatever be the myſtery of my birth, be aſſured, that it is a pleaſure to Camilla to owe her life to Leo.

After theſe laſt words, expreſſed with an affectionate accent, ſhe aroſe, untied her

her courſer, leaped upon his back, gave me a look, and diſappeared.

I remained intoxicated with joy. The kind concern which ſhe had ſhewn me, the glance which ſhe gave me at her departure, the promiſe of her return, all tranſported and inflamed my heart. I repeated Camilla's name: I taught it to every echo among the mountains I wiſhed to engrave it on the bark of every tree. Camilla alone filled my mind; I ſaw only Camilla in the wide range of nature.

From that moment ſadneſs and diſcontent were no more; the deſarts appeared to me enchanted regions: the trees, the rocks, the caſcade, all in my eyes were clad in new charms, and embelliſhed by my love with unſpeakable attractions. It ſeemed to me that nature had collected together all her beauties in that delicious ſolitude: I dreaded leſt others ſhould diſpute with me its poſſeſſeſſion; I would willingly have concealed it from the view of all mankind. My cottage aſſumed a gayer aſpect. I returned to the ſociety of my mother with more

pleaſure

pleaſure than I had ever before experienced. Our embraces were more warm, our converſation more affectionate and pleaſing.

Camilla kept her word; in two days ſhe returned. How rapid were the moments in which I was indulged with her ſociety! The confeſſion of my love was perpetually ready to eſcape from me, and always expired upon my lips. When I gazed upon Camilla, I was on the point of declaring my paſſion; but when ſhe caſt her eyes on me, reſpect reſtrained my utterance.

Camilla ſoon came every day to the caſcade. Without having confeſſed that I loved her, without having heard her ſay, that ſhe returned my paſſion, our converſation was that of two enraptured lovers. Before we parted, the moment of our next interview was always ſettled, and we were both ſure to arrive before the time. With what joy did we meet again! With what pleaſure did we recount to each other the thoughts which we had indulged in abſence! Camilla ſpoke on no other ſubject than

than me; and ſhe was the only topic on which I dwelled. Our converſation was continually the ſame, and yet appeared to us to be always new.

Her birth was the only circumſtance which Camilla concealed from Leo. Of what conſequence is my rank, ſhe would ſay, if thou art well acquainted with my heart? If it contains not a ſentiment which is not laid open to thy view?

The amiable Camilla was occupied in poliſhing and cultivating my mind. From the ſtores of her own knowledge, ſhe communicated to me inſtruction: ſhe related the reign of Janus, the expedition of the Argonauts, the ſieges of Thebes and Troy; ſhe taught me to repeat verſes from Heſiod and from Homer. How perfectly were her leſſons fixed in my memory! Whatever proceeded from her lips was engraved on my mind: what Camilla had ſpoken once, I was unable ever after to forget. What delight did I experience in liſtening to her converſation! How was my ſoul enflamed at the exploits of Achilles!

Achilles! And when I contemplated Venus, as portrayed by Homer, I found Camilla more beautiful.

Such was the tenour of my life. Every day was devoted to love, every evening to filial affection; ſince my paſſion for Camilla, far from weakening my regard for my mother, ſeemed to add to its force. My heart was not divided between Myrtale and Camilla, each of them poſſeſſed it entire; and it is doubtleſs deſigned by the gods as a peculiar favour, that the moſt violent love, when virtuous, gives additional activity to all the other virtues.

My felicity was of ſhort duration. An entire day paſſed without the appearance of Camilla. On the next, half dead with apprehenſion, I waited with ſighs for her arrival. She came, but her countenance was overſpread with the moſt pallid dejection. My friend, ſhe ſaid, as ſhe approached me, our happineſs is no more; we muſt pay with our tears for the fleeting moments we have enjoyed. Till now I have concealed from thee my birth: I feared

feared leſt the knowledge of my rank ſhould deprive me of thy affection; and I found a pleaſure in keeping thee ignorant of my ſituation. But thou muſt at preſent be acquainted with it: know then I have the misfortune to be the daughter of a king.

At this news, a cold ſweat bedewed my body, my knees tottered, my tongue faltered, and I was unable to utter a ſingle word. Camilla took my hand, and made me ſit down beſide her; and, after endeavouring to diſſipate the ſudden alarm which I had experienced, ſhe proceeded in the following terms:

My father is king of the Veſtini. From hence to Cingilia, the capital of his dominions, is but a ſhort diſtance; a fondneſs for the chace is the pretext by which I have been able to pay thee a daily viſit. I was in hopes of enjoying this happineſs for a long period: but I am the only child of my father; his kingdom is to be my portion, and all the princes of Italy have already ſolicited my hand in marriage.

Two monarchs threaten us with hoſtilities, if I refuſe making a ſpeedy choice. One, king of the Marrucini, whoſe territories border upon ours, has been always our declared enemy. My marriage with his ſon, by extinguiſhing mutual animoſity, would lay the foundation of a powerful ſtate. Policy, reaſon, and humanity ſpeak in favour of the prince of the Marrucini, who, from his earlieſt age, with no other attendant than a prudent tutor, hath traverſed the iſles of Greece to acquire the moſt perfect knowledge of the great art of government; and he is now on his return to his native country.

His greateſt rival is Telemantus, king of the Salentines, whoſe power, riches, and noble origin (for he is deſcended from Telemachus and Antiope) give him an advantage over the prince of the Marrucini. But we have little dread of the Salentines, ſince they are ſituated at a great diſtance; and the ambaſſadors of Telemantus will find it difficult to prevail againſt the king of the Marrucini, who

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is come in perſon to my father's court, to ſolicit me for his ſon.

On either ſide the danger to me is equal, ſince I muſt renounce the liberty, which I would wiſh for ever to preſerve, of loving thee with the moſt devoted affection. But thou, Leo, art beſt acquainted with the duty which is owing to a parent: mine is in the vale of years, and inſufficient for his own defence; he urges me to make a choice; he conjures me not to provoke a war which he is unable to ſuſtain, and which muſt terminate in the ruin of him and his people. Amidſt ſuch difficulties I aſk thy advice how to proceed.

Camilla, I replied, (for your rank and illuſtrious birth cannot inſpire me with more reſpect than that dear appellation) a heart which knows how to love ſhould ſacrifice every thing to its paſſion; yet a virtuous heart ought to ſacrifice love to its duty. My courage gives me ſufficient aſſurance that I could defend your kingdom; that, armed with this club, and covered with the ſkin of the Nemean lion, I could

repulſe from your walls the Marrucini, the Salentines, and all the armies of Italy. But though I were the firſt of heroes, though my exploits rivalled thoſe of Hercules, could I aſpire to be your huſband? No, you can never be mine! I exclaimed with a flood of tears; you are the daughter of a king, and I only am a wretched ſhepherd. —Oh Camilla! Camilla! how dearly muſt I purchaſe my imprudence!

Is my cauſe of grief leſs than thine? interrupted Camilla; are the pangs which rend my heart leſs poignant than thoſe of which thou complaineſt? Yet I ſtill cheriſh a ray of hope; I am well aſſured, that my kingdom, not myſelf, is what the king of the Marrucini wiſhes to obtain for his ſon. I will tell him the whole truth; I will ſwear to reſign to him my inheritance at my father's death, if he ceaſe to urge me to make a choice, and be my protection againſt Telemantus. The hopes of reigning over two people will ſooth his ambitious mind, and I ſhall think myſelf too happy in purchaſing with a crown the delicious

licious privilege of giving my heart to Leo.

In vain I oppoſed her reſolution; ſhe left me, determined to ſacrifice every thing to her paſſion; and I waited her return with the moſt painful impatience.

At the expiration of three days I ſaw her; her countenance was clad in the moſt joyous ſmiles. We ſhall be happy! ſhe exclaimed, we ſhall be happy! I have opened my heart to the king of the Marrucini, and told him that thou art its only ſovereign. He has been flattered by the confidence I have placed in him; and the offer of my crown has ſecured him in our intereſt. Liſten to his propoſal. His ſon, who was returning from the iſles of Greece alone, without his governor, has died in Crete; as he travelled unknown, the world is ignorant of his death. After his governor had cauſed his unhappy father to be ſecretly informed of this melancholy event, he dared not appear in his preſence, but is now in Dalmatia. The king of the Marrucini laments his ſon; but he regrets

ſtill more the loſs of a marriage, which would ſecure the repoſe of his people, and double the extent of his dominions. Could his ambition be ſatisfied, his grief would be diminiſhed; and to prevent my crown becoming the property of Telemantus there is but one expedient. Since he left it in his earlieſt infancy, the prince was unknown in his father's court; he is believed to be alive, and is every day expected to return; and the father has agreed to adopt thee in his place.

Let him ſet out immediately, ſaid he, for Dalmatia, and carry to my ſon's governor my royal ring, and tablets on which my commands ſhall be inſcribed. Let him afterwards return with him; I ſhall receive him as my ſon; my people ſhall acknowledge him; you ſhall make choice of him for your huſband; you ſhall be happy; and the peace of the two nations and my repoſe ſhall be the conſequence of a deception which is no doubt pardonable, ſince it does injury to no one, and produces the good of many.

Such

Such are the tidings which I bring thee! We ſhall be united, Leo; thou ſhalt reign over two kingdoms; we ſhall no more be parted; fortune and love ſhall conſpire to enſure our happineſs. How is it that thou art not overpowered with joy? that thou art not proſtrate before the gods to thank them for thy fortune? With what coldneſs and melancholy doſt thou receive the aſſurance of thy felicity! How can thy future life be troubled with anxiety? On what art thou meditating?

On my mother, I replied. I muſt either loſe you, or cauſe her who gave me life to die with ſorrow. I appeal to yourſelf, to you whom I have ſeen ready to ſacrifice our love to your father's tranquillity. Can I abandon Myrtale? Can I deprive her of the only ſupport which ſhe has left? We will load her with kindneſs, interrupted Camilla. But you will deprive her of her ſon, exclaimed I; you will compel him to ceaſe acknowledging her for his mother! This idea alone fills me with horror. Be aſſured, Camilla, that the ſplendour of kingdoms,

kingdoms, and every other worldly advantage cannot be put in competition with filial affection, which is the firſt gift of nature, and the higheſt pleaſure which our hearts can experience. I cannot conſent to baniſh it from mine, nor even to pretend to ſend it into exile.

But this is not the only crime which I ſhould commit in aſſuming the name of the prince of the Marrucini. Should I by fraud obtain a nation's obedience! Should I by a lie become a king! If lawful monarchs have ſuch important duties to fulfil, if they muſt account to the divinity for all the good which they have omitted, and for all the evil which they have allowed, how much more ſevere would be my trial, after having acquired a throne by treachery, inſtead of being called to it by the gods! Knowing myſelf to have ſtolen the rank which I ſhould poſſeſs, every mark of homage which I might receive from the loweſt of my ſubjects would ſeem to me a reproach for my falſehood and deceit.

No,

No, Camilla: you are doubtleſs the firſt of all the treaſures of nature; heaven and my own heart bear witneſs, that I would relinquiſh my life to become your huſband for a ſingle day. Yet this happineſs ſo exquiſite, of which the idea alone bewilders my reaſon, would ceaſe in my eſtimation to be happineſs, if my conſcience were not at peace. Happily for virtue, no pleaſure can be truly enjoyed without that tranquillity which it alone is able to beſtow: though ſeated on a throne with you, remorſe would render me wretched; I wiſh rather that fortune ſhould prove the cauſe of my unhappineſs. Abandon me in this deſart; it is full of you, and I ſhall be able to live here; I ſhall lament your abſence with perpetual tears: but I ſhall weep only for the loſs of you; my virtue will remain untainted. Adieu, Camilla, return to your father's palace; forget me and my misfortunes; and may the pleaſure which is felt by a great mind in diſcharging its duty, render you leſs ſenſible to that commiſeration,

ration, which the remembrance of my unhappineſs will be too apt to inſpire.

On ſaying this, I caſt my eyes upon the ground, and endeavoured to conceal my tears. Camilla heard me with attention, kept her eyes fixed upon me, and remained ſilent for ſome time. At length, ſeizing my hand, and preſſing it cloſely, I adore thee, ſaid ſhe; and this inſtance of thy virtue augments if poſſible that boundleſs paſſion which thou haſt infuſed into my boſom. I applaud thy ſentiments; and from this moment I reſign all claim to thee for ever. Yes, I renounce thee; but with the moſt ſacred oath, that I will carry with me to the tomb that affection which binds us to each other; thy image ſhall live in my heart while grief allows its palpitation: and if I fall a victim to ſorrow, which I pray the gods may be my fate, I will bequeath thee my expiring ſigh.

When ſhe had thus ſpoken, ſhe ſeparated from me, mounted her courſer, bade me farewell in broken accents, repeated it thrice with extended arms, ſet forward, returned

turned again, with eyes overflowing with tears, to behold once more the rock, the caſcade, and the ſpot were we had ſo often converſed together; ſhe ſeemed thus to bid them an affectionate adieu. Then after glancing on me a parting look, replete with tenderneſs and ſorrow, ſhe inſtantly diſappeared.—Since that fatal day, my friend I have never beheld Camilla.

Leo was here obliged to pauſe: tears flowed copiouſly down his cheeks; and grief preſſed heavily upon him. Numa embraced him with the tendereſt affection; and the two heroes remained for ſome time locked in each others arms, without uttering a ſingle word. At length Leo attempted to ſubdue his anguiſh, and thus continued his recital:

I was anxious to conceal from my mother the ſacrifice which I had made: a knowledge of it could not increaſe her affection, and might augment her diſquietude. I exerted every endeavour to keep her a ſtranger to my grief. I paſſed my days in tears upon the rock, where I had

firſt

firſt ſeen Camilla; as ſoon as I returned to the cottage, I forced myſelf to aſſume a ſerene aſpect; and when I found that I could not conceal my ſadneſs from the penetrating eyes of my mother, I invented ſome cauſe for my melancholy, which would not be too afflicting to her, and for which ſhe could afford me conſolation.

Two months paſſed away, without any tidings of Camilla, without my calamities being leſs painful than they were at firſt! Alas! the meaſure of my woes ſoon abundantly overflowed. My mother fell ill; I ſearched the mountains for herbs to her relief; but her hour was arrived: ſhe perceived it approaching; and calling to me with feeble accents, addreſſed me in the following words which ſeem ſtill to vibrate in my ears. I have deceived thee, Leo, I am not thy mother. On the bed of death, I beſeech thee to forgive a deception, which has conſtituted the happineſs of my life. Compelled to abandon my cottage to eſcape from the cruel Pelignians, who then waged war againſt us, I arrived on the banks

banks of the river Aternus, at the village of Avia, which thoſe barbarians had juſt deſtroyed by fire: amidſt the horrid ruins which ſlaughter and the flames had left, among heaps of dead bodies, I perceived thee lying in a cradle, pale, covered with blood, and pierced with a poignard, which ſtill remained in thy boſom. Thy beauty captivated my attention; I placed my hand upon thy heart, and found that it ſtill throbbed. I removed thee from this ſcene of horror; I healed thy wound; I became the ſupport of thy tender infancy: thou gaveſt me the name of mother; and I was never able to renounce that delightful appellation. He will deſert me, I uſed to ſay, ſhould he know that he is not my ſon: I am ignorant who are his parents, they could not, however, love him more than I do; let this error continue, which, without rendering him unhappy, chiefly ſupports my exiſtence. Such was the motive of my ſilence. Pardon my weakneſs: thou, my dear ſon, didſt regard me with ſo much tenderneſs, as to render a confeſ-

ſion impoſſible, which might deprive me of thy affection.

At theſe words, I claſped her in my arms, and wept in her boſom. My dear ſon, ſaid ſhe, we muſt part: dry up thy tears; they increaſe the cruelty of our ſeparation. Thou muſt be conſoled by reflecting that I have owed my happineſs to thee; remember that it is by thee alone that my days have been prolonged. With what pleaſure could I relinquiſh the light of life, were I certain that futurity had in ſtore for thee only peace and felicity. Hitherto I have been alarmed leſt thy true mother ſhould come and claim thee; now the hand of death is upon me, I wiſh I could reſtore thee to her. Take this precious ſtone, on which a name is engraved in characters which I have never been able to decypher. When I ſaved thy life, this ſtone hung ſuſpended at thy neck. I have concealed it till this moment; may it ſerve to diſcover thy happy mother! Shouldſt thou ever ſee her, ſay how much I envied her the honour of being thy parent; tell her

that

that my fondneſs rendered me perhaps not unworthy of that delightful privilege; and may you both forgive me for aſſuming a right ſo pleaſing. Adieu, my dear ſon, permit me ſtill to uſe that tender appellation. Come near me: let thy hand cloſe my eyes, and before I expire, let me hear thee once more call me by the fond name of mother.

O my mother! I exclaimed, my beloved mother! I am ever thy ſon, and will remain ſo to the lateſt moment of my life: it is in vain——She was already no more; already the mercileſs tyrant death was in poſſeſſion of his prey.

I will not attempt to deſcribe my affliction: our hearts, Numa, bear a reſemblance to each other, and thou haſt not forgot thy own ſufferings at the death of Tullus. I conſtructed a ſimple pile on which the body of Myrtale was conſumed. With my own hands I made an urn, in which I collected her aſhes; I buried it in a tomb of turf, which I raiſed at a ſhort diſtance from my cottage; and I inſcribed on a

ſtone which covered it:—HERE RESTS MYRTALE. PASSENGER, IF THOU DIDST EVER LOVE THY MOTHER, THINK ON HER, AND HERE WEEP HER LOSS. Then deſerting my cottage and my flock, I departed from theſe mountains, and involuntarily directed my ſteps towards the capital of the Veſtini.

When I arrived in Cingilia, I was informed that the beautiful Camilla, after a long reſiſtance to her father's will, had conſented at laſt to marry the king of the Salentines, and that ſhe had embarked with the ambaſſadors of that monarch. Being violently agitated by this news, as if it had been entirely unexpected, I reaſcended the Appenines with precipitation. Wandering without any fixed deſign, I arrived at the Marſian camp when the army were on the point of electing a general. That martial ſpectacle inſpired me with the love of fame; I determined either to periſh, or to become a hero. I offered myſelf a candidate for the command; and by a happy chance ſucceeded. Thou art acquainted with my

conduct

conduct in the war, and thou ſeeſt the reward of my ſervices.

Leo here finiſhed his recital. During his narrative Numa regarded him with a fixed attention. Every ſentiment penetrated his ſoul. When Leo deſcribed his tender infancy, and his affection for his mother, Numa's countenance was brightened by a ſmile of approbation; when he mentioned his love for Camilla, Numa's cheeks were bedewed with tears.

The ſun was now haſtening to repoſe in the boſom of Thetis, when the two friends reſolved to paſs the night under the covering of the grotto. They gathered ſome fruit from the trees in the valley, and were preparing to retire to reſt. Our journey is finiſhed, ſaid Numa, ſince we have found each other. We will determine to-morrow whither to direct our ſteps. I have ſome deſire to viſit Greece, in order to gain a knowledge of the manners of different nations, and by that ſtudy to improve in wiſdom and in virtue.

My friend, replied Leo, were mankind really virtuous, our knowledge of them would doubtleſs be our own improvement, and I ſhould then ſay, Let us traverſe the world; by our induſtrious reſearches we ſhall become both wiſer and better. But what can we ſee in Greece; what can we gain by viſiting other countries? We ſhall behold only kingdoms compoſed of ſlaves, and governed by tyrants; republics harraſſed by factions, whoſe ſubjects, as a proof of their freedom, murder each other without mercy; ſome illuſtrious characters in diſgrace or exile, by whom the loſs of their country is leſs regretted, than that of the honours which they once poſſeſſed; philoſophers who are called wiſe, whoſe lives are buſy with vain queſtions which they do not themſelves underſtand; in a word, we ſhall behold univerſally, mankind oppreſſed, virtue neglected, ambition or vanity governing even thoſe with deſpotic ſway who are moſt the objects of admiration. What therefore, ſhall we gain by our travels? Our morals perhaps will be endangered.

endangered. It is a falſe notion to ſuppoſe, that the Creator of the univerſe has allowed man to obtain wiſdom only by traverſing foreign countries, and that it is neceſſary to conſume the beſt part of life in laborious acquiſitions for an uncertain old age; he has given us in our nature a code of laws for our conduct, and a judge to decide on our behaviour. Conſcience is deſtined for theſe important purpoſes. Let us live in peace with it, and we ſhall be ſufficiently inſtructed.

Let us then, ſaid Numa, continue in Italy, let us proceed to thy mountains, inhabit thy cottage, and reſume thy flock. I will labour for thee, guard thy ſheep, and weep with thee over the tomb of Myrtale; we will talk together of Camilla by the ſide of that caſcade with which I am already acquainted; and if in this retreat maternal tenderneſs has already afforded thee days of happineſs, the conſolation of friendſhip may perhaps be able to ſoften thy diſquietude.

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He ſpoke. Leo embraced him; and they ſet forward on their expedition. They traverſed in its full extent the country of the Æqui; they paſſed the rapid Tolonius, pervaded the Albenſian foreſts, and at length reached the Apennines.

Since the chace was their only reſource for food, they wandered in purſuit of the wild inhabitants of the woods. They aſcended the ſteepeſt rocks, they penetrated the moſt dangerous receſſes, and diſcovered at laſt a delightful valley, watered by numerous ſprings which deſcended from a range of inacceſſible mountains with which it was ſurrounded. The banks of theſe rivulets were adorned with linden-trees, beeches, olives, elms, encircled with vines, and other fruit trees of various kinds. A delightful meadow, covered with numberleſs flowers, extended on all ſides in a beautifully enamelled plain. Peace and plenty were every where to be ſeen; the ſky was ſerene, the rivulets were tranſparent; ſilence was interrupted only by the melody of birds and the murmur of ſtreams, and the winged

winged choriſters ſeemed to vie with each other in celebrating the happineſs they enjoyed.

Delighted with this ſcene, the two friends haſtened to deſcend into the valley. In contemplating the beauties of nature they enjoyed the pureſt pleaſure which the gods have granted to mankind; they followed the courſe of the principal rivulet without perceiving the footſteps of any human being. The rivulet at length branched out into two ſtreams. After agreeing to meet at the place of their ſeparation, they parted, each determining to purſue different courſes of the divided channel.

Leo proceeded to a conſiderable diſtance, and met no other objects than trees, flowers, and fruits.

Numa, more fortunate, perceived an untended flock, contiguous to a little copſe of laurels. He entered the wood with deliberate ſteps, looked around, and diſcovered under an arbour of wild jaſmine, a young woman clothed in white, and ſeated on a graſſy

graſſy bank. She ſeemed completely occupied with a book, which reſted on her knees. Her flaxen hair, which covered her head and ſhoulders, was moved gently by the zephyrs, and expoſed a countenance the moſt beautiful to the eyes of Numa. Yet her features derived their principal charm from a candour and openneſs of mind with which they were adorned. They ſeemed to expreſs the ſerenity and the peace of virtue; a celeſtial emanation appeared to repel every voluptuous ſentiment, and to fill the mind with ideas pure and delightful; a ſacred reverence was inſpired, more affectionate and more animated than deſire itſelf.

Numa beheld her without either ſurprize or anxiety; his heart throbbed with no increaſe of palpitation; he experienced a mild ſatisfaction, by which his reaſon was undiſturbed; the idea of love was diſtant from his imagination. He miſtook not the ſhepherdeſs for a divinity; his ſenſes, in a ſtate of tranquillity, did not deceive him

him by exaggeration; in beholding only what was real, he conſidered her as the moſt beautiful of her ſex, and believed her to be the moſt virtuous.

He ſilently advanced towards her, and endeavoured to examine the book which ſhe was reading; but with the characters he was unacquainted. He retired cautiouſly; and from his place of concealment ſaw a venerable old man approach, leaning on a knotted ſtick; his white hair which overhung his forehead, his long beard deſcended to his breaſt, his viſage furrowed with wrinkles, preſerved an air of grandeur, which anxiety and age had been unable to efface. My daughter, ſaid he, behold the ſun is ſetting; let us fulfil the precepts of our ſacred law. At theſe words, the ſhepherdeſs aroſe, and diſcovered to Numa her majeſtic figure. She caſt her beautiful blue eyes upon her father; ſhe ſtretched out to him her hand with a benignant ſmile; and he, leaning upon her arm, returned with ſlow ſteps towards a cottage,

cottage, ſituated in the moſt retired receſſes of the wood.

Not daring to follow, Numa watched them with attention. They waſhed their hands in a pure ſpring; afterwards entered the cottage, and in a ſhort time the old man appeared in a different habit from that which he had previouſly worn. His long robe was changed for a ſhort tunic, a girdle, compoſed of many cords, was faſtened round his waiſt; his face was half veiled. He held a brazen vaſe in his hand, from which a flame iſſued: and placed this reſpectfully on a poliſhed ſtone. His daughter followed, carrying perfumes, roots, and a light faggot of dry ſticks. On their knees, they caſt theſe offerings into the fire, ſtirred it with inſtruments of gold, and uttered a prayer in an unknown language.

The old man ſoon after roſe from the ground, and carried back the vaſe with an equal reverence. The young ſhepherdeſs collectedher flock, which was diſperſed over the

the meadow, penned it in a fold of hurdles, and returned to her father, while Numa, full of surprise and joy, hastened to rejoin Leo.

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

BOOK IX.

Numa and Leo are received by the old man. They admire his daughter Anais, and leave the cottage with regret. Leo revisits his former habitation. He meets Camilla. The joy of these two lovers. Camilla relates her adventures. She is married to Leo. They set out with Numa to pay a visit to the old man. Numa preserves Anais and her father from robbers. He is wounded. The history of Zoroaster. Leo becomes acquainted with his father.

NUMA returned to his friend, and related what he had seen. He conducted him towards the cottage; they arrived,

rived, and knocked at the door. The young ſhepherdeſs opened it, and beheld them with apprehenſion. Take courage, ſaid Leo, we mean not to diſturb your quiet: allow us to continue with you till to-morrow's dawn, when, after thanking the gods for your kindneſs, we will reſume our journey.

At theſe words, ſhe introduced them to her father. He was ſeated on the floor upon a matted bed, holding in his hands the diſtaff and ſpindles which his daughter had juſt left. A few clumſy chairs, a rickety table, ſome wooden veſſels ſuſpended by the handles, and a lyre of ebony, were all the riches of this humble dwelling.

The ſage no ſooner perceived his gueſts, than he aroſe, and invited them to repoſe under his roof. Anais, ſaid he to his daughter, prepare ſome lukewarm water, and get ready for our viſitors our beſt repaſt. She modeſtly obeyed, kindled a fire, brought a brazen pot, filled it with water, and while it was heating, haſtened to the orchard.

She ſoon returned with grapes, olives, and other fruits, together with a honeycomb and ſome flowers. With theſe ſhe ornamented the fruit, brought beechen cups, filled an earthen veſſel with new wine, and pouring lukewarm water into a wooden bowl, preſented it to her father. Notwithſtanding the earneſt refuſal of his gueſts, he obliged them to allow him to waſh their feet, and afterwards ſat down at table with them.

The emotion which the two heroes experienced ſcarce allowed them the power of thanking him for his kindneſs. Numa kept his eyes fixed upon Anais, admired her beauty, her ſimple elegance, and her gentle and frank politeneſs; but he was moſt delighted with her filial affection, and with her amiable candour, which was viſible, without affectation, in her moſt trivial actions. Oh! ſaid Numa to himſelf, how happy ſhould I be, were I the brother of this charming creature! His reſpect for Anais allowed him not to indulge further deſire.

Leo was more captivated with the old man than with his daughter; he perceived himſelf drawn towards him by a ſecret charm, with whoſe origin he was unacquainted: his white hair, his venerable countenance, where at the ſame time were viſible the traces of misfortune and of virtue; that noble gravity of deportment deſtitute of all ſeverity, conſpired to excite in the breaſt of Leo a reverence mingled with affection. The old man in return fixed his feeble eyes attentively upon Leo. He transferred his regard alternately from him to Anais, and ſeemed to compare their features. Amidſt this contemplation he ſighed, dropped the fruit from his hand, and haſtily wiped away the tears with which his eyes overflowed, that he might again behold the Marſian hero.

Anais, who was never without attending to her father, perceived his emotion: attributing it to his recollection of paſt ſorrows, ſhe took her lyre to divert his attention. Her delicate fingers ſoon tuned its ſtrings to harmony; her ſweet and af-

fecting voice captivated attention: Numa, Leo, and even her aged parent, liſtened to her with rapture.

She ſung how the world was called into exiſtence by the word of Oroſmades; how the ſun was kindled by his breath to fertilize the earth, to produce harveſts, trees, plants, and every wholeſome vegetable; how man was created pure and immortal, and how he fell from that happy ſtate, corrupted by Arimanius, the author of all the evil which has appeared in the univerſe; this enemy of mankind, who is of equal antiquity with Oroſmades, poiſoned the ſources of happineſs, by mixing numberleſs ills with the bounteous gifts of the Supreme Being; at length the legiſlator was ſent from heaven to combat and conquer Arimanius, to ſupport fallen man, to recal him to true worſhip, and to revive in his ſoul that principle of virtue which vice had extinguiſhed.

At this paſſage the old man caſt his eyes upon Anais: ſhe pronounced not the legiſlator's name.

Numa

Numa and Leo looked at each other, admired the wonders they had heard, and diſcovered that ſome of the tenets ſhe had mentioned had a reference to their own religion. But they were moſt aſtoniſhed at that affecting ſimplicity, and that ſublime morality which Anais had mingled with her recital: the ſoftneſs of her voice, the ſtength of her memory, her modeſt deportment augmented the pleaſure of her hearers. Numa fancied himſelf tranſported into the ſociety of the gods; he thought he heard Minerva announcing new myſteries to mankind.

The travellers at length retired to ſleep; and on the morrow at ſun-riſe prepared for their departure. A ſecret ſympathy and affection made them regret the loſs they were going to ſuffer; they would willingly have paſſed their lives in this cottage: Anais and her father would gladly have wiſhed the ſame. She ran to the orchard to gather ſome fruit for Numa; the old man obliged Leo to accept of ſome wine in a leathern bottle. They informed the travellers

travellers of the way by which their journey would be rendered eaſieſt; they begged them earneſtly to return again to the valley. Numa and Leo promiſed to comply, and at laſt ſet forward with heavy hearts.

Without uttering a word, they frequently turned to look towards the cottage, which they had left with ſuch regret. Each in ſilence recalled to his memory all that he had ſeen and heard: that unknown religion, ſome of whoſe myſteries had been ſung by Anais, that prayer before the fire expreſſed in ſacred language, confounded their ideas, and puzzled their conjectures. Leo was aſtoniſhed at the ſecret impulſe he felt for a ſtranger, who ſeemed not to have been born in Italy; Numa cheriſhed in his boſom an affection for Anais, more ardent than love itſelf.

The latter at length broke ſilence, and propoſed to his friend to return, and fix their dwelling near that of Anais. Leo was equally anxious to embrace this propoſal: but had a previous deſire to reviſit his

his ancient cottage, and to weep once more over the tomb of Myrtale. Numa reſpectfully complied with his wiſhes. The agitation which they experienced recalled to their remembrance gloomy ideas: Leo mentioned Camilla; Numa compared Herſilia with the modeſt Anais. A tender melancholy took poſſeſſion of both; they wept, and afforded to each other mutual conſolation. Such are the delights of friendſhip, which mingles a ſoothing balm with the grief which it participates, and which even from pain extracts pleaſure!

At the end of three days Leo diſcovered his cottage. On beholding it, he ſtopped, and his ſtrength failed him. Supported by Numa, he, however ſoon advanced; and every tree, place, and object inſpired a pleaſing recollection. Here he had played with Myrtale, and liſtened to her inſtruction; there he had planted flowers intended as a preſent for his mother: every thing reminded him of former affection, or of paſt felicity. His overflowing eyes could not be ſatiated with beholding objects which

which they had ſeen ſo often. The air which he breathed was oppreſſive, his ideas were burthenſome, his heart was heavy, and yet this ſorrow contained in his eſtimation a ſecret delight.

As he approached the door, he fell proſtrate on the ground; afterwards lifting up his hands, he addreſſed the following words to the rural deities: Ye nymphs and naiads who protected my infancy, and whom I reviſit with ſuch joy, deign to accept this teſtimony of my veneration; be ſatisfied at preſent with the affectionate vows which I pay you; you ſhall ſoon ſhare the libations of milk which I will offer at the tomb of my mother.

At theſe words, he aroſe, and entered his cottage. How great was his ſurprize to find it exactly in the ſtate in which he left it! Every thing was in order, and in its proper place. He examined his ancient javelins, his inſtruments of gardening, and the flute on which he firſt celebrated the charms of Camilla. He kiſſed this with the tendereſt affection. But he deſerted

deſerted every object to repair to the tomb of Myrtale, and he found it adorned with freſh flowers; many which were blighted teſtified that ſome pious hand muſt have renewed them every day. Leo dropped on his knees, watered with his tears the verdant turf with which the tomb was covered, and bleſſed the unknown hand by whoſe care it was thus adorned. Numa in ſilence at the ſide of his friend, ſhared all his thoughts and wiſhes.

Soon after Leo, ſtretching out his hand, pronounced the name of Camilla, as he led Numa towards the rock, and caſcade ſo dear to his remembrance. He ran and arrived there; and the firſt object which ſtruck his view was Camilla herſelf upon the rock.

At this ſight, Leo cried out, and haſtened precipitately towards her. She turned her head; but before they were able to meet, they were both deprived of their ſenſes.

Numa immediately afforded his aſſiſtance, and they were reſtored to life. They had ſcarcely opened their eyes, when they ſought

ſought and found each other. Is it Camilla, ſaid Leo, whom I have ſo long lamented? Ye immortal gods, if this be a dream, grant that the moment when I awake from it may conclude my being.

Camilla, the virtuous Camilla, preſſed him to her boſom, aſſured him that his bliſs was real. It is me, ſaid ſhe; it is thy faithful miſtreſs, whom nothing on earth ſhall now be able to tear from thee. I am thine for ever; I will hereafter live with the lord of my affections, with him who ſaved my live, and for whom alone I have thought it worthy of preſervation.

At theſe words, ſhe again embraced him, bid him wipe away his tears, ſmiled tenderly upon him, and her face bedewed with tears, was expreſſive of joy and happineſs; reſembling thoſe gilded clouds which ſhed upon the flowers a gentle rain, while the ſun, faintly eclipſed, pierces them with his rays, and ſtill ſhines through the pearly drops which they diſtil.

After a few moments devoted to love and joy, Leo conducted his Camilla to the different

different ſcenes where they had been acuſtomed to converſe on the ſubject of their mutual paſſion. Here, ſaid he, I wiſh to be informed of what has befallen you ſince our laſt interview. Speak before my friend; he knows all our ſecrets, he reads my heart as intimately as I do myſelf; and you will give him yours, when you are acquainted with his virtues.

Camilla caſt on Numa a glance of the mildeſt complacency; ſhe ſeated herſelf between the two heroes, and thus gratified their impatient curioſity:

The gods have been propitious to me; they have preſerved me from nuptials, which I dreaded more than diſſolution. I however obeyed my father; I have preſerved him from a war which he would have been unable to ſuſtain. The king of the Marrucini had retired to his own country; I was with the ambaſſadors of Telemantus on board a veſſel which that prince had ſent for me. I need not acquaint Leo, with what ideas my mind was occupied. Our hearts ſympathize too inti-

mately to require a minute deſcription of all they have ſuffered.

We were advancing with crouded ſails towards the Salentian coaſt, and were off Metina, when the clouds gathered ſo thick over our heads as to deprive us of the light of heaven. All the winds conſpired to elevate the foaming waves. The horrors of an univerſal night covered the ocean; lightning furrowed the clouds; on every ſide inevitable death was preſented to our view.

Thou, Leo, ſolely occupied my thoughts; I bleſſed the gods, thanked the ſtorm, and rejoiced at the idea of eſcaping from Telemantus. I wiſhed every moment that our veſſel might be loſt. That inſtant arrived. Officers, ſoldiers, and ſailors, all were ſwallowed up by the waves. Camilla was immerſed in the devouring ocean; but loſt neither her courage nor her ſtrength. I roſe above the billows, and ſeizing part of the wreck, cheriſhed the hope of ſtill preſerving myſelf for thee. Thus the ſport of the winds and waves, in the midſt of darkneſs, and in the jaws of death, I ſaid, there is

no

no cauſe for fear; for I am either ſure to die, or to live for the ſake of Leo.

Love doubtleſs watched over my fate. The ſea by degrees grew calm; the waves as they chaſed each other drove towards the ſhore the plank to which I clung. At length I diſcovered land, and gained it. I fell on my knees, and thanked the gods, much leſs for being preſerved from death, than for eſcaping from Telemantus. I looked round me, and ſaw a high range of mountains. I was informed by a huſbandman that I was in Apulia, at the foot of the celebrated mount Garganus. He conducted me to his cottage; after three days reſt I recovered ſome ſtrength; the gold which I poſſeſſed provided me with a bow and arrows, and enabled me to reward the huſbandman for his hoſpitality.

Alone, without any other reſource than my bow, I became determined to reach the Appenines, and to viſit thy cottage. The journey muſt inevitably be long, the paths in which I was to go were unknown: but thou wert the object of my purſuit, and

no dangers could affright me. I ſet forward, without a guide or companion, travelling in the night to abridge my expedition, paſſing rivers, climbing rocks, and not dreading to rouſe from their dens beaſts of prey. I ſought by choice the darkeſt woods, and the moſt ſavage deſarts, for fear of being met by ſome Salentian, who, like myſelf, had outlived the ſhipwreck.

My fears were but too well founded: on the frontiers of the country of the Samnites, within the territories of the Fretanians, at day break, as I was departing from a cave, where I had paſſed the night, I heard ſeveral human voices; I diſtinguiſhed the name of Camilla. I was ſeized with terror; concealed in the cave I lent an attentive ear, and ſoon perceived that the voices proceeded from ſoldiers who had eſcaped the wreck; they talked of my death; and being without a leader, and at a diſtance from their country, were meditating robberies and plunder.

In this ſituation, I hardly dared to breathe: I reſembled a timid fawn, which, as it lies concealed under ſome herbage, beholds a famiſhed

famiſhed pack of hounds paſs by. On leaving the cave, after the departure of the ſoldiers, I fell on my knees, and exclaimed, O Venus! thou goddeſs who preſideſt over feeling hearts; it is thou who haſt preſerved me from the waves, but of what value is thy kindneſs, while I am diſtant from the object of my adoration! O brighteſt of immortal beings, remember the tears which love has made thee ſhed; and thy heart will pity ſorrows which it once has known. Direct my ſteps towards my lover, deign to inform me of the path which I ought to take. Queen of gods and men, if thou attendeſt to my petition, I ſwear to erect an altar to thee on that ſpot where I ſhall behold Leo, and the moſt beautiful of his rams ſhall be offered up as a ſacrifice.

On finiſhing theſe words, two doves gliding through the air, appeared before me. I accepted the happy preſage; I obſerved the birds of Venus, and followed them with confidence. Without leaving me, they ſometimes flew near the ground with rapid wing, ſometimes reſted on the graſs for food, but

they never diſappeared altogether from my ſight. After nine days journey, I diſcovered thy cottage at a diſtance; I ſaw the doves alight upon its roof. There they ſeemed to lament and coo diſconſolately, and ſoon after taking flight, were no more viſible.

Judge, Leo, of my joy. I expreſſed my gratitude to Venus, to the doves, to all the immortal gods. But I arrived at thy cottage, and found it deſerted; my eyes ſought, my voice called thee in vain. I traverſed with diſquietude the neighbourhood of thy dwelling, and found only a cheerleſs ſolitude. I diſcovered a tomb, and knew by the inſcription it was Myrtale's. Alas! my friend, I became almoſt diſconſolate at this ſight. My hopes are ended, I exclaimed: he has doubtleſs gone in queſt of me, will hear of my being ſhipwrecked, and will periſh with grief.

This I believed and repeated every day; and yet I every day viſited the mountain in hopes of meeting thee. Should he live, I uſed to ſay, I am convinced he will return.

turn. He will come again to his mother's tomb, to the firſt aſylum of our loves. Be he a king or a ſlave, provided he gains his freedom, he will hither direct his ſteps. I know that to theſe ſcenes, endeared by filial affection, he will aſſuredly repair.

With this hope, I ſettled in thy cottage, collected thy flock, and took care of every thing which had been thine. My ſorrow was beguiled by this ſoothing occupation. I was pleaſed that thy property was my only poſſeſſion, and that I ſhould give thee an account of it at thy return. I every day drove thy ſheep to their paſture, and decked thy mother's grave with flowers; I invoked her beloved ſhade, and begged her to bring thee to me. My wiſhes are heard; I ſee thee again; and all that I have ſuffered is nothing.

Thus ſpoke Camilla: Leo preſſed her to his boſom, while the pious Numa raiſed an altar of turf, and haſtened to chooſe the ram which Camilla had vowed to Venus. He placed it on the altar; and on their knees they concluded the ſacrifice. They afterwards

afterwards returned to the cottage, and next day the two lovers, crowned with flowers, went to the tomb of Myrtale. Numa was their guide. Acquainted from his infancy with the ceremonies of ſacrifice, he offered to the manes two black ſheep, and four lambs to his protectreſs Ceres. He invoked and begged the goddeſs to ſhower down bleſſings from the height of heaven on the nuptials of Leo and Camilla: he joined their hands, he united them in the names of Ceres and Myrtale; he then, in honour of the occaſion, conſumed whole victims, and returned with them, ſinging the hymeneal hymn. Pleaſing, ſimple ceremony, bearing little reſemblance to the dazzling and joyleſs marriages of kings! Affecting union, which had no witneſſes but the gods, no guarantee but virtue, no pontiff but friendſhip.

Their happineſs reminded Numa of the pleaſant valley: he ſpoke only of Anais; he dreamed only of her, he yielded without apprehenſion to feelings, which he ſuſpected not to be thoſe of love. The ſentiments

timents which ſhe inſpired were ſo different from thoſe which Herſilia had excited, his firſt paſſion had rendered him ſo unhappy, that, ſtill trembling at the name of love, he called by the term friendſhip that irreſiſtible inclination by which he was attracted to Anais.

After Leo and Camilla had devoted ſome time to the rapturous enjoyments of love, Numa propoſed a journey to the plealant valley. Leo ſmiled: Numa bluſhing reminded him that he had promiſed the venerable tenant a ſecond viſit. The Marſian hero joyfully conſented, Camilla would not be ſeparated; they all armed ſet forward, and lightened by their converſation the fatigues of a laborious expedition.

Numa always led the way; the nearer they approached, the greater was his impatience: and when the cottage appeared he preſſed forward to it with redoubled precipitation.

He was doubtleſs conducted by a divinity; for he had ſcarce reached the valley when he heard cries of diſtreſs. He haſtened

tened forward, and perceived the venerable old man in the hands of a numerous banditti, who were dragging him along, and threatening him with inſtant death.

A little farther on he beheld Anais ſurrounded by another troop, regardleſs of her ſighs and tears. She and her father were in ſituations of equal danger. To whom ſhould he firſt afford aſſiſtance? He determined to defend the weaker. He ruſhed upon the ruffians who had ſeized the father, ſacrificed three of them, furiouſly repulſed the reſt, and cried out aloud, in order to draw the others from Anais. At his voice theſe joined their companions. Numa's fears were now much diminiſhed. danger threatened himſelf only, and was clothed with no terror. Anais was near her father; and Numa became a ſhield to both. He alone oppoſed the whole band of robbers. He inflicted wounds with incredible profuſion; but he himſelf was alſo at laſt wounded. Two of the banditti lay breathleſs at his feet; but their companions were ready to overpower him. He

began

began to ſink under their blows, when the club of Leo fell like thunder in the midſt of the robbers. Camilla ſoon perceived they were the Salentian ſoldiers who had eſcaped from the ſhipwreck, and pierced with her arrows as many of them as came within her reach. Anais's father, who was riſen from the ground, had ſeized a ſword, and was defending his protectors. The robbers were ſoon ſlain: Anais embraced her father: Numa and Leo were bathed in tears of gratitude and joy.

The fatigue of a long combat, the loſs of blood, the ſudden tranſition from the dread of loſing Anais to the pleaſure of having ſaved her, exhauſted Numa's remaining powers. He was carried to the cottage, and attended with aſſiduous anxiety. Leo and the old man examined and dreſſed his wounds. The grateful Anais came forward, and gently preſſed his hand. You have doubly ſaved my life, ſaid ſhe; I owe to you my own preſervation and that of my father. Theſe words were to Numa a healing balm; he was unable to reply,

ply, yet his eyes caſt on Anais glances of ſatisfaction, and expreſſed what his tongue could not utter.

The wounds of Numa were deep, but not dangerous; time only was wanting for his cure. Anais and her father, Camilla and her huſband, were his conſtant attendants. That tender friendſhip which had already commenced between the venerable cottager and the Marſian hero, gained every day additional ſtrength. Leo and Numa were both equally impatient to know the hiſtory of a character whom they ſo highly revered. One day, while all were ſeated near the bed of the wounded youth, the two friends joined their intreaties to obtain this recital, and the old man, after raiſing his eyes to heaven, began in the following terms:

I am by birth a Bactrian, my blood is derived from the ancient kings of Perſia, and my name, celebrated in Aſia, has perhaps reached your ears; I am called ZOROASTER.

At

At this illuſtrious name, Numa, Leo, and Camilla beheld each other with ſurprize, and the ſage with veneration. The affectionate Anais, who read in their minds the reſpect with which they regarded her father, teſtified her gratitude by a ſmile of the moſt captivating ſweetneſs.

Zoroaſter proceeded: My father being dethroned by the king of Aſſyria, wandered as a ſuppliant through all the courts of Aſia, and left me no other inheritance than the hiſtory of his misfortunes, and his right to the throne of Perſia. This I was anxious to aſſert: I levied troops, and returned to the kingdom which my anceſtors had governed. I found that Perſia was happy under the empire of Phul, the wiſe king of Nineveh: this great man ſupported his throne by juſtice. I was ſenſible that my ſubjects would gain nothing by a change of maſters. From that moment I renounced my projects; to diſturb the happineſs of a whole nation for empty claims, in which I alone was intereſted, ſeemed to me highly criminal; and I could never con-

ſent that thouſands of my fellow creatures ſhould deſtroy each other, to aſſiſt me in ſupplanting a monarch, whom I could not excel in virtue. I diſbanded my troops; I carefully concealed my birth; I ſtifled thoſe proud ſuggeſtions from which the pureſt mind is not totally exempt; and devoting my time entirely to the ſtudy of nature, I was more delighted in becoming a philoſopher than a king.

I traverſed every country in Aſia; I ſought among the Bramins, the Chineſe, and the philoſophers of the Ganges, for that wiſdom of which I was enamoured. I every where diſcovered that ſuperſtition was to mankind much dearer than truth. As ſimplicity is its greateſt charm, it is leſs dazzling than error. I relinquiſhed the hope of meeting it upon earth, and I wiſhed for diſſolution.

The great Oroſmades, from his celeſtial throne, caſt his eyes upon me, and infuſed into my breaſt a pure ray of his intelligence. During twenty years I meditated in a deſart, and my reaſon proved to me that there

there could be only one God; that this Deity had given me a ſoul, which ſhould certainly ſurvive my body, to receive puniſhment or reward. My heart informed me that God was good; and that the evil which I ſaw upon the earth could not proceed from him, but muſt be derived from ſome malevolent being, the enemy of God and mankind. I abhorred that being. I adored my Creator; I worſhipped him in the moſt ſtriking of his works, in the ſun, bright emblem of his power, ſplendour, and beneficence. I ſaw that this ſun bounteouſly afforded harveſts to the Scythians, the Perſians, the Syrians, and all the people of the earth, however divided in religious opinions. I concluded that this Supreme Being, ſo univerſally indulgent, loves all mankind, ſupports thoſe who calumniate him, pardons their weakneſs, and is averſe to perſecution.

Convinced of theſe eternal truths, I thought them too valuable an acquiſition to be enjoyed alone. I conſidered it as my duty to make them known; I quitted my

ſolitude, and ſaid to the people, Love God and your fellow creatures. Adore the Creator in the ſun, which is the torch of the world, and in the fire, which is the ſoul of every thing. Be pure in your thoughts, words, and actions. Whatever be your religion, do good to all mankind; live and die faithful to your kings; pay tributes without murmuring; cultivate the earth, for to labour is to ſerve God; and learn to abſtain from an action when you are doubtful whether it be good or bad.

Such was my doctrine: I diffuſed it from the Euphrates to the Indus. The people heard and believed me; my diſciples daily increaſed; had I choſen to have armed them, I might have ſubdued Aſia. But the love of mankind was ſtronger in my heart than any affection for my tenets. I would have relinquiſhed the hope of ſeeing them prevail, if their eſtabliſhment had required an effuſion of blood. I diſperſed my diſciples, and compelled them to leave me; I ſaid to them, Love peace, remain with your families; the God whom I declare

to

to you forbids that you expoſe yourſelves to danger on my account.

Among my diſciples was a young virgin, who, notwithſtanding my poſitive prohibition, refuſed to leave me. She was called Oxane; my tears will flow at the repetition of a name ſo much beloved. Oxane loved Zoroaſter, ſtill more than the prophet. She became my conſtant attendant. When I ſpoke, ſhe liſtened with rapture; her ſoul ſpoke in her eyes; her countenance was expreſſive of felicity: when I remained ſilent, or when the leaſt cloud ſeemed to obſcure my brow, Oxane was more melancholy than myſelf; ſhe dared not to aſk the cauſe of my ſolicitude, yet her anxious looks informed me of what ſhe ſuffered. I conjured her continually not to follow me. O my father, ſhe replied, I would die for thy doctrine, but allow me to live for Zoroaſter. The more I ſee and hear thee, the more I feel that I love the God thou worſhippeſt. I fear leſt thou ſhouldſt ſuffer perſecution, and this idea weds me to thy fortune. No, Oxane will

never leave thee, till thou haſt found the partner whom Oroſmades has deſigned thee. I am anxious to ſee and to ſerve that happy woman who is to recompenſe thee by her affection, her care, and her delicious ſociety, for all the good which thou haſt beſtowed upon mankind.

Such love and conſtancy kindled in my mind a ſentiment to which I had believed myſelf a ſtranger. I became the huſband of Oxane. Oroſmades from his exalted throne, bleſſed our nuptials; and in giving me a virtuous and affectionate wife, made made me ample recompence for every labour I had undergone.

O ſeaſon of felicity, thy duration was too fleeting! Oxane and I lived in Perſia: my diſciples, who had aſſumed the title of Magi, diſperſed in their retreats, worſhipped the fire, cultivated the earth, and practiſed virtue.

Phul, the king of Nineveh, like all great monarchs, was a friend to toleration, and diſregarded a religion which neither corrupted the loyalty, nor the morals of his ſubjects.

ſubjects. But being arrived at an extreme old age, he paid the tribute to nature, and left his throne to his ſon Sardanapalus.

The unhappy prince, too young for ſo exalted a ſtation, reſigned to flatterers, by whom his mind had been corrupted, the reins of empire, forgot the leſſons of his father, his ſubjects and his duty, and plunged into the moſt enormous and diſgraceful exceſſes. The vices of his court extended their baneful influence to Nineveh, and from thence were diffuſed over the whole empire. In the ſpace of two years, the capital and the provinces became equally corrupt. Become the ſport of his miniſters; the ſlave of his eunuchs, and the tyrant of his people, he recollected that he was a king only by the cruel edicts which he ſigned, by the exactions which he made, and by the blood which he profuſely ſhed to gratify his infamous pleaſures, or to pleaſe his abandoned minions.

Every thing at Nineveh was to be gained only by money: honours, employments, juſtice were ſold to the higheſt bidder.

Courtiers

Courtiers governed the empire, commanded with a ſmile the ruin of a province, and boaſted that they conſumed at a meal the property of a hundred families. Cruel ſatraps, enemies both to the ſtate and the people, equally deſpiſing their maſter and each other, carried on a public traffic, ſold without remorſe the patrimony of the orphan, and the liberty of the innocent. Soldiers boaſted of the effeminacy of their manners; magiſtrates no longer bluſhed for their injuſtice. Among every order of citizens, rapine was the only path to reputation; and the people, exhauſted by taxes, trodden under foot by the nobles, miniſters, judges, and even by the king's ſlaves, ſupplicated heaven for relief.

Weakneſs and cruelty are commonly united. From his profligate retreat, he ordered a perſecution againſt the Magi. He had juſt been engaged in a diſgraceful war, and thinking the gods were offended, he imagined it more eaſy to revenge their cauſe by bloodſhed, than to appeaſe them by the practice of virtue. He directed my diſciples

diſciples to be exterminated, proclaimed a reward of ten talents of gold, to any perſon who ſhould ſeize me alive, and condemned me by anticipation to torments before unknown.

Fire and ſword ſoon deſolated the habitations of the Magi; and their retreats ſwam with blood. The unrelenting ſoldiers of Sardanapalus, who had exhibited cowardice againſt their enemies, were abundantly zealous in perſecuting their fellow citizens. They purſued with the ſword the few Magi who had eſcaped; they ſlaughtered whom they overtook, and they maſſacred, after having violated them, our mothers and daughters, and believed every outrage meritorious, becauſe they acted in the name of their gods.

I eſcaped with my wife; but many times I was on the point of ſurrendering myſelf to the tyrant, in order to ſtop the ravages of perſecution. The cruel Sardanapalus, however, had condemned *all* the Magi, and my death would not have preſerved a ſingle individual; beſides, Oxane carried in her

her womb a pledge of our affection; and the name of father rendered me attached to life. Comforted by my wife, ſupported by her courage, wandering from deſart to deſart, deſtitute of friends, and often in want of food, we traverſed Perſia, Sogdiana, Bactria, conſtantly in danger of falling into the hands of our perſecutors, always rejected or betrayed by thoſe of whom we begged protection. Yet in the midſt of our perils, and under impending calamities, the idea of ſuffering for truth ſoftened all our anxieties. In every additional grief we thought of future recompenſe. Hope inſpired us with ſtrength, and love with conſolation.

Having entered at laſt into the deſarts of Arabia, we penetrated a deep cavern, in the middle of which ſtood a tomb. The ſtone was thrown down; the coffin was empty. A golden plate ſtruck my eye: I took hold of it, and by the faint glimpſe of light which the cave afforded, I perceived inſcribed theſe words, written in ſacred characters. "Zoroaſter, depoſit in this

"place

" place the book of the ſacred law, the *Zend*
" *aveſta*, which thou haſt written under
" the inſpiration of Oroſmades. The hour
" is not yet arrived, when this book, which
" is an emanation from the deity, muſt be
" known to mankind: thy religion will
" yet for a long period be rejected by the
" world. But a ſecond Zoroaſter will in
" the fulneſs of time be born; who ſhall
" direct his ſteps to this cavern, and ſhall
" find thy ſacred volume; and, having
" ſhewn it to Aſia, will place it on a throne,
" where it ſhall become the law of nations.
" Reſpecting thyſelf, thy labours are ter-
" minated: ſet forward on thy journey to
" Phœnicia; and, braving the ſtormy
" ocean, ſeek in the weſt for a tranquil
" country, where, thy name being leſs
" known, thou ſhalt not be expoſed to per-
" ſecution. Such is the wiſh of Oroſ-
" mades; obey without a murmur."

Theſe words I peruſed twice, and doubted not but they had been traced by an angel's hand. I replaced the golden plate reſpectfully in the coffin. I depoſited there the

the ſacred volume; I covered the tomb with the ſtone which had been thrown down, and falling proſtrate on the earth, I made obeiſance to Oroſmades.

After having adored his name, I departed from the cavern; and directed my ſteps towards the rich city of Tyre. There, attended by my beloved Oxane, I went on board a veſſel with an intention of ſeeking an aſylum among the inhabitants of Greece or Iberia. Our ſhip was driven by a ſtorm on the Tarentanian coaſt. Oroſmades heard my ſupplication, and preſerved my wife. I carried her in my arms to a village of the Marſi, where we were received with kindneſs. But my dear Oxane, feeble, languiſhing, and overpowered with the fatigue of her voyage, was ſoon ſurprized by the pains of labour; ſhe made me at the ſame time the father of a ſon and a daughter. We determined to ſettle among the Marſi; ſome jewels, the only remains of my former fortune, put me in poſſeſſion of a cottage.

We

We were enjoying happineſs and repoſe in the worſhip of our divinity, and in the education of our children, when the cruel Pelignians, who were then at war with the Marſi, burnt our village, and ruſhed into the cottage where I was ſleeping with my children and Oxane. My wife and ſon were maſſacred by thoſe barbarians before my face. My tears and cries, and efforts were in vain. I ſaved my daughter only; I ſhielded her with my body: I received all the wounds which thoſe fiends deſigned for her. Carrying her in my arms through flames and ſlaughter, and marking my paſſage with blood, I arrived in this valley, built a cottage, in which I have brought up my beloved Anais, my laſt and only conſolation after eighty years misfortunes. She is the only motive for which I wiſh to live, ſince both in her features and her virtues ſhe daily reminds me of Oxane.

At theſe words the venerable ſage embraced Anais with the moſt ardent affection.

Leo, in a ſtate of extreme impatience, ſeized his hand, and with tears ſtarting from his eyes, demanded: In what place, in what village, did you loſe your ſon? In Avia, anſwered the ſage, on the banks of the river Aternus. Did not that child whom you lament, continued Leo, wear at his neck an engraved emerald? Yes, replied he ſurprized, his mother was pleaſed that he ſhould wear it; the name of Oroſmades was written in Perſian characters.

Embrace your ſon! exclaimed Leo, throwing himſelf into his arms, I have the happineſs to call you father. Here is the emerald you have mentioned: I was found in Avia in the arms of death; I bear ſtill on my boſom the mark of the poniard with which I was wounded by the Pelignians. From the firſt moment I beheld you, my heart throbbed with unuſual anxiety: an involuntary ſympathy has aſſured me that I was indebted to you for life.

He ſpoke, and Zoroaſter was unable to reply. He acknowledged the ſtone to be the

the ſame; he read the name of his divinity: he preſſed Leo to his boſom, covered him with kiſſes, and was ready to expire in an extacy of joy.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

BOOK X.

Troubles at Rome. Numa's happineſs. Leo ſolicits the hand of Anais for his friend. Zoroaſter refuſes. The ſpeech of Numa. He obtains Anais. On the point of marrying her. The arrival of the Roman ambaſſadors. They relate the calamities of Rome, the plague by which it has been ravaged, the death of Romulus, and the election of Numa. Numa refuſes the crown. Anais's arguments to induce him to accept it. He remains inflexible.

DURING theſe events, Rome was in a ſtate of conſternation and diſorder. The Sabines, afflicted at the loſs of

of Tatius, and the exile of Numa, paid a reluctant obedience to the aſſaſſin of their king. Tatia's death, which was attributed to Herſilia, rendered that princeſs the object of execration. More inveterate than ever againſt the Romans, indulging a mutual diſtruſt of each other, and not concealing their hatred, they were conſtantly ready to engage in a civil war. Enmity and ſuſpicion pervaded every family; and had not the prudent Metius interpoſed, Rome muſt have become the theatre of outrage and bloodſhed.

Romulus, a prey to that gloomy rancour, which, in the minds of the moſt abandoned occupies the place of remorſe, in order to reſtrain his people, oppreſſed them with new taxes, ſhed the blood of the nobles, and reigned only by terror.

Herſilia, who reſembled too nearly in diſpoſition her inhuman father, was perpetually the victim of jealouſy and rage. Perſuaded that ſome happy fair one was in poſſeſſion of Numa's affections, ſhe diſpatched ſecret emiſſaries to all the ſtates

of Italy, to gain information of her lover and her rival, to threaten with her father's vengeance thoſe kings who ſhould allow them an aſylum, and to offer a reward for depriving them of life.

During this period, Numa, concealed in the receſſes of the Appenines, and ſurrounded by faithful friends, was ſhedding tears of joy over the happineſs of Leo and Zoroaſter. The affectionate ſage could not ſatisfy himſelf with ſeeing, hearing, and embracing Leo. My dear ſon, ſaid he, art thou indeed reſtored to me! Do my eyes again behold thee! The firſt moment I ſaw thee I was not deceived; my heart was then drawn toward thee by an irreſiſtible attraction. How I delight in contemplating thee! How do the majeſtic form of thy perſon, and the beauty of thy features, charm my ſoul! Come to my boſom, and call me father; thou oweſt me all thoſe embraces, of which, from thy earlieſt infancy, I have been unfortunately deprived.

Leo replied by his tears; Camilla was a ſilent ſpectator. Leo now took her by the hand, and preſented her to Zoroaſter: My father, ſaid he, behold the ſovereign of my heart. We were for a long time divided from each other: we are now inſeparably united. Could we have foreſeen that I ſhould have found a father, we would have delayed the gratification of our mutual paſſion, however violent, till your hands had joined us together. Forgive us the felicity we have enjoyed, and augment our pleaſures by giving them your confirmation.

He ſpoke: Camilla fell on her knees; her heart throbbed, her eyes were caſt upon the ground, her cheeks were overſpread with bluſhes, and ſhe waited with anxiety till he ſhould call her by the name of daughter. She was never ſo deſirous of appearing beautiful, not even in the opinion of Leo; and her ſilence ſeemed to ſay, My features are unworthy of notice, but my heart is deſerving of your regard.

My daughter, replied Zoroaſter, raiſing her from the ground, my happineſs exceeds my ſufferings; I loſt only one child, and this day has doubly repaid me.

At theſe words, he embraced Camilla with the tendereſt affection. This intereſting ſcene was terminated by the hiſtory of Leo's adventures; the warm concern which Zoroaſter and his daughter took in this narrative, heightened the feeling which nature had implanted in their breaſts.

Numa participated in the common joy, Since Anais became the ſiſter of Leo, ſhe appeared to him more beautiful: every day he diſcovered in her new virtues; he perpetually ſpoke of her to his friend; the name of friend, which had been hitherto ſo dear to him, appeared now not ſufficiently affectionate.

When Numa began to recover ſtrength, he breathed the morning air, and never failed to direct his ſteps to thoſe places where Anais was tending her flock; for the ſake of her ſociety he commenced ſhepherd. While Camilla and her huſband purſued

purſued the chaſe for Zoroaſter, Numa related to their ſiſter the hiſtory of his life. He liſtened with rapture to the reflections and counſel of Anais; he was aſtoniſhed at finding in her ſo much intelligence at ſuch an early age, and he every day acquired an increaſe of wiſdom or of virtue. Sometimes, by joining reeds together with wax, he made a pipe, and accompanied with its melodious ſounds the pleaſing voice of the ſhepherdeſs; more frequently he repeated with her the ſongs and hymns which ſhe had taught him. He had no ſuſpicion of love; he experienced a ſenſation more delightful and tranquil. In the morning he always repaired to Anais. Her preſence excited no tranſports; yet he felt a want of her ſociety. He was not agitated when he ſaw her, yet ſhe was eſſential to his happineſs. He ſeemed to derive reaſon and exiſtence only from Anais. Thus the tender Clytia languiſhes and fades in the abſence of the god of day; but when Phœbus re-appears, it elevates its head, points it towards the ſource of light, turning upon its

its ſtem, follows the ſun in his courſe, and ceaſes only to receive his rays when he ſinks into the boſom of Thetis.

The modeſt Anais, who neither felt in her own boſom, nor perceived in that of Numa, any cauſe of alarm, gave way to ſenſations which ſhe was tempted to indulge. To the deliverer of her father and herſelf ſhe took a delight in proving grateful. The virtues of Numa afforded her in the exerciſe of his duty an additional pleaſure. She loved to converſe with the pupil of Tullus concerning the wonders of nature, the revolution of the planets, the diverſity of mankind, the variety of governments and religions, and the uniform ſtability of moral truth. Each attached to a favourite doctrine, explained or defended it. They agreed with regard to manners, though they differed as to forms of worſhip. Their minds were in uniſon during every conflict of their reaſon; and Numa, who admired the ſound underſtanding of Anais, felt that his reſpect and affection for her was every moment increaſed.

Leo was the firſt who perceived their mutual paſſion: he wiſhed ardently for his friend to become his brother. Doſt thou love my ſiſter? ſaid he to him one day; tell me frankly. Numa bluſhed, and appeared confuſed. Why doſt thou bluſh? ſaid Leo; the gods have given us love as a conſolation for our griefs, and as a reward for our virtues. If thy heart be diſengaged from the unworthy chains of Herſilia, if thou delighteſt in Anais as much as Leo delights in thee, I will obtain her for thee from my father. Say only, "I will make "thy ſiſter happy," and I will believe thy word equally with the oracle of the gods. My friend, replied Numa, the name of Herſilia fills me with terror, that of Anais inſpires me with confidence. What I feel for thy ſiſter bears no reſemblance to the former ſenſation which rendered me ſo unhappy. I ſee Anais every day, I do not leave her for a ſingle moment; yet I never conceived an idea of ſpeaking to her concerning love and marriage. Yet, my friend, I am well convinced that if happineſs has any

any reſidence upon the earth, it muſt be poſſeſſed by the huſband of thy ſiſter.

He ſpoke. Leo embraced him, and taking his hand, led him to Zoroaſter. He doubted not of his conſent; he accordingly ſolicited Anais for his friend and deliverer, for him whom of all mankind he loved and eſteemed the moſt.

How great was his ſurprize and diſappointment, when Zoroaſter, after liſtening to his requeſt with a ſerious aſpect, replied in the following terms:

My ſon, I love Numa, and am indebted to him for my life; and I ſhould bleſs the day when I might be able to repay him for his ſervices; but my daughter is a member of a religion of which I am the head, whoſe laws forbid alliance with idolaters. Thou knoweſt that I have ſacrificed every thing for this ſacred law. Honours, riches, and repoſe have all been rejected. Shall I then at the cloſe of life, at the moment when I expect to receive a reward for my ſufferings, abandon my principles, by diſobeying

obeying the precepts which I myſelf have taught.

You have then been a teacher of ingratitude, interrupted Leo, with a tone of impatience.

No, my ſon, replied Zoroaſter, I have only conſulted prudence. I have guarded againſt my religion being endangered by my daughter's marriage to a huſband of a different perſuaſion: I have provided againſt the empire of love, which naturally inclines a feeling heart to adopt the ſentiments of its beloved object. My daughter would love Numa, and imbibe his tenets; ſhe would abandon the religion of her father; and I ſhould be accountable for her conduct to the great Oroſmades. I am ſufficiently diſtreſſed that my ſon, educated among idolaters, ſhould have embraced their doctrine; I wiſh at leaſt to preſerve my daughter in the ſervice of a deity for whom I have endured ſuch ſufferings. The more Numa is eſtimable, the greater will be her danger. Tyrants and perſecutors may exerciſe their ravages in vain; but

examples of virtue in a different ſect are ſometimes too powerful to be reſiſted.

Beſides, our religon being abhorred by every nation upon earth, ſhould Numa eſpouſe my daughter, he would prove odious to all the ſtates of Italy, and Anais would thereby, perhaps, become leſs the object of his affections.—Pardon me, Numa, I afflict thee; I appear to thee doubtleſs as guilty of ingratitude; but I believe in my religion, I love my daughter, and can neither reconcile myſelf to expoſe her to danger, nor to beſtow on thee as her dowry the hatred of thy own nation.

Zoroaſter was ſilent. Leo ſtood motionleſs with his eyes fixed upon the ground; he was afflicted at not being able to oppoſe his father with arguments. Numa who had liſtened with profound attention, beheld the parent of Anais with a ſerene aſpect, and replied in the following words:

Since my birth, Zoroaſter, the gods whom I worſhip have manifeſted their power in my favour: I love and fear them; and I would die rather than deſert them. Yet I

ſhould

ſhould deteſt myſelf were I capable of abhorring any religion upon earth. All religions are permitted by the gods; why then ſhould I be leſs indulgent? May deſtruction befal thoſe, who, like Sardanapalus, hunt mankind with ſlaughter, becauſe they think differently from themſelves, who offer death or their own doctrines, and multiply martyrs while they increaſe crimes. Did they purſue an oppoſite conduct, they would gain proſelytes by kindneſs and humanity. It is not for us imperfect beings, to vindicate the cauſe of heaven, and to charge ourſelves with its concerns. Ants do not deſtroy each other for the honour of the maſter of the field which they inhabit; they enjoy peacefully the benefits which he allows them. The firſt attribute of the gods is benevolence. Of all ſects, perſecutors conſtitute the only one which they behold with hatred. Theſe are the real enemies of the immortal deities; becauſe they rob them of their darling pleaſure, that which is derived from indulgence to human weakneſs.

Such, Zoroaſter, are the principles of that religion which I profeſs. Judge whethey thy daughter's faith will meet with an enemy in me. I ſhould reverence her tenets as highly as ſhe could reſpect mine: ſhe ſhould worſhip Oroſmades, and I would adore Jupiter. Theſe deities, however, agree in the ſame things: to comfort and honour thy old age, to love each other, and to relieve the unfortunate, are precepts enjoined by thy divinity, and preſcribed by mine. In diſcharging theſe duties, our hearts would become more cloſely united, and mingled together; like two rivers of equal purity, whoſe ſtreams iſſuing from different ſources, are confounded in each other.

Thou haſt ſaid that my marriage would bring on me the hatred of my own nation. I have no longer any nation, or country; I have loſt Tullus and Tatius; to my view the univerſe is confined to the cottage of Zoroaſter: my heart perſuades me that I ſhall not here be hated. O my father, receive me into thy boſom; accept of me for

for thy ſon; reſtore to me in one moment all which the gods have in ſo many years deprived me of; give to me Anais: it ſhall be our ſole buſineſs to prolong thy days. In this valley we will live in peace, and thy ſon's children and mine ſhall compoſe a colony, which from age to age ſhall bleſs the name of Zoroaſter. By contemplating this riſing generation, thou ſhalt forget the preſſure of declining years: thou wilt be the object of their affection, the ſource of their happineſs. My daughter, if I am bleſſed with one, ſhall be named Oxane; and her careſſes will prove more dear to thee from this beloved appellation. Connected with us by the tendereſt of all ties, thou wilt behold our lives employed in giving thee proofs of our attachment; and every morning thou ſhalt ſee thy two united families approach thee with equal pleaſure and reſpect, as thy diſciples are wont to pay to the riſing ſun.

At theſe words, Numa fell on his knees. Zoroaſter, though moved, ſtill attempted to reſiſt: but Leo exclaimed, He has ſaved

your life! He has preſerved Anais! Then, replied the ſage, who could reſiſt no longer, Anais ſhall be his reward, and I will be his father.

At this pleaſing ſentence, Numa ruſhed into the arms of Zoroaſter. He could neither contain his joy, nor expreſs his gratitude. He was anxious to embrace Leo; but he had gone to ſee his ſiſter. He reappeared with her. In thy deliverer, ſaid Zoroaſter, behold thy huſband. In eight days you ſhall be united: may the great Oroſmades make me the only victim of his anger, if he diſapprove of your nuptials. At theſe words he preſſed to his heart the hand of Anais and that of Numa.

A bluſh of confuſion overſpread the face of Anais: but by a captivating ſmile ſoon confirmed the promiſe which her father had made; and from this moment the enraptured Numa, his amiable friend, and the beautiful Camilla, thought only on preparing for the approaching marriage.

Leo and Camilla had already provided the wood with which Numa ſhould build his

his cottage; its ſituation was near to Zoroaſter. Numa took care that it ſhould front the eaſt, that his pious conſort might every morning, at his earlieſt appearance, pay her devotions to the ſun. He covered it with hides, which, interwoven with the branches of trees, formed an impenetrable defence againſt the ſun, the rain, and the cold. It was furniſhed with every thing which was either convenient or pleaſing: Numa ornamented it with that taſte which love only can inſpire. A garden was marked out contiguous to the cottage; Numa contrived that the arbour of wild jaſmine, under which he had firſt ſeen Anais, ſhould be in the middle. He turned the arm of a rivulet, and cauſed it to purſue its winding courſe through banks of flowers. Fruit trees, the produce of nature, ſuperadded utility to ornament; and a living hedge was ready to afford a ſhade to the roebucks when they ſhould come to crop the herbage.

Anais preſided over the work; and Numa was animated by her preſence. He wiſhed

wiſhed his own exertions alone ſhould finiſh his deſign; but Leo and Camilla compelled him to accept of their aſſiſtance. Their labours were now concluded; Camilla had deſpoiled the neighbouring meadows of their flowers; the garlands were woven, and ſuſpended in the new cottage; the ſun had ſunk beneath the waves, and his return was to bring unſpeakable happineſs to the expecting lovers; but in the evening, at the hour when they were all going to ſeat themſelves in Zoroaſter's cottage round a frugal table, a knocking was heard at the door, and a ſecret foreboding made Numa to tremble with apprehenſion.

Leo aroſe, took his club, and haſtened to the door. The ſtrangers were not enemies; a venerable old man, accompanied by two warriors, begged for a hoſpitable reception. Leo complied, and conducted them into the cottage.

Their countenances were no ſooner diſcovered, than Numa uttered an exclamation of ſurprize, and ran to embrace the aged viſitor. Can it be you, Metius, the ineſtimable

ineſtimable friend of Tatius and my father! the ſole ſupport, the laſt hope of the Sabine people!

Metius aſtoniſhed, recollected Numa in his turn. He could hardly believe the teſtimony of his ſight. O my maſter, my friend, ſaid he, do I then at laſt find you, after having in vain ſought you in every corner of Italy! Permit me, before I pay you that homage which is your due, to claſp you once more in my trembling arms, and to allow my heart to uſe thus the laſt moments, in which I am permitted to call you by the name of friend. At theſe words, the faithful Metius embraced Numa with repeated tenderneſs. Then turning to the two warriors who attended him, Voleſus and Proculus, ſaid he, our ſearch is finiſhed, we have found our king. Then Metius and the two Romans bended their knees before Numa, and hailed him king of Rome.

What would you ſay? interrupted Numa, endeavouring to make them riſe; I am not your king; I neither deſire nor deſerve

ſerve that honour. You are our monarch, replied Metius, by the moſt glorious, and moſt legal of all claims; you are elected by the unanimous voice of the people. The Romans and Sabines, ready to deſtroy each other, concerning the appointment of Romulus's ſucceſſor, have found only Numa who can meet the approbation of them both; your name alone has terminated their animoſity, has eſtabliſhed unanimity. You are a king, Numa; the people are impatient for your return.

Surprized and afflicted, Numa made the ambaſſadors ſit down, and begged Metius to inform him of the important events, which, during his abſence, had befallen his country. The aged general gratified his requeſt in the following words:

Our calamities reached their ſummit. Romulus, abhorred by the Sabines, hated even by his own people, made Rome to groan under an iron ſceptre. He was no longer the conqueror crowned with laurels, who ſacrificed only the enemies of his country; he became an inhuman tyrant, whom

whom a barbarous policy taught to cruſh his people, in order to govern them, and who, on the ſlighteſt pretence, ſtained the earth with partician blood. Such are the conſequences of a firſt crime: when the mind is ſtained with it, all the virtues take their leave, and all the vices become its inhabitants.

The gods however announced their juſtice by the moſt alarming teſtimonies of their anger: the plague deſolated Rome. Never was contagion attended by ſymptoms more truly terrifying. A devouring fever burnt at the ſame time the breaſt and the bowels; the eyes, inflamed and bloody, ſcarcely moved in their ſockets; the mouth, covered with ulcers, exhaled poiſonous effluvia; the tongue, foul, ſwelled, and clinging to the palate, ſtopped reſpiration; the nerves grew ſtiff, the limbs ſhivered, and the cold hand of death, which ſpread itſelf by degrees, could not extinguiſh the burning heat, with which even the bones were conſumed.

Houſes

Houſes were ſoon inſufficient to contain the unhappy victims: the roads, public places, and temples of the gods, were crowded with them. Groups of beings at the point of death were ſeen half-naked, flying from their beds, and their houſe-hold gods, ſeeking and begging for water. They went to plunge into the Tiber, the fountains, and the marſhy grounds. They liſtened to no counſel, they drank without heſitation; and, unable to quench their thirſt, they expired in the midſt of the waves. The tender ties of friendſhip, and the feelings of nature, were neglected and forgotten. The ſon, frantic with pain, refuſed to embrace his father; brother avoided brother, and fled the baneful contagion; the dying mother, at a diſtance from her huſband, a prey to the convulſions of death, her eyes inverted, her teeth clenched, removed from her with ſtiffened arms the feeble infant, who ſtretched out its hands, wept, and wiſhed ſtill to preſs her withered breaſts. Pain only prevailed. Torments and death were every were to be

ſeen.

ſeen. Infancy, manhood, old age, all promiſcuouſly periſhed. The flaming piles were ſupplied with continual food. Theſe, though ever ſo numerous, were ſtill inſufficient: they became the ſubjects of diſpute; and they who had conſtructed them were obliged to hazard a battle, before they could pay the laſt tribute of duty to their departed parents.

Romulus, who regretted the loſs of his ſoldiers, in order to appeaſe the gods, ordained a ſolemn ſacrifice. All his people, or rather the feeble remnant of his ſubjects, repaired to the place appointed. Sacrificators, prieſts, and citizens, pale, and emaciated, advanced with ſlow ſteps towards the altar. The ſoldier, without his breaſt plate, approached deliberately, reſting on his javelin; he could ſcarce raiſe his eyes to behold the ſtandard of his battalion. Women, and old men, leaning on ſtaffs, held their children by the hand; the infants fell, and dragged to the ground their feeble ſupports. Perſons of all ages and deſcriptions aſſembled together; none had

ſtrength ſufficient to raiſe his voice; and the Roman people, lately the terror of Italy, reſembled a troop of ſpectres which a Theſſalian magician conjures up from the ſhades below.

Libations were poured forth, and victims ſacrificed; the high prieſt conſulted the entrails, and trembled as he beheld them. He mounted the ſacred tripod: the divine ſpirit poſſeſſed him; he was agitated by a holy fury; his eyes ſparkled, his mouth foamed; he ſtretched out his arms, hung down his head; his hairs ſtanding an end, raiſed up the laurel with which his brow was crowned. But in vain he ſtruggled with the god; he was thrown down, overcome, and forced to yield. The pontiff with difficulty pronounced theſe words: People, a horrid crime, as yet unatoned for, has brought upon your heads the anger of the immortal gods. While this enormity remains unexpiated, while they who have been guilty of it ſhall behold the light, ye hope in vain to appeaſe heaven.

The

The peſtilence ſhall ravage our city, while the blood of—

He was proceeding, when Romulus caſt upon him a glance of indignation; and fear ſtopped his voice. But at that moment, the ſky was overcaſt, the ſun loſt his light, thick darkneſs covered the earth, and loud thunder pealed from every quarter; it ſeemed as if the elements in confuſion were at war with each other, and as if Nature was plunged again into her original chaos.

The people, terrified, fell on their knees, ſupplicated the gods, and expected inſtant death. But after a ſhort interval, the winds became ſtill, the darkneſs was diſperſed, and the ſun returned in unclouded brightneſs. The ſerenity of the ſky produced a calm in our breaſts. The Romans looked for, and found each other; Romulus alone was miſſing. His guards and courtiers ſought him in vain. The Celeres, attached to their maſter for the impunity which he granted them, accuſed the patricians of having ſacrificed their king. The people were preparing to defend the nobles, blood

was going that inſtant to be ſhed, when Proculus, whom you here behold, one of the moſt venerable among the Romans, for rank and age, but more reſpectable for his virtue, came forward, and by an ingenious fiction quieted their animoſity. Romans, ſaid he, ceaſe to ſearch for Romulus; I myſelf have ſeen his father Mars deſcend upon the earth, and carry him off in his blood-ſtained chariot. Proculus, ſaid our king, my glory has reached its ſummit; I have enjoyed victories and triumphs. I have built a city which muſt be the miſtreſs of the world; all my duties are fulfilled: the god of battle aſſociates me with him in his immortal honours. Announce to the Romans my ſituation; ſay, that Mars and Romulus will hereafter always direct their armies, and that in future I am to be invoked under the name of Quirinus.

Thus ſpoke Proculus; and the tumult was appeaſed. The Celeres did not preſume to doubt the truth of a relation by which their beloved king became a god; the people, contented with having loſt a tyrant,

tyrant, choſe rather to give him a place in heaven, than to diſcover and puniſh thoſe who had rid the earth of ſuch an enemy to mankind.

But it was requiſite that a ſucceſſor ſhould be elected. Herſilia aſpired in vain to that exalted honour. The Sabines enraged, declared they would return to Cures, if the throne were filled by the daughter of Romulus: the Romans themſelves conſidered it as a diſgrace to be governed by a woman. Rejected by both parties, Herſilia departed from Rome, threatening to rekindle the flames of war; and the people aſſembled once more to chooſe a ſovereign.

The unhappy country was again on the brink of a civil war. The Romans inſiſted that a Roman ſhould be elected, the Sabines demanded that a Sabine ſhould be king. Since the death of Tatius, ſaid the latter, we have allowed Romulus to reign in tranquillity; it is time that one of our citizens ſhould hold the reigns of government in his turn. We are not to be conſidered as a vanquiſhed people; we are

friends and brethren; but never ſlaves. Our nation is at leaſt equal to yours in rank, courage, and virtue; and we are ready to oppoſe the ſmalleſt violation of this juſt equality.

Thus ſpoke the Sabines; and already ran to arms. In that moment the gods inſpired me: People, I exclaimed, give me your attention for a moment. You both pretend to name your king, and to chooſe a ſovereign. Let each yield to the other one half of the privilege which he claims; let that nation which ſhall name the ſovereign be obliged to chooſe him from that which has not the choice. Romans, chooſe your maſter, but let that maſter be a Sabine; or Sabines, do you diſpoſe of the crown, but let it be given to a Roman.

My counſel was adopted. Peace and tranquillity were reſtored; and it was ſettled that the Romans ſhould elect a Sabine monarch. And they unanimouſly made choice of Numa.

Scarce was his name pronounced, when the two nations, laying aſide their animoſity,

ſity, mutually felicitated each other; all the citizens embraced; and with tears of joy exclaimed, The golden age, and Aſtræa's reign will again revive! Numa is elected our king.

The altars ſmoked with incenſe, victims bled, and the temples reſounded with thankſgiving. The gods ſhewed immediate favour; the plague ceaſed; a ſalubrious wind reſtored health to the diſeaſed; prolific dews afforded the huſbandman hopes of a double harveſt; gods and men, heaven and earth ſeemed to rejoice at the reign of virtue.

It was immediately agreed to ſend ambaſſadors in ſearch of you; I requeſted to be named one of the number. We haſtened to Cures, where we hoped to find you; but we could there gain no information. We then directed our ſteps to the country of the Marſi, where I thought your friendſhip for Leo might conduct you: our enquiries were equally unſucceſsful. We afterwards went among the mountains of the Rheates, celebrated by your valour and humanity,

manity, when the gods directed us to repair hither. Return then with us; two nations expect you with impatience; you are their only hope, and every moment's delay is a robbery committed againſt our affection and the public felicity.

Metius here became ſilent, and Numa beholding him with a ſmile of ſweetneſs and tranquillity: My friend, he replied, the ſeaſon of my follies is concluded; the time is paſt when ambition, falſe glory, and fooliſh love, deſtroyed my peace. A throne would have been to me a dazzling object, when inflamed by the charms of Herſilia I haſtened to deſerve her by braving the dangers of war; when, blinded by paſſion, I was anxious to acquire the horrid ſcience of murdering mankind, and admired Romulus in proportion to the calamities which I ſaw him inflict on his fellow creatures. The veil is now removed from before my eyes; and I thank the gods, who have not abandoned me to myſelf, I thank my misfortunes from which I have received inſtruction, I owe gratitude to that tender friendſhip

friendſhip and pure love by which I am animated, my mind being now enlightened eſteems only what is eſtimable, loves only what is worthy of affection—virtue and repoſe.

I ſhould be ill fitted to ſucceed to the throne of Romulus. His fierce and warlike people could ſcarcely be governed by a monarch, who was the ſon of a divinity, and an able general. I am only the ſon of a human being, and abhor war and bloodſhed. I deteſt the perfidious art of diſuniting ſtates in order to ſubdue them, of arming the weak againſt the ſtrong as a means of enſlaving both, and of conſidering every poſſeſſion as my own which I have power to obtain. No, Metius, a conqueror is alone qualified to be king of Rome. In vain might I devote my life to the happineſs of the Romans, they would contemn a pacific monarch, of whom religion, law, and agriculture would be the only occupation.

My plan, Metius, is fixed: I have diſcharged my duty to my country; I have bled for it; by my baniſhment I have ſav-

ed

ed the Sabines; my taſk has been fulfilled; as a recompence I aſk only the continuation of my exile. I wiſh never more to return to Rome; I deſire to live in this valley, which is infinitely more enchanting than the capitol, in the ſociety of my father, my friend, my ſiſter, and my beloved conſort; I ſhall be here more happy and ſecure than Romulus ſurrounded by his Celeres, I ſhall inhabit a cottage more pleaſing and convenient than your royal palace; I ſhall paſs my days in innocence and peace, in devotion to the gods, in promoting the happineſs of my father and my wife, and in deriving from them my own felicity; and at my death I ſhall not be made reſponſible to heaven for the happineſs of thouſands of my fellow creatures, which it is almoſt impoſſible for any human being to ſecure.

You muſt be accountable, Numa, for this refuſal, interrupted Anais, with a firm tone, if your paſſion for me, and love of retirement, prompt you to ſacrifice the intereſt of two nations. Can you imagine that

that heaven has endowed you with talents and virtues for yourſelf alone? Do you think to pleaſe God by living only for yourſelf? The Supreme Being conſiders vain ſpeculations as of no value; he requires an active virtue. The upright man will render him an account of every day which he paſſes without doing good: and the Creator of the world can only regard thoſe with favour, who are induſtrious in promoting the happineſs of mankind.

Thou ſayeſt that an heroic warrior is more neceſſary to the Romans than a pacific monarch. But the more that people is warlike, the more they have need of wiſdom in a king to moderate and reſtrain their impetuoſity, and to ſoften by his adminiſtration that propenſity to war, which would otherwiſe degenerate into ſavage ferocity. The monarch who would accord with this deſcription can be no other, Numa, than thyſelf; thy reverence for the gods, thy love of peace, render it thy peculiar duty to govern a people to whoſe welfare

welfare theſe virtues are ſo eſſentially requiſite.

Canſt thou believe that thou oweſt nothing to thy country, becauſe thou haſt fought in its defence? In what haſt thou excelled the moſt inferior ſoldier? I appeal to thy own heart; was it for Rome or for Herſilia that thou didſt expoſe thy life? Though to the laſt drop thou hadſt ſhed thy blood for thy country, yet that remaining drop would be ſtill its due: our duty to our country is never diſcharged; we are bound to its ſervice by a perpetual obligation.

I ſhall further obſerve, that if the deſire of living in retirement with me, if a dread of my religion being unjuſtly perſecuted, be the cauſe of thy denial, from this moment I renounce all claim to thee for ever. During my whole life I ſhould reproach myſelf for having deprived two people of happineſs, and of the moſt valuable preſent which heaven can beſtow upon mankind, a good king. This idea would embitter my

my life, and alter perhaps that tender affection which thou haſt inſpired in my boſom. Numa, I need not proceed further: I am acquainted with my own duties and with thine: if thou refuſeſt to be uſeful to mankind, I ſhall never pardon myſelf for having been the guilty cauſe of ſuch a fatal reſolution.

Such was the ſpeech of Anais; which was ſeconded by Zoroaſter and Leo. Camilla alone approved of Numa's ſentiments. Metius and the Roman ambaſſadors fell on their knees, and urged every thing calculated to convince his underſtanding, or to move his heart; but their endeavours were in vain.

Like a rock againſt which the waves are broken he remained immoveable. He mildly oppoſed his determined purpoſe to their reaſoning and perſuaſion, and concluded by embracing the aged Metius. My father, ſaid he, if you love me, mention no more a throne, which I dread more than a tomb. I wiſh to die in this valley, and to live in this cottage. I was born

free, and I will enjoy that natural right which every man poſſeſſes, of chooſing where he can paſs his days with the greateſt pleaſure. I hope that my determination will not offend the gods; but ſhould it have that unhappy effect, I would prefer the taſk of having to appeaſe them during the reſt of my life, rather than encircle my brow with a diadem, which is the object of my abhorrence. After this confeſſion, judge, Metius, if thy ſolicitations be not in vain; they diſtreſs me; I beſeech thee, urge them no more. Come, take repoſe in my cottage, not with thy king, but with thy friend; to-morrow at ſun riſe thou ſhalt return and tell the Romans, that if they ſtill love Numa, they will ſhew their affection by allowing him to enjoy undiſturbed his happy retreat.

At theſe words he left Zoroaſter's cottage. Anais in vain urged him to return; for the firſt time he was regardleſs of her voice. The diſconſolate ambaſſadors went to paſs the night in his new cottage. Camilla, after having long defended, in oppoſition

position to Anais, Numa's determination, retired with her dear Leo to rest. Zoroaster and his daughter remained together, to meditate the execution of an important project.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

23 OC 62

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

BOOK XI.

The ſhade of Tatius appears to Numa. The flight of Anais and her father. Numa's deſpair. He obeys the gods, and determines to reign. Leo goes in ſearch of his ſiſter. Numa's arrival at Rome. The joy of the people. The firſt actions of Numa. He viſits Egeria's wood. His converſation with that nymph concerning the choice of his miniſters, war, policy, ſocial contract, laws and religion. The government of Numa.

NUMA, in the ſtill retirement of his cottage, was a ſtranger to ſleep. The arguments of Anais recurred to his memory.

mory. She has threatened, ſaid he, to renounce me, if on her account I forget my duty to my country, and diſobey the immortal gods. How ſevere a misfortune to diſpleaſe at the ſame time the deities and my beloved Anais! If I accept the crown, can I commence my reign with ſuch nuptials? I would ſupport the religion of my country; how then could I place on my throne an enemy to its worſhip? My people would behold her with horror: notwithſtanding the virtues of Anais, public odium would be her portion. I can never expoſe her to ſuch danger; nor can I ſacrifice my love to the vain expectation of governing Rome with juſtice. I have hitherto ſacrificed my time to others, it is time that I ſhould now live for myſelf.

In the midſt of theſe reflections, the pain of cauſing affliction to his people, and a dread of offending the gods, conſpired to ſhake his reſolution. Agitated by contrary opinions, enſlaved by love, reclaimed by piety, he remained unfixed in his reſolves: like a tree wounded by the axe, and ready

to yield to the ſlighteſt effort, it threatens every ſide equally with its approaching fall.

Aurora, in her opal car, had already opened the portals of day, when Numa harraſſed with fatigue reclined in the arms of ſleep. He had ſcarce yielded to that delicious impreſſion, when the ſhade of a venerable old man covered with a bloody garment appeared before him. Numa was at firſt ſeized with terror; but he recollected Tatius, and his apprehenſion vaniſhed. My father! my king! ſaid he, for what cauſe have you left Elyſium? Why that bloody robe, which reminds me but too well of the crime of Romulus? What are your commands? Speak, dear, and venerable ſhade; Numa ſwears he will obey them. Proceed then to Rome, anſwered the ſhade, with a ſevere tone: the gods command thee to reign; to announce their decrees have I quitted my dark abode. As yet I do not inhabit the Elyſian fields: before he rewards the little good I have done, Minos puniſhes me for the evil which I have allowed to be committed. I am to remain

remain in the Tartarian regions till the Romans become the moſt happy of mankind: Numa, be thou my deliverer.

At theſe words, the ſhade vaniſhed; Numa ſtretched forth his arms to retain it, but embraced only the yielding air.

He awoke, trembling with apprehenſion: he fell on his knees, worſhipped the gods, and poured forth a libation of wine; and when the ſun appeared, he haſtened to Anais, to diſſipate the anxiety with which he was troubled.

He ſought and called her in vain; no anſwer was returned. Alarmed he penetrated into Zoroaſter's cottage, and found his bed deſerted. A letter preſented itſelf, in which were the following words:

"ANAIS TO NUMA.

"I AM going to depart, and thou wilt "ſee me no more. Should I remain in thy "ſociety, thou wouldſt either refuſe a "throne which is offered thee by the Deity "for the happineſs of two nations, a ſacri-

"fice

" fice I can never approve of; or thou
" wouldſt aſcend that throne, compelling
" me to ſhare it, and offend thy people.
" For the ſake of thy glory and intereſt,
" Numa, it is neceſſary to leave thee.
" This letter is bedewed with my tears.
" Adieu, Numa; poſſeſs thy kingdom: be,
" if poſſible, happy; but forget not Anais.
" Be aſſured, in my obſcure retreat, I ſhall
" inceſſantly be occupied with thee. I
" ſhall hear, I hope, mankind to bleſs thy
" name: I ſhall then rejoice at having
" purchaſed with my misfortunes, thy glory,
" the happineſs of thy people, and the aſ-
" ſurance of living for ever impreſſed upon
" thy heart."

Numa read this letter twice without ſhedding a ſingle tear. He was overwhelmed with ſurprize and grief; yet he neither wept nor lamented. He beheld the letter with looks of anguiſh and diſtraction. Like a bird, who, returning with proviſion for her young, finds her neſt plundered, remains motionleſs on the branch of the tree,

drops

drops the food from her bill, and contemplates the ſpot where her beloved progeny had laid.

Tears at length came to his relief, and his breaſt heaved with ſighs. Anais! Anais! he exclaimed in a piteous tone, have you then deſerted me? Can you think I ſhall ſurvive your loſs? Can you imagine that I will not traverſe the world to find my Anais? How could you abandon me on the very day appointed for our nuptials! Have you paſſed that cottage prepared for your reception, without interrupting your cruel journey! Have you been able—Deſpair poſſeſſes my whole ſoul—I renounce wiſdom, glory, virtue, and every thing which could not retain Anais. From this moment I hate my exiſtence ſince I no longer live for her; I am equal to an ideot, ſince Anais has deprived me of my reaſon.

At theſe words he threw himſelf on the ground. His lamentations brought Camilla and Leo, who were both ignorant of the departure of Zoroaſter and his daughter.

She

She is gone! exclaimed Numa as they entered, ſhe is gone! and we ſhall ſee her no more. Camilla interpoſed, but he only ſwered, ſhe is gone! Leo examined the tablets, and found that Zoroaſter had written to him a tender farewell. Thou couldſt not have determined, ſaid the parent, between thy father and thy friend: my affection wiſhed to ſpare thee the painful conflict. It is my duty to leave thee, my dear ſon, but I ſhould never have had ſtrength to do it, were I not ſure of a ſpeedy return.

Numa, at theſe laſt words, ſprung forward, and repeatedly peruſed them; they ſoothed his deſpair. Leo wept with him, and Camilla joined in conſolation. The aged Metius, who at that moment arrived, embraced the two heroes, and offered to abandon every thing in order to go in ſearch of Zoroaſter.

Numa was anxious to ſet out immediately. He thought no more of empire, but only of overtaking Anais. But he had no ſooner left the cottage, than a peal of thunder

thunder burſt over his head, and a voice equally loud pronounced the following words: NUMA, REMEMBER TATIUS.

Terror interrupted his progreſs; he was aſhamed at having ſacrificed his duty to his paſſion: he fell on his knees, remained for a long time proſtrate on the ground, begged forgiveneſs of the manes of Tatius; and riſing with an air of tranquillity, I am your KING, ſaid he to the ambaſſadors, lead me to my people.

At theſe words, Metius and his companions dared not to expreſs their joy; they perceived how much it had coſt Numa to ſacrifice feelings, which were dearer to him than his life: they congratulated each other in ſilence, and prepared to proceed to Rome, where Numa was expected as a protecting divinity.

Leo, while he approved of his friend's conduct, regretted that he could not accompany him; he was reſolved, with Camilla, to go in ſearch of his father and ſiſter. He repeatedly embraced Numa, and ſwore to viſit him when he ſhould have ſpent three months

months in endeavours to find Zoroaſter. Numa, who on the ſame day had loſt his miſtreſs, and ſeparated from his friend, ſet forward with a heavy heart towards Rome, to take poſſeſſion of a throne, which was little calculated to afford him conſolation.

Conducted by the ambaſſadors, he paſſed the Appenines, mounted a car which had been ſtationed on the frontiers for his convenience, traverſed with rapidity the territories of Rome, and ſoon diſcovered the city's towering ramparts, which were crowded with people, who watched for the arrival of their king.

The car became no ſooner viſible, than the air reſounded with acclamations. Behold our hero, our father, the favourite of the gods, the ſaviour of the Romans! Women, children, old men, ſoldiers, all hurried through the gates to meet Numa. One carried flowers, another olive branches in his hand: they offered theſe at a diſtance; they ſtrewed the path in which he was advancing; they crowded round him, and impeded his progreſs. Romans and Sabines

Sabines expreſſed a common joy; their impatience was equal, their feelings were the ſame.

Numa deſcended from his car, and mingled with his ſubjects. He was inſtantly loaded with bleſſings, numberleſs kiſſes were impreſſed on his hands and garments. Do not again deſert us, ſaid they, but remain for ever with us; the gods have given us a father, to be the conſtant protector of his children! Numa extended his arms and wept. He was too much agitated to reply, yet his ſilence and tears ſufficiently teſtified his compliance with the wiſhes of his people. He proceeded ſlowly, conſtantly interrupted by new teſtimonies of applauſe and joy. Thus the moſt accompliſhed of kings, ſurrounded by his ſubjects, and confounded with them, entered Rome, and appeared infinitely greater than a conqueror attended by a crowd of ſlaves, and mounted on a triumphal car.

After clothing him with the inſignia of royalty, they conducted, or rather carried him to the capitol, where he was anxious

to expreſs his gratitude to the gods: incenſe ſmoked, the blood of victims flowed, and their entrails announced only propitious auguries.

Numa depoſited his crown and ſceptre on the altar of Jupiter: Son of Saturn, ſaid he, if among this crowd of Romans, who are now offering up their vows, there be any individual animated with a more ardent deſire than myſelf to render this people happy, make him known to me; and to him I will reſign the diadem. But if it be thy will that I ſhould poſſeſs it, deign, O Jupiter, to attend to my petition: On the firſt day in which I ſhall either violate juſtice, be deaf to the poor, or oppreſs the unfortunate, may thy lightning hurl me from my throne! I accept it only on this condition. Father of gods and men, this requeſt being granted will be more grateful to me than a conqueſt over my enemies.

He ſpoke: acclamations redoubled; and amidſt tranſports of joy the ſacrifice was concluded. Numa left the temple, and twelve

twelve vultures flying on his right hand accompanied him to his palace.

Having examined the treaſures of Romulus, he diſtributed one half among the people, and reſerved the other for the inhabitants of the country. He diſbanded the formidable band of the Celeres: I will have no other guard, ſaid he, than the reſpect and affection of my ſubjects. The one is ſecured by my rank; the other muſt be acquired by my conduct. To me the Celeres are uſeleſs; let them again become citizens. Two of them were accomplices in the murder of Tatius; to you Sabines I commit their puniſhment. May their guilty blood be the laſt which ſhall in my reign be ſhed by the ſword of juſtice! May the virtue of my people ſpare me the exertion of every painful duty!

Thus having fulfilled in the firſt moments of his reign, the higheſt of all legal obligations, relieving the diſtreſſed, and puniſhing the guilty, he lived retired for ſeveral days in his palace, to take an exact account of his forces, of his wealth, and of the taxes which he might be able to aboliſh. He had

had for ſome time meditated changes in his government, which he deemed eſſential: but before he entered on this important duty, the reſolved to viſit the Egerian wood to implore Minerva's aſſiſtance, and to lament his beloved Anais, alone and unreſtrained.

Having departed from Rome, and entered the ſacred wood, he ſoon arrived at the arbour, where he firſt beheld Herſilia. At the ſight of this ſpot he was agitated, and ready to ſwoon. He haſtened from the ſcene, yet could not quit it without regret: ſo indelible are the traces of a firſt affection!

He ſat down at a ſhort diſtance from the arbour, at the foot of a tree, in order to recover from his emotion. Here indulging reflection, and yielding to that delicious melancholy which produces tears without cauſing pain, he recollected his earlieſt years; a remembrance ſometimes painful, but always dear to a feeling heart. Numa called to mind his firſt journey to Rome; his dream at the fountain of Pan; the invi-

ſible

ſible nymph Egeria, who taught him wiſdom; his paſſion for Herſilia, the firſt cauſe of his unhappineſs; his love for Anais, whoſe name alone inſpired him with confidence; whom he had loſt, but whoſe image ſtill purſued him, fortified his heart againſt all dangers, was the ſource of a pleaſing recollection mingled with hope, which, conſoling his griefs, encouraged him in the purſuit of virtue. His agitation being conſiderably abated, he aroſe, and endeavoured to find the path which led to the temple of Minerva; but embarraſſed with the thickneſs of the wood, he wandered till he arrived at the ſource of a ſtream which iſſued from a little hill ſhaded by lofty poplars. Neither flock nor ſhepherd had ever troubled the tranſparency of that retired fountain. No bird quenching its thirſt or branch of a tree falling into it, had ever diſcompoſed its ſurface: The trees with which it was ſurrounded, entwined together, formed round the hill an impenetrable thicket; numberleſs ſhrubs and wild roſe trees, which grew on the

fountain's bank, filled up the intervals. This tranquil ſituation ſeemed conſecrated to myſtery. It doubtleſs reſembled that part of the foreſt of Gargaphia, where the imprudent Acteon ſurprized the daughter of Latona; or perhaps bore a ſtill ſtronger ſimilitude to that retreat where Phœbe deſcended to bleſs with her charms the captivating Endymion.

Numa was ſtruck with ſuch a retreat; and he promiſed himſelf the pleaſure of frequent viſits to it. Approaching near to the ſource of the fountain, he ſtooped to take ſome water in his hand. But as he carried it to his mouth, a voice called to him in a ſevere tone: who hath permitted thee, preſumptuous mortal, to take water from this fountain? Numa confounded dropped the water, and replied in a timid accent; O naiad, forgive my ignorance; I knew not that this fountain was conſecrated to you, I ought indeed to have ſuſpected it by the beauty of its water.

Thou mayeſt drink of it, replied the voice in a milder tone: I have always beheld

held Numa with affection, and have long expected him in this place. Remember the nymph Egeria, whose counsels were promised thee by Ceres; this is her sacred retreat. Thou wilt hear, but never see me. Never penetrate into this thicket; such is the will of Ceres. Approach this fountain as often as thou wantest to converse with me; propose thy laws before they are established; explain to me thy intentions, thy hopes, and thy fears: I will give counsel, without enjoining thee to follow it. I will advise, but not command; thou shalt consult me as a goddess, and I will speak to thee as a friend. Numa, adieu, in three days I shall again expect thee.

The voice ceased; but Numa remained for some time motionless in a listening attitude. Full of gratitude and joy, he fell on his knees, worshipped Ceres, repeatedly thanked Egeria, offered up his vows, presumed still to interrogate her; but he received no answer. In vain he listened with attention; he heard only that gentle and pleasing

pleaſing ſound, produced by the leaves being agitated by the zephyr. He looked around, and ſaw only tufted trees. Too pious even to wiſh to penetrate the ſacred retreat, he departed unwillingly from the fountain; and, aſſured of being aſſiſted by the gods in the government of his kingdom, he returned to Rome elate with expectation.

He now collected the principal points of legiſlation, which he intended to ſubmit to the opinion of Egeria. This long and laborious employment diverted, in ſome degree, his attention from thoſe miſeries with which love had afflicted him. He ſometimes flattered himſelf that the return of Anais would perhaps prove the reward which the gods would beſtow upon him for his induſtry; and this idea rendered, in his eſtimation, the happineſs of his ſubjects an object of ſtill higher concernment.

The three days appointed by the nymph being expired, Numa repaired to the fountain. He invoked Egeria. The voice addreſſed him: Art thou contented, Numa, with

with thyſelf? Haſt thou already made thy people happy? Alas! replied he, this taſk in proſpect appears eaſy; but on a throne it is leſs difficult to do harm than good. The account which has been given me of the adminiſtration of my empire, proves to be different from what I expected. When I mentioned the reformation of abuſes, they told me abuſes were neceſſary; they gave me reaſon to apprehend from their removal greater inconveniencies: they who are able to aſſiſt me are intereſted in the continuance of theſe evils. Truth vaniſhes from my ſight; I am ſurrounded by deceivers: the well-founded diſtruſt with which they have inſpired me, in obliging me to ſuperintend every thing myſelf, renders the execution of the beſt formed projects long and laborious. The preſſure of theſe weighty concerns will, perhaps, be more than I can ſuſtain; and the only privilege which I ſhall poſſeſs over a bad king, will conſiſt in my being the firſt to lament the evils which I cannot remove.

Numa,

Numa, replied the nymph, thy words are replete with error! In thee I behold an example of thoſe paſſionate mortals, who are ready to undertake every thing to obtain their deſires, and are diſcouraged at the firſt impediment. Were it an eaſy taſk to reign, whence would great kings derive their reputation? Thou art doubtleſs ſurrounded by deceit and treachery. Flattery, falſe glory, craft, and pleaſure, dwell near thy throne: concealed under a deceitful maſk, and attentive to thy feelings, there are many who endeavour to take advantage of every moment of weakneſs. Courtiers are continually kept awake by intereſt: if the monarch ſlumber for an inſtant, he is ſubdued. But theſe dangerous enemies are no longer formidable when they once are known, and thy firſt occupation, thy moſt important ſtudy, is to become acquainted with them. Thoſe who obtrude themſelves on thy attention, who are cautious to ſmooth every difficulty, to flatter thy wiſhes, and coincide with thy opinion, are the moſt deſtructive foes. Baniſh

niſh them, not from thy court, for it would then be deſerted, but from thy heart and thy counſels: deſpiſe them, and fear not to ſhew them thy averſion; thou wilt, by this, perhaps, check hypocriſy in the riſing generation.

Beware, however, of entertaining a contempt for all mankind; a general diſtruſt and bad opinion of thy ſpecies, would be unjuſt and injurious; it would produce indifference with regard to the choice of thoſe whom thou ſhouldſt truſt with power; hence a long train of evils is derived. Though a king, thou art only a man; a fondneſs for thoſe virtues with which thou art animated might excite their reſemblance in others. Behold mankind then with eſteem, regard even ſome courtiers with a favourable opinion; for there are a few who love virtue, their country, and their king. They never publiſh their affection, but the people announce it for them; they do not aſk for diſtinction, but the nation beſtows it unſolicited. Fear not, in theſe inſtances, coinciding in opinion

nion with thy people; be not aſhamed to ſeek for thoſe, who abſtain from offering themſelves to thy notice. Thy dignity will not be degraded; thou wilt exalt them, without degrading thyſelf; and, by a ſingle word, by ſome token of regard, which coſts nothing to a feeling heart, thou wilt augment their talents and their virtues, and at the ſame time increaſe the affection which they entertain for thee. How delightful, to ſee a monarch forget the pride of his rank in the ſociety of thoſe who ſupport its ſplendour! Let him be dreaded by the unworthy, let him be auſtere with flatterers, but let the deſerving be his friends, and let his affability ſeem to ſay, *I treat thoſe as my equals, whoſe hearts reſemble my own.*

My moſt pleaſing employment, replied Numa, will conſiſt in honouring ſuch perſons, and to diſcover them ſhall be my firſt taſk. Yet, aided by theſe, can I long perſevere in the exerciſe of goodneſs? My people are accuſtomed to ſeek their ſubſiſtence from the plunder of war; inactivity

vity would render them unhappy, reſtleſs, turbulent, and ferocious. Compoſed of two nations, often oppoſite in opinion, they can be united only by the operation of ſalutary laws. This great work requires long conſideration; peace and repoſe are neceſſary; and yet on every ſide I am threatened with oppoſition. The fierce Herſilia is exciting all Italy againſt me, and will take the firſt opportunity to beſiege Rome; the vanquiſhed people talk of emancipating themſelves from the yoke of ſubjection; population is decayed; and my ſubjects, oppreſſed by the taxes of Romulus, can no longer pay them. War will complete my deſtruction; and to avoid this war, to divide my enemies, a ſpecies of art is neceſſary to which I am a ſtranger. It is termed policy, is above my underſtanding and repugnant to my heart. What then ſhould I do? How remedy preſent, by guarding againſt future evils.

Numa, replied Egeria, it is a certain and invariable truth, which kings ſhould never forget, that virtue, fortitude and wiſdom

ſurmount all impediments. Thou art in poſſeſſion of theſe qualities, and muſt convert them to thy intereſt. Let us examine the moſt immediate danger.

In the firſt place, thou haſt need of peace; prepare then for war: this advice is of equal antiquity with the world itſelf. Romulus has left thee a powerful army, with brave and experienced officers: diſtinguiſh them by peculiar attention. As the guardians of their country, beſtow on them the higheſt honours. The leſs thou art fond of war, the more thou muſt cultivate thy ſoldiers. Make a ſhew of calling them thy aſſociates; laviſh upon them titles and diſtinctions, but not money; honours will increaſe their courage, riches will enervate it. Remember the army of Campanians which Leo ſubdued ſo eaſily; it was ruined by luxury. In order to baniſh it from thy troops, begin by extirpating it from thy palace: the example of a monarch is boundleſs it its effects. It is by example that we convey the beſt inſtruction; be ſimple in thy dreſs, and frugal in thy diet; teſtify an open

open contempt for effeminacy, and thou wilt ſee the young Romans imitate the virtues of their king.

But theſe virtues, without exact diſcipline, will be inſufficient. However noble a centurion may be, let him render to his tribune the ſame obedience as the loweſt of the ſoldiers; and let the tribune in his turn be equally obedient to his general. Inſtruct thy legions to reſpect their unarmed countrymen; teach them that a warrior ſhould be a lion when oppoſed to an enemy, a lamb when he aſſociates with a citizen; that a citizen and himſelf are brothers, one guards his father's dwelling, while the other attends to the concerns of the family, and provides for its maintenance.

Such muſt be thy army; if next thou chooſe a ſkilful general, if thy fortifications be in good condition, and if thy arſenals be well ſtored, thou wilt eaſily obtain peace; thou wilt preſerve it without having occaſion to employ political craft, which is only the reſource of weakneſs, or the pretext of villainy. To deceive man-

kind by words is an uncertain project; but to keep them in awe by actions is a safe expedient. If a king be just, averse to attack, yet always ready for defence, he need not dread the intrigues of his most perfidious neighbours. Candour disconcerts cunning: it is the combat of the serpent and the eagle; the contemptible reptile may twine his body, but the bird of Jove darting from a high cloud pierces him with his beak, and, without being proud of his victory, reascends to his sublime station.

Exhibit always justice towards thy neighbours; be ever prepared to repel their perfidy; and far from troubling thy repose, they will solicit thy alliance. Rome will become formidable; and thou wilt be able to use the leisure of a glorious peace in preparing laws for thy people. Previous to their establishment, thou must form in thy mind a picture of social order; thou must present it to thy subjects: and from that moment the most salutary laws will suggest themselves to thee, and will be adopted with equal facility by thy people.

Re-

Remember that mankind originally voluntarily aſſociated, in order to procure that ſupport which was neceſſary to their ſecurity, to ſupply their wants, and to obtain the comforts of life. From this fact ſpring all the principles of legiſlation.

An eaſy and certain ſubſiſtence ſhould be the firſt effects of law: agriculture will afford it. Regard huſbandmen as the moſt valuable of thy ſubjects; treat them with reſpect, render their property ſecure, encourage their marriages, and grant to that art, by which mankind are ſupported, the honours which it deſerves.

Without other arts agriculture cannot eſſentially flouriſh; protect the arts therefore and invite them into thy kingdom. They will facilitate the labours of the field, by occupying and ſupporting a great number of citizens.

When the fields ſhall afford what they are able to produce, ſome ſhall become rich from a ſuperfluity of productions, of which another country will be in want. Hence will ariſe commerce, which thou

muſt always favour, and leave unfettered; but never forget that commerce, which encourages the other arts, can only increaſe in proportion to the progreſs of agriculture.

When thou haſt fixed theſe pillars on which the proſperity of ſtates is founded, agriculture, arts, and commerce, thou ſhalt prepare other laws, which every order of citizens muſt obey. Let them be few in number, that thy ſubjects may ſtudy and underſtand them; found them on the love of humanity, which is the firſt, the moſt ſacred of all laws, and the only one which is written by the hand of nature.

Guided by this unerring rule, thou ſhalt ſhelter the weak from the oppreſſion of the powerful; during life thou ſhalt afford the former ſupport, and after death revenge. Thou ſhalt regulate the rights of thoſe who are married; thou ſhalt promote unanimity, fidelity, mildneſs, and thou ſhalt permit divorce. Thou ſhalt allow parents the moſt abſolute authority over their children; dread not their abuſing it; ungrateful ſons

are

are numerous, but bad fathers are rare. Thou ſhalt grant the patricians the deſirable privilege of protecting, defending, and enriching the plebeians. Thou ſhalt puniſh ingratitude and falſehood, and become the ſcourge of every vice. Thou ſhalt in fine ſecure to every citizen honour and repoſe; to the rich man, his property; to the poor, his reſources; to the orphan, his protectors.

O nymph, interrupted Numa, you do not ſpeak to me of religion, and I owe it my earlieſt veneration. Ceres deigned to protect my infancy, ſhe promiſed me Egeria's inſtructions, judge then if I can pay her ſufficient honour. I propoſe by religion to poliſh my people, and to ſoften their ſavage manners. Religion humanizes the ſoul; and in order to teach mankind to love each other, they muſt firſt be taught to love the gods. I wiſh to conſecrate new pontiffs; to offer ſacrifices in the moſt ſtriking manner; to inſtitute feſtivals, by whoſe auguſt appearance men ſhall be allured to religion, united more intimately to each other, and

and from fellow citizens be converted into brethren.

I entertain a project which I tremble to avow; but since you read my heart, you will pardon the pure motive by which I am animated, and the painful and affectionate feelings with which I am inspired.

I entertain, Egeria, a holy reverence for the gods. I had rather die than abandon their worship, than offend them for a single moment. But there is one mortal the most perfect and amiable, the most virtuous which can be found upon the earth, who yet pays not veneration to my divinities. Constantly I lament her loss, the loss of my Anais, separated from whom I can neither enjoy repose nor happiness. Anais, beloved name, which I cannot mention without tears of tenderness. Anais is of the religion of the Magi: she worships only one God, and adores as emblematical of him the sun and the fire. These are two of our divinities; Apollo and Vulcan, have a right to our homage: to each I will erect a temple. I am still farther anxious to pay

Anais

Anais a tribute of reſpect and affection. I wiſh to inſtitute four prieſteſſes, whoſe ſole employment ſhall be to watch the ſacred fire on an altar conſecrated to Veſta. This fire, perpetually alive, ſhall be to my people the emblem of nature; to myſelf the emblem of my love. The veſtals ſhall be virgins; previous to their admiſſion they muſt prove, that their life has been as pure and ſpotleſs as that of Anais. After her example, they muſt worſhip that fire, of which they are the guardians; and for the ſake of Anais, I will ordain that they ſhall be regarded with the higheſt reſpect and veneration; they ſhall enjoy regal honours. Permit me, O nymph, to offer this teſtimony of regard to the object of my adoration, to whom I owe the ſmall portion of virtue I poſſeſs, whom I ſhall perhaps never behold again, but whoſe beloved image muſt ever remain indelibly engraven on my heart.

The nymph not immediately replying, Numa became alarmed at her ſilence; but was ſoon relieved from his inquietude.

King

King of Rome, returned the voice, I eſteem thy conſtancy, and hope it will be rewarded. I oppoſe not the honour which thou intendeſt Anais; but I fear leſt thou ſhouldſt extend it too far, and annex too much importance to the ceremonies of religion. Thou waſt educated in a temple, Numa; avoid connecting the prieſt with the king. Though piety, when reſtrained within proper limits, gives dignity to man; when extended too far, it renders him little and inſignificant. Feeling hearts are liable to this error; and diſappointment in love renders the danger more imminent. Reaſon muſt be thy protection. Remember that a religious man may be a great monarch, but that a ſuperſtitious king can never become illuſtrious.

I am far from inculcating ingratitude, and a neglect of the gods. It is thy duty to honour them; but this is beſt performed in being ſerviceable to mankind. Leave to unenlightened piety the childiſh ceremonies which it alone has invented; but obſerve

ſerve the great precepts which thy religion itſelf has taught thee.

Art thou anxious to ſhew thy gratitude to Ceres? Traverſe the fields clad in the habit of a huſbandman; aſſociate with thy ruſtic ſubjects; diſcuſs the laws of Numa; learn the pernicious conſequences which may attend them; raiſe objections thyſelf in order to encourage others to comment, and remember rather the little cenſure, than the great praiſe which thou wilt hear.

Viſit the cottage of the poor: judge of his wants by thy own eyes; careſs the naked infant weeping by its ſick mother; conſole the afflicted father; teach them to look up to heaven, or to their king for ſuccour; and on returning to thy palace order them food, raiment, and ſeed for their fields.

This is the beſt method of honouring Ceres; with this offering ſhe will be more gratified than with the blood of a thouſand heifers. Thy piety will be ſoon rewarded; the earth ſhall be loaded with harveſt; population

pulation ſhall rapidly increaſe; plenty ſhall every where be ſeen; rich meadows ſhall be covered with numerous flocks; the fields ſhall reſound with ſongs of joy; and the ſhepherds and huſbandmen, by thee made rich, tranquil and happy, ſhall never retire to reſt without praying the gods to preſerve the author of their felicity.

At theſe words, Numa, in a tranſport of joy, exclaimed: O my tutelar divinity, to whom I ſhall owe my own and my people's happineſs! By what fatality, by what cruel degree, am I forbidden to behold thee? Will you thus overwhelm me with kindneſs, honour me with affectionate concern, and for ever deprive me of the delicious pleaſure of contemplating my benefactreſs? Will you always by that impenetrable veil be concealed from my ſight.

Numa, replied the voice, thou wilt irrevocably loſe me, if thou attempteſt to penetrate my retreat. Follow my advice; endeavour to ſecure the happineſs of thy people; and I ſwear to thee by the higheſt of the immortal deities, that when thou ſhalt

ſhalt become the firſt of monarchs, thou ſhalt know and behold Egeria.

After theſe words, the voice replied no more either to Numa's queſtions, or to his expreſſions of gratitute.

Impatient to profit by the nymph's inſtructions, he repaired to his palace, in order to meditate upon them; and on the morrow he was occupied in aſſembling a council.

He compoſed it of the moſt enlightened and worthy patricians; to whom he added an equal number of plebeians: and when the nobles expreſſed their ſurpriſe at being mingled with the people; Senators, he replied, this mixture is not offenſive to you in war; in my council I find it eſſential to the public ſervice. I am much more occupied with the people than with the nobility; a repreſentation of the former, therefore, is neceſſary to defend their rights. I wiſh that theſe ſage counſellors, who are unacquainted with the poliſh of courts, ſhould expreſs their ſentiments with that freedom and ſimplicity, unknown to

ſenators of rank; I deſire, if my own pride, or the voice of flattery, deceive me with regard to my ſubjects' happineſs, that the commoners ſhall ſay: *King of Rome, believe not what you hear, we ſtill know thoſe who are unhappy.*

By the advice of this council, over which the aged Metius preſided, Numa firſt adopted meaſures for extinguiſhing the jealouſy between the Romans and Sabines, which alone endangered the public tranquillity. In order to intermix the two nations, he divided into tribes the inhabitants of Rome. By this expedient, each claſs compoſed equally of Romans and Sabines, abandoned the ſpirit of party for the love of their country. Thus, oppoſing the common intereſt to national pride, Numa quaſhed faction, and aſſimilated two nations into one people.

He next erected a temple to Concord, and another to Integrity, Clemency, and Juſtice: he cauſed honours to be paid to the god Terminus, as the ſymbol of property: he raiſed an altar to Univerſal Benevolence,

nevolence, that firſt of virtues, that ſource from whence all virtues proceed. Inſpired by affection for his people, he roſe every morning at ſun-riſe to diſcover ſome latent evil, or to meditate ſome uſeful project, and thus induſtriouſly employed his time till the hour the council aſſembled. He then ſubmitted to the examination of his friends the plans which his mind or rather his heart had ſuggeſted: he diſcuſſed them in the character of a ſimple individual. But when his own conviction was not ſhaken by the ſtrength of contrary opinions, he decided firmly as a monarch upon their propriety.

Without boaſting of talents equal to every emergency, he entertained a maxim by which he was ſeldom deceived; he always placed himſelf in the ſituation of thoſe whoſe caſe he conſidered. If a law was preparing which would affect the huſbandman, he ſtood in his place. What ſhould I aſk of my king? ſaid he, to ſecure my property, to protect my labour, to defend me againſt the enemy, and the powerful

citizen. To enjoy theſe advantages, it is juſt that I give a part of the produce of my harveſt; but there muſt remain a ſufficient portion to ſupport my wife and family, and to ſow again my fields at the approaching ſeaſon. When Numa had reaſoned in this manner, he commenced his edict, and the huſbandmen were ſatisfied.

If his council propoſed war, he calculated its exact expence, and its advantages. He next conſidered what better uſe might be made of the ſame money; what canals might be cut, what marſhes drained, what heaths cultivated; he compared theſe certain benefits with a doubtful victory; and, by this ſimple operation of the mind, made thoſe aſhamed, who had heſitated between objects of ſuch unequal moment. Without reproaching them, he was content with adding; I do not calculate the loſs of human blood, whoſe value is infinitely ſuperior to gold.

After half the day had been ſpent in the contemplation of theſe great objects; the king partook of a frugal repaſt with the wiſeſt

wiſeſt and moſt ancient of his ſenators: he afterwards diſtributed juſtice, or ſecretly afforded aſſiſtance to ſome unfortunate objects. His donations were never taken from the public treaſury; he was too careful of that, even to beſtow it on the diſtreſſed. Theſe are my pleaſures, he ſaid, the ſtate ought not to pay for them. But he expended in acts of humanity what was deſtined for the ſupport of guards which he found unneceſſary, for the expences of a table which he had regulated on the moſt frugal plan, and for his wardrobe, which was ſupplied by the moſt ſtrict œconomy.

Thus virtuouſly occupied, he lightened the functions of royalty; and every evening, having diſcharged his duty to his people and himſelf, he gave an account to Egeria of all he had done; and ſought in her converſation for further inſtruction.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

ARGUMENT.

BOOK XII.

Herſilia, accompanied by ſeveral kings, approaches to beſiege Rome. The arrival of Camilla and Leo, who bring with them a priſoner. Leo's nocturnal expedition. The Marſi haſten to the aſſiſtance of the Romans. A battle is ready to commence. The ſpeech of Numa. He diſarms his enemies. The death of Herſilia. A general peace. Numa ſhuts the temple of Janus. He finds Anais, and becomes her huſband.

THIS anxiety to provide for his people's happineſs ſcarcely alleviated the ſorrows of their king. Separated from the object of his affection, he was the only perſon

ſon in his empire who had cauſe of complaint. He had ordered the ſtricteſt enquiry to be made throughout Italy, for Zoroaſter and Anais; but he was able to obtain no intelligence: the brave Leo did not appear, though his time was elapſed. Diſconſolate, ſolitary amidſt a people who adored him, Numa lamented the loſs of his miſtreſs, regretted the want of his friend, and dreaded the ſavage Herſilia.

That impetuous Amazon delayed not to manifeſt her rage. Clouds of duſt were ſuddenly ſeen to riſe on the Latian territories; which were ſoon ſucceeded by the glitter of lances. A confuſed noiſe, compoſed of the ſhouts of men, the neighing of horſes, and the clangour of ſhields, grew louder every moment: reſembling the ſtormy Boreas, when, eſcaped from a deep cavern, preceded by a hollow murmur, followed by tempeſts and deſtruction, he tears up, from their foundation, foreſts and rocks.

From the walls of Rome thouſands of combatants were now ſeen. The Rutuli advanced

advanced firſt, completely clad in ſteel, and armed with javelins of an enormous length. They marched in ſuch cloſe battalion, that their bucklers and helmets touched each other; and the floating plumes reſembled a field of corn. The warlike Turnus was their general. Grandſon of that hero whoſe name he bore, he was elated at bearing arms againſt the deſcendants of the Trojans. And captivated with the charms of Herſilia, he had ſworn to deliver up Numa to her a priſoner.

After theſe advanced the Campanians, a weak but numerous band, commanded by the ſame king whom Leo had taken priſoner in Auxencia. The Volſci came next, with no other arms than bows; they were headed by the brave Ariſbeus; who uſed to amuſe himſelf with tying two doves together, letting them fly, and afterwards cutting the ſtring with his arrow, without wounding the birds.

The Herpini, armed with clubs, and covered with ſkins, advanced without any diſtinction of rank. Already vanquiſhed by

by Romulus, peace had been granted on condition that an impregnable fortreſs ſhould be erected in the centre of their kingdom, to be occupied by the Romans. Impatient to revenge this indignity, they had in vain attempted to acquire poſſeſſion of the fortreſs; and they were now determined to wreak their vengeance on Rome. This enraged people were commanded by a Marſian ſtill more vindictive: The warlike Aulon, the deſcendant of Cacus, was their leader. He indulged an ardent paſſion for Herſilia; jealous of the fame of Leo, whom he ſuppoſed to be at Rome with Numa, he forbade his warriors to attack theſe heroes, reſerving their ſubjection for his own proweſs.

The Veſtini cloſed the march. Covered with white bucklers, they fought only with ſlings. Their black breaſt-plates and long beards inſpired terror. The father of Camilla, the aged Meſſapus, was ſtill their king. Since the loſs of his daughter, he had become entirely dependent on the Hirpini, his allies; and without being intereſted

tereſted for Herſilia, he ſerved in an army which ſhe had raiſed.

In the centre of this army, the daughter of Romulus was diſtinguiſhed, like a palm tree, ſurrounded by young ſhrubs. On her head, ſhe wore a ſhining helmet, encircled with a golden diadem; in her right-hand ſhe held two javelins, and on her left arm reſted her buckler, the preſent of Ceres, the certain pledge of victory, and which ſhe had received from Numa. This haughty Amazon, in a car drawn by black horſes, paſſed rapidly through the ranks, encouraged ſome, remonſtrated with others, inflamed ſtill higher thoſe who were moſt impetuous; and pointing to the Roman battlements, My friends, ſaid ſhe, behold my inheritance; put me in poſſeſſion of it, and I will reſtore to you all my father's conqueſts. I ſwear to give my hand and my heart to him who ſhall bring me the head of Numa.

She ſpoke: the fierce Aulon lamented that ſo rich a prize was to be gained at ſo eaſy a price. Turnus beheld him with a look

look of diſdain, and a haughty ſmile, and caſt on the princeſs an amorous glance, whilſt the Volſcian Ariſbeus, beholding with indifference the charms of Herſilia, applauded himſelf for being the only man who had come to battle ſolely for the ſake of fame.

This numerous army extended itſelf over the plain, and encamped under the walls of Rome. The city was filled with conſternation; the inhabitants of the country, followed by their weeping families, and carrying what property they could ſave, arrived from all quarters: the temples were crowded with women and old men: piteous cries of children were heard; the citizens ſought for arms; the ſoldiers were afraid of being deſtitute of the means of defence; and the people at large, alarmed at ſeeing ſo numerous an enemy, reſted their hopes ſolely on their king.

As Numa was prepared for this event, he was more compoſed at the approaching danger. He had provided magazines of proviſions and arms, and a brave and numerous

merous army. Cautious of fatiguing his troops, he diſpenſed with every unneceſſary guard, ſupplied the wants of his men, and diſſipated the general terror. Convinced that he had acted with wiſdom, he lamented only the abſence of Leo, and that his enemies intercepted his own viſit to the Egerian wood.

In the dead of night, while he meditated the means of dividing his numerous enemies, he was informed that three warriors, at the gates of the city, deſired admittance; Numa ordered them to be brought forward. But he no ſooner perceived Leo, than he flew into his arms, and exclaimed; O, my brother! Do I again behold thee! Haſt thou found her? Or am I condemned for ever to lament her loſs!

My purſuit has been vain, replied Leo; I have traverſed all the ſouthern parts of Italy, without diſcovering any traces of Zoroaſter or Anais. But I heard of the danger which threatened thee; I ſaw forces aſſemble for the ſiege of Rome, and I flew to thy aſſiſtance. The hope of gaining

ing thee allies, inſpired me with boldneſs to preſent myſelf before the Marſian people.

Citizens, ſaid I, you have ſent me into exile; but a deſire of ſerving you has made me deſpiſe the danger of violating your laws. You are either friends or enemies to the Roman people. The moment is arrived when you may either annihilate their power, or attach them to your intereſt for ever. The daughter of Romulus, that ſavage plunderer, who attacked us in our dwellings, has excited many nations to arm againſt Rome and the generous Numa, who was the firſt to ſolicit in our favour, an honourable peace. In joining Romulus's daughter, you will break a ſolemn treaty, you will violate gratitude and honour; but you will perhaps engage in an advantageous war. Your intereſt, however, may not be leſs promoted by being firm to Numa. Victorious by your aſſiſtance, he will reſtore to you the country of the Aurunci, will admit you to the rights of Roman citizens, and will conſider you in the light of

brethren. Having exerciſed ſuch juſtice and humanity towards you as enemies, when you approach him as friends, what will be your reception? On this occaſion, your intereſt and honour coincide. Make, however, your own choice: join a band of barbarians, commanded by the daughter of your bittereſt enemy, already polluted with many crimes, and advancing to plunge a dagger into the boſom of her country; or haſten to the aſſiſtance of the moſt juſt and amiable of kings, who ſubdued me, and who defended your rights in a treaty of peace whoſe benefits you ſtill experience.

I had no ſooner finiſhed, than they unanimouſly exclaimed: Let us march to the relief of Numa, and be Leo our general. No, replied I, humane, but inconſtant people, who love and yet have baniſhed me, I cannot be your leader. For a Marſian this honour muſt be reſerved: ſince Numa has been king of Rome, I have become a Roman. When, by the aid of the gods, I broke the poplar and obtained the command,

mand, I had four competitors who were doubtleſs my ſuperiors. Liger and Pentheus fell in battle; Aulon is general of the Herpini; the aged Sophanor is no more; but the valiant Aſtor remains, the amiable diſciple of Apollo. Aſtor, from his infancy, has been diſtinguiſhed. His youth can only be objected to him; but if his talents have outſtripped his age, his youth is an addition to his merits. Let him then be your general: his patron Apollo will guide and protect your army. My impatience will not allow me to wait the departure of your troops; I haſten to Rome to convince Numa that the Marſi are the moſt generous of mankind.

I was now interrupted by the loudeſt acclamations. Aſtor flew into my arms; I preſented him to the Marſi, I ſupported the buckler on which he was proclaimed their leader. Convinced that he would immediately haſten to thy aſſiſtance, I precipitated my ſteps, that I might rival even the Sabines themſelves, in expoſing myſelf in thy ſervice.

Numa again ardently embraced his friend; and could with difficulty ſeparate himſelf from him. But the beauteous Camilla took off her helmet, approached the king of Rome, and complained of being neglected. Overjoyed, he ſeized her hand, covered it with tears and kiſſes; and contemplated Leo and Camilla with alternate tenderneſs; when his friend leading forward a young warrior in his ſuite, preſented him to Numa, to whom he offered his ſword.

Numa beheld the youth with ſurprize, found his features were not unknown to him, but could not remember where he had ſeen him. Haſt thou then forgot Capis, ſaid Leo, the ſon of the king of Campania, who left his father's army to become a centurion in that of Romulus, and who ſince has been with the Marſi as a hoſtage for peace. The treaty has been broken by the King of Campania; the Marſi have ſent you his ſon; and he is before you as a priſoner.

He is my friend, exclaimed Numa, ſtretching out his hand to the prince of Capua, and

and a friend whom I ſhall hold moſt dear, though his father be joined with the other kings who beſiege my city.

Leo made a minute enquiry concerning the army of the allies; he was impatient for the morrow, that he might diſplay his courage. But Numa was dejected when he remembered that Herſilia had the celeſtial buckler, which ſecured victory to its poſſeſſor. While ſhe retained this, he was unwilling to hazard an engagement. Leo approved of his caution, and terminated a converſation which diſtreſſed his friend. Numa conducted Camilla and her huſband to the moſt ſplendid apartment in his palace; he recommended Capis to the care of his officers; and cheerfully retired to reſt.

Leo was urged by friendſhip to attempt a moſt dangerous enterprize; but he concealed his deſign from Camilla, leſt ſhe ſhould inſiſt to ſhare his dangers. When ſhe was aſleep, therefore, Leo aroſe, took his lion's ſkin and his club, and proceeded with ſilent ſteps towards one of the gates

of Rome; it opened as he approached. Alone in the fields, he looked around, and diſcovered the enemy's camp, and obſerved that the fires of the advanced guards were almoſt extinguiſhed. He examined in what quarter he ſhould be leaſt perceived: but the moon in her dazzling car, illumined objects with too bright a radiance. Leo proſtrated himſelf, and addreſſed her in the following words:

O, Phœbe, I beſeech thee deign to diminiſh thy ſplendour. To favour an iniquitous project thy aſſiſtance could not be requeſted. I am not a raſh lover, who wiſhes to ſeize by ſurprize the object of his deſire. I am not a warrior, led on by the love of fame. No, ſpotleſs divinity, I am animated by a nobler ſentiment, by the pureſt and moſt ſacred friendſhip. I am going to recover the property of my friend, to repair the fault which love prompted him to commit; Love, that cruel god, of whom thou haſt ever been willing to be thought the profeſſed enemy. O goddeſs, my cauſe and

and thine are the ſame; it is the cauſe of virtue.

His petition was ſcarce finiſhed, when the moon retired behind a cloud, and veiled her brightneſs. Encouraged by this preſage, he marched towards the camp. He arrived at the foremoſt guards, who from his ſtature and club, thought him one of the Hirpini. Being acquainted with their language, he paſſed without obſtruction. He penetrated into the middle of the camp, where the ſoldiers, overpowered with ſleep and wine, lay ſcattered in confuſion among their arms and chariots. He could eaſily have ſlaughtered a great number of men; but they were not in a ſtate of defence, and their deſtruction was conſequently unworthy of his generous diſpoſition.

Leo felt neither rage nor terror: he recollected Aulon, as he was ſtretched on the ground, with his head reſting on his buckler, and his axe laying by his ſide. He was much agitated by a dream; he uttered the names of Leo and Numa, accompanied with imprecations. By an involuntary emotion

tion the hero elevated his club; but he forebore to ſtrike, and was contented with depriving Aulon of his enormous axe.

He at length diſcovered Herſilia's tent, which was ill guarded, and entered it without apprehenſion. The daughter of Romulus lay in the profoundeſt ſleep. More anxious to diſcover the buckler than to contemplate the princeſs, he ſought diligently for that treaſure which the darkneſs concealed from his ſight. The moon ſuddenly eſcaped from a cloud, and its rays were inſtantly reflected from the golden ſhield. Leo ſeized it: and, charged with this precious ſpoil, and with the axe of Aulon, he reſumed the path in which he had advanced, traverſed the camp a ſecond time, and paſſed the laſt guards without meeting with any impediment.

Now in ſecurity; he was returning thanks to Phœbe, to Night, and to all the gods, when he heard behind him ſhouts and the noiſe of arms. The twilight began to diffuſe its glimmering rays. Leo in aſtoniſhment beheld a woman armed with a bow,

flying

flying before a troop of Rutulians, whoſe career ſhe at intervals impeded, by threatening them with her arrows.

He ſuſpected it was Camilla before he ſaw her. He ran, called, and joined her. He gave her the celeſtial buckler, ruſhed upon the Rutuli, attacked them at once with his axe and club, flew back to his beloved wife, comforted, protected and conducted her towards the gates of Rome, and afterward returned to ſacrifice thoſe who dared to approach him. Thus the wild boar, purſued by a dauntleſs pack of hounds flies but continually turns upon and wounds the foremoſt of his enemies.

The timid Rutuli called to their companions. A general alarm was ſpread, and in every quarter they flew to arms. A detachment of Hirpini hurried to ſurround Leo, while a Volſcian ſquadron advanced to cut off his retreat to Rome. Leo ſtopped, always near Camilla, who covered him in ſpite of himſelf with the golden buckler, conſtantly turning upon the Hirpini and Rutulians, he ſuddenly changed his courſe, and reached the

the Tiber. The enemy, thinking his deſtruction inevitable, ſhouted for joy. They endeavoured to incloſe the fugitives between their lances and the river. Leo threw his club and axe to the oppoſite bank, claſped Camilla in his arms, and looking ſternly on his foes, plunged into the waves, and notwithſtanding their violence, and the arrows of the Volſcians, he reached the ſhore, reſumed his arms, and continued his journey to Rome.

He was no ſooner out of the reach of danger, than the warrior was converted into the fond lover. Forgive me, my dear Camilla, forgive me, he exclaimed, for concealing any thing from thee. I have expoſed my life, which is ſolely thine, without thy conſent; but thou haſt alarmed me for thy ſafety; my crime therefore has been ſufficiently expiated. Couldſt thou ſuppoſe, returned Camilla, that I ſhould wait thy return? Couldſt thou believe that my affection would be ſatisfied with vain tears? Soldiers, leſs cruel than thee, ſhewed me thy path, opened for me the gate through which

which thou hadſt departed; thus alone, ſurrounded by darkneſs and near the camp of the enemy, I had no other apprehenſion than that I ſhould ſeek thee in vain.

Such were the tender reproaches of theſe affectionate lovers; the dangers to which they had been expoſed, augmented, if poſſible, their mutual paſſion. The acquiſition of the golden buckler heightened their felicity. It was day break when they re-entered Rome, and they waited with impatience the king's appearance, to preſent him with the hallowed ſhield.

Numa's joy was ſuperior both to reſtraint and expreſſion. He embraced Leo, and fell on his knees before Camilla. How infinite is my debt, ſaid he; you have ſaved my throne and my honour. My throne and my heart are yours; you ſhall reign over Rome, as ye do over the ſoul of Numa.

He immediately aſſembled his people, in order to exhibit to them the ſacred buckler, and inform them of Leo's expedition. He inſtantly appointed him general of the Roman

Roman forces. Loud acclamations were confirming this worthy choice, when the centinels from the ramparts announced the approach of the Marſian army.

The intrepid Aſtor had deceived the enemy; he had croſſed the Tiber near its ſource, and, by a ſkilful march, arrived under the walls of Rome, from the ſide of Etruria, which was the only paſs not in poſſeſſion of the beſiegers.

Numa ordered the gates to be opened, and haſtened himſelf to meet his allies. At the head of ten thouſand men Aſtor entered the city; on ſeeing the king he ſwore to him obedience and friendſhip. Numa affectionately embraced him; and the people ſent forth ſhouts of joy. While the monarch conducted Aſtor to his palace, every citizen was impatient to greet a Marſian ſoldier, and to conſider him as a brother.

Herſilia and Aulon, enraged at this event, aſhamed of the loſſes which they had each ſuſtained, and animated by an equal deſire of vengeance, were eager to begin the aſ-

ſault;

ſault; and at the ſame inſtant cried aloud, To arms. The Volſci, the Hirpini, Campanians, Rutulians, and Veſtini, obeyed their orders. The whole army left the camp, formed itſelf into battalions, and carrying ſcaling ladders, marched towards the ramparts, preceded by the Catapults and Baliſtas.

Acquainted with this mode of attack, Numa did not anticipate its effects with terror. As cool at the approach of an engagement, as if he were offering ſacrifice to the gods, he ordered Leo, at the head of the Romans, to deſcend into the plain; the like command was ſent to Aſtor. Numa deſired that the prince of Campania ſhould be ſtationed in the middle of the Marſian troops; and that Camilla ſhould be in the centre of the Roman army. He ordered not an arrow to be ſhot. He then put on his royal attire, encircled his brow with the diadem, took a ſceptre and an olive-branch in his hand; and preceded by his lictors marched forth between the two armies.

The enemy, ſurprized, ranged in order of battle, waited for the Romans: theſe, having approached within an arrow's ſhot, formed a front nearly equal to that of their opponents. On each ſide bows were ſtrung and ſwords drawn; Tiſiphone, during this pauſe, goaded her ſerpents, and was impatient for the ſignal.

The king of Rome however advanced, raiſing the olive-branch over his head. His heralds commanded ſilence; in which they were joined by numberleſs voices. Notwithſtanding the oppoſition of Herſilia and Aulon; the kings of the Veſtini and of Campania, the leaders of the Volſci and Rutuli, approached towards the Roman monarch. Aulon was obliged to follow them; Herſilia herſelf, ſwelling with rage, came to hear the propoſals of Numa.

Princes and heroes, ſaid Numa in a tone at the ſame time mild and reſolute, for what cauſe do you wage war againſt me? Have I ravaged your territories? Have I dragged into captivity your wives and daughters? Have

Have I violated ſolem treaties? What are your deſigns and wiſhes?

That thou ſhouldſt deſcend from an uſurped throne, exclaimed Aulon; and reſtore to the daughter of Romulus the inheritance of her father. For her we have taken up arms; and are determined to aſſert her rights, and avenge her injuries.

Aulon, replied Numa, this diadem, of which thou art anxious to deprive me, was neither the object of my ſolicitation nor deſire. I have paid dearly for the acceptance of it. But the gods commanded; and I obeyed. This people have choſen me for their ſovereign; Romulus himſelf had no other title. At Rome, the ſceptre is diſpoſed of by the nation's choice; among the Sabines it is hereditary, and they at preſent conſtitute one half of the Roman people. Owing to a ſeries of crimes, which I will not now repeat, I am the laſt of the Sabine princes. The will of the gods, the peoples wiſhes, inheritance, and the laws call me to the throne. You are the only perſons who think theſe rights of no value;

you come to threaten me with a ſiege without having even declared war againſt me. Far from complaining of your treatment, I thank you for it; you have enliſted juſtice on my ſide, you have ſecured to me the aſſiſtance of the gods.

Princes of Italy, I eſteem you; and it will be your own fault if you become not the objects of my affection; but ye can never excite my terror. Behold the Roman army equal in numbers to your united forces; obſerve, beſides, theſe gallant Marſi, who have come to my aſſiſtance, and eluded your vigilance. I am qualified therefore to repel force with force. I can afford even to loſe battles, and ſtill for many years to prevent your ſacking my city. But if ye are once vanquiſhed, what reſources have you left? Imagine not that the Marſi are the only people who will lend me aſſiſtance! The Etruſci, the Apulians and Ligurians, will arrive in a few days. Encountered by ſo many foes, ye will be unable to reſiſt, and muſt infallibly periſh: the Veſtini ſhall alone be protected. Having

ing ever proved allies to the Marſi, I conſider them as friends; and I ſwear, in the preſence of you all, that they ſhall never be treated as my enemies.

At theſe words, Aulon, Turnus, and Ariſbeus, beheld the aged king of the Veſtini; and their looks were diſtruſtful. Having already ſucceeded in ſowing jealouſies among them, Numa proceeded in the following terms:

I ſhould be the firſt to lament a victory, which would occaſion the deſtruction of ſuch a number of people; I ſhould bathe with my tears the laurels which your blood had ſtained. I wiſh, princes, for peace; and without any fear of defeat, with a certainty in fact of victory, I propoſe to you advantageous terms. To the Hirpini, I reſtore the fortreſs which Romulus erected in the centre of their country: it was an act of violence, and I am happy in being able to repair it. Volſcians and Rutulians, I offer to you our alliance, and the rights of Roman citizens. King of Campania, though you have ſo ſoon forgot your laſt

war with the Marſi, I am ready to preſent to you your ſon, who has been delivered up to me by your enemies. You, king of the Veſtini, who have ſo long lamented the loſs of a daughter, whom you believed to be buried in the waves, I am ready to reſtore her to you. Camilla and Capis, approach, and embrace your fathers.

At theſe words they appeared, and flew into the arms of their reſpective parents. The old men could with difficulty believe their eyes; they ſhed tears of joy, and claſped their children to their hearts in extaſy.

Now point your arms againſt me, ſaid Numa: my cauſe was previouſly equitable; I wiſhed it to be more ſo. You were before only aggreſſors in the quarrel; proceed, and add to the fault ingratitude. I am now ready for action.

The two kings were overcome by this harangue. They fell at the feet of Numa and embraced his knees. The brave Turnus, and the ſage Ariſbeus, ſtretched out to him

him their hands, and called aloud for peace. Peace was echoed by all the ſoldiers.

Aulon alone made an effort to ſpeak, but Leo ran towards him: If thou haſt a thirſt for blood, ſaid he, behold me before thee; I reſtore thy axe, of which during ſleep I deprived thee. Confounded at theſe words, and by the preſence of the gallant Leo, Aulon contemplated him in ſilence. Make haſte, returned Leo: my heart ſhuddered at the idea of embruing my hands in the blood of a Marſian; renounce thy country, or accept my friendſhip. My choice is determined, aid Aulon, joining his hand to that of Leo.

From this moment there was no impediment to peace. Exclamations of joy iſſued from every quarter; the two armies, quitting their ranks, began to mingle with each other, when the fierce Herſilia, who, till this time had reſted her hopes on Aulon, ruſhed forward, pale with many contending paſſions:

Cowards! ſhe exclaimed, ungrateful, perfidious friends, who, overpowered by empty words,

words, betray the cauſe of kings, think not that I ſhall prove an accomplice in your infamy. And thou, Numa, whom I now abhor as much as I once loved, receive my baneful farewell: Mayſt thou feel equal torments to what thou haſt kindled in my boſom! Mayſt thou lament the impoſſibility of an unworthy object ſharing thy throne, for whom thou haſt deſerted me! May the Roman people become inveterate enemies to the name of king, hunt it throughout the world after having firſt exiled thee, or thy unworthy ſucceſſors! May the furies purſue thee with remorſeleſs perſecution; preſent to thy view Tatia continually expiring with the poiſon I gave her; and Herſilia dying of the wound which thy barbarous cruelty inflicts! At theſe words ſhe buried her ſword in her heart. Aſſiſtance came too late; ſhe no longer breathed; and her ſettled features were marked with indignation and deſpair.

Numa unfeignedly lamented her fate; and commanded funeral honours ſuited to her rank to be paid to her remains. During

ing the preparation of the pile, victims were ſacrificed, and peace concluded on the conditions already ſpecified. Numa then reentered his capital, ſurrounded by the kings whom he had vanquiſhed by his generoſity.

The king of Rome conducted them to the capitol, where they offered ſacrifices to Jupiter. And he here propoſed a league which ſhould ſecure the peace and freedom of Italy. Inſpired with a reverence for Numa's virtues, the princes of Italy unanimouſly agreed that he ſhould be the only arbiter between them. He accordingly examined their claims, indemnified them for their loſſes, gave further proofs of his own generoſity, and digeſted a treaty, which they all joyfully ratified. His new allies now prepared for their departure, loaded with preſents, ſecure of his integrity, and contemplating his character with the moſt affectionate veneration.

The king of Capua returned to his kingdom with his ſon, who had acquired the reputation of a ſkilful warrior among the

Marſi.

Marſi. The Veſtinian monarch could not perſuade his daughter to accompany him to Cingilia: Camilla relinquiſhed a throne, and wiſhed to continue at Rome with Leo and Numa; and the felicity which ſhe enjoyed was ſufficient to render her father happy. The Volſcians, Hirpinians, and Rutulians, having obtained ſatisfaction for the injuries with which they reproached Romulus, ſet out for their reſpective countries, bleſſing the name of Numa. The Marſi, put in poſſeſſion of the country of the Aurunci, returned to Marrubia; and Aſtor departed with regret from his amiable ally. The Roman people, ſeeing a war concluded without the loſs of a ſingle citizen, bleſſed and adored their king.

Numa, having ſecured the peace of Italy, haſtened to ſhut, with due ſolemnity, the temple of Janus, which during the reign of Romulus had been conſtantly kept open. the brazen gates grated on their ruſty hinges; but human ſtrength was inſufficient to cloſe them.

Numa fell proſtrate before the divinity: O Janus, ſaid he, who didſt reign in Italy by peace and juſtice, favour my pacific intentions. Shut this tremendous temple: our hearts ſhall be the aſylum where thou ſhalt in future be adored. Accept a new homage: our year till this period has begun with the month conſecrated to Mars; I add to it two months, and the firſt ſhall be Janus: it is juſt that the god of war ſhould give precedence to the god of peace.

He ſpoke. The gates of the temple moved of themſelves upon their hinges, and cloſed with a tremendous noiſe.

Numa afterwards conſecrated the golden buckler, which ſecured perpetual victory to the Roman people; and inſtituted in its honour, prieſts by the name of Salii.

Having diſcharged theſe pious duties, he prepared to viſit the Egerian wood; and took with him Camilla and Leo. But a dread of offending the nymph made him leave theſe affectionate friends at ſome diſtance from the fountain.

He

He no ſooner arrived than he invoked Egeria; he regretted the long interval which had paſſed ſince he heard her voice, and gave an exact account of all his proceedings. Are you now ſatisfied? added he, in a timid and baſhful tone. Yes, replied the voice, I am; from this day I conſider thee as the moſt illuſtrious among kings. Having fulfilled my expectation; it is my duty to perform my promiſe; at length behold Egeria.

At theſe words ſhe came forth from the wood: and in the unknown Egeria preſented to his view the beloved Anais, He remained for ſome time motionleſs with ſurprize. He then proſtrated himſelf before Anais; made attempts to ſpeak, but tears were all his eloquence.

Riſe, ſhe ſaid; I am not the nymph Egeria, but only a ſimple mortal; and, be aſſured, the honours of a divinity would be leſs dear to me than being called thy friend. I heard thee relate thy dream at the fountain of Power, and knew thy hopes of being inſtructed by Egeria: my father and myſelf

elf reſolved to realize thoſe hopes. Obliged to leave thee while thou becameſt thy people's protector, we concealed ourſelves in this wood, whither I was certain thou wouldſt ſoon repair. Our projects have all ſucceeded. I ſpoke in the character of Egeria; I gave thee counſels which were dictated by the profound intelligence of my father. This deceit was ſerviceable to thy fame, and gratifying to my feelings. I ſaw thee through the branches, when thou imaginedſt thou wert converſing with Egeria! More happy than you, I was near thee, when thou lamentedſt the loſs of Anais.

Numa liſtened to her with tranſport. He ſoon ſaw Zoroaſter, and threw himſelf into his arms with the moſt affectionate ardour. He then haſtened to find Camilla and Leo. She is here! he exclaimed at a diſtance, ſhe is here! Come, make haſte, thy father and ſiſter wait for thee.

Leo could hardly believe theſe words; he however approached as quickly as poſſible. Zoroaſter received him in his arms,

and preſſed him eagerly to his boſom: My ſon, my dear ſon, we are again met, and from this moment death alone ſhall part us. Leo replied by his tears; the amiable Camilla embraced Anais. Joy, love, and friendſhip ſeemed to deprive them of all the power of utterance.

Being relieved by their tears, Zoroaſter conducted them to his cottage. Here, ſaid he, is our retreat; here we propoſe to end our days. Numa, I give thee Anais: but the Roman people muſt never be acquainted with your nuptials; my daughter muſt not enter Rome. Under pretence of conſulting the nymph, thou mayſt every day pay a viſit to thy wife; and the pleaſure of relating them to us ſhall be the reward of thy good actions. Thus ſhall Anais continue faithful to her religion; myſtery ſhall add new charms to Numa's happineſs, and Zoroaſter ſhall paſs the little time allotted him by Oroſmades in peace and comfort. Does this project meet with thy approbation?

Numa replied by embracing Zoroaſter's knees; with a downcaſt look Anais modeſtly ſmiled; and Camilla and Leo expreſſed their approbation.

On the morrow the nuptials of Anais and Numa were celebrated in the cottage, without pomp or feſtival, before no other witneſſes than Zoroaſter, Camilla and Leo. The happy Numa came daily to this retreat. He was inſpired continually by the virtuous Anais and her father with freſh deſire, and new means of becoming the moſt juſt and accompliſhed of kings.

In the ſociety of his children Zoroaſter arrived at an extreme old age. Leo being general of the Romans, reſided with his wife at Rome, and took from her the ſurname of Camillus. From him deſcended that illuſtrious family, of which the moſt celebrated preſerved Rome from the Gauls. Numa, adoring Anais, and adored by her, reigned five and forty years. During that long period, no enemy viſited the Roman territories, nor was the temple of Janus ever

opened; and throughout Numa's dominions, there was not an individual rendered unhappy by the oppreſſion of law, or by the exerciſe of juſtice.

FINIS.

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